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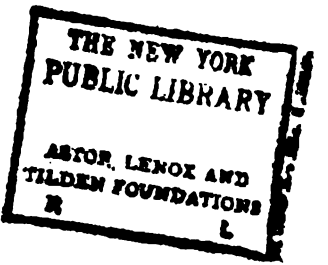
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THOMAS WARTON, B.D.

ESSAYS,

BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND HISTORICAL,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

RAMBLER, ADVENTURER, AND IDLER,

AND OF THE VARIOUS

PERIODICAL PAPERS

WHICH,

In Imitation of the Writings of Steele and Addison,

HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED

Between the close of the eighth volume of the Spectator, and the commencement of the year 1809.

BY NATHAN DRAKE, M.D.

AUTHOR OF LITERARY HOURS,

AND OF

ESSAYS ON THE TATLER, SPECTATOR, AND GUARDIAN.

'Ολως γαρ 'αρμονια εστι μια.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ESSAYS,

BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND HISTORICAL.

PART II.

ESSAY II.

THE LITERARY LIFE OF DR. HAWKESWORTH.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH was born in the year 1719; his parents were dissenters, and, in the early part of his life, he frequented the meeting of Mr. Bradbury, a celebrated preacher of his sect. He was intended for the profession of the Law, and placed as a hired clerk with Mr. Harwood, an attorney in the Poultry. Soon disgusted, however, with his employment, he deserted it for the more precarious, though more pleasing, occupation of literature.

In what mode, or at what school, he was qualified for the pursuit which he had now adopted, is not known. Sir John Hawkins has

affirmed, that he was "a man of fine parts, bu no learning: his reading," he declares, "had beer irregular and desultory: the knowledge he hac acquired, he by the help of a good memory retained, so that it was ready at every call; bu on no subject had he ever formed any system All of ethics that he knew, he had got from Pope's Essay on Man and Epistles; he had rea the modern French writers, and more particularly the poets; and with the aid of Keill's Introduction Chambers's Dictionary, and other such commor books, had attained such an insight into physics as enabled him to talk on the subject. In th more valuable branches of learning he was defi cient."*

There is reason to think that this account doe not do justice to the acquirements of Hawkes worth, and that even at the age of twenty-five h had obtained no small reputation as a literar character; for at this period, namely, in the yea 1744, he was engaged, by the editor of the Gen tleman's Magazine, to succeed Johnson in th compilement of the Parliamentary Debates; the deemed a very important part of that interestin miscellany.

To Mr. Urban's pages he was for four years also, a *poetical* contributor under the signature o

* Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 352.

Greville, and of his poems in this work the following catalogue has been given by Mr. Duncombe. For 1746, the Devil Painter, a Tale; the Chaise Pierce; Epistle to the King of Prussia; Lines to the Rev. Mr. Layng, and to Dr. Warburton, on a series of theological inquiries; a Thought from Marcus Antoninus, and the Smart. For 1747, the Accident; Ants' Philosophy; Death of Arachne; Chamont and Honorius; Origin of Doubt; Life, an Ode; Lines to Hope; Winter, an Ode; and the Experiment, a Tale. For 1748, the Midsummer Wish; Solitude; the Two Doves, a Fable, and Autumn. For 1749, Poverty Insulted; Region allotted to Old Maids; the Nymph at her Toilet; God is Love, and Chloe's Soliloquy.

Several of these little productions, the occasional amusement of his leisure, are elegant and pleasing; but, like Johnson, the powers of his imagination are in a much higher degree displayed in his prose than in his verse.

The domestic circumstances of our author, at this period, are little known; and it is remarkable, that not one of his relations, or literary friends, has thought it necessary to preserve or record the events of his life. His pecuniary resources, during his early connection with the Gentleman's Magazine, are supposed to have been very confined;

nor were they probably immediately or much enlarged by his matrimonial connection, for his wife kept a boarding-school for young ladies at Bromley in Kent.

The friendship of Johnson, however, was of essential service to him; through this medium he became acquainted with many eminent scholars; and it speaks highly in favour of his literary talents, that when the Club in Ivy-Lane was constituted, of the nine members which originally formed its circle, Hawkesworth was selected by Johnson as one.

The success of the Rambler as soon as it was collected into volumes, the admiration which it excited in the breast of our author, and the wish, which he was known to entertain, of pursuing the footsteps of Johnson, induced him, in the year 1752, to project and commence a Periodical Paper, under the title of THE ADVENTURER.

For a work of this kind Hawkesworth appears in many respects, to have been well qualified His literature, though by no means deep or accurate, was elegant and various; his style was polished, his imagination ardent; his morals were pure, and he possessed an intimate knowledge of the world. He did not, however, attempt the execution of his scheme, unassisted; his first coadjutor was Dr. Richard Bathurst; and he soon after, in

the view of this resource soon failing, obtained the aid of Johnson, and, through his influence, of Dr. Joseph Warton. The letter of our great moralist, on the occasion, as developing, in a considerable degree, the plan of the Adventurer, it will be proper, in this place, to insert.

"To the Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton.

"Dear Sir,

I ought to have written to you before now, but I ought to do many things which I do not; nor can I, indeed, claim any merit from this letter; for being desired by the authors and proprietor of the Adventurer to look out for another hand, my thoughts necessarily fixed upon you, whose fund of literature will enable you to assist them, with very little interruption of your studies.

"They desire you to engage to furnish one paper a month, at two guineas a paper, which you may very readily perform. We have considered that a paper should consist of pieces of imagination, pictures of life, and disquisitions of literature. The part which depends on the imagination is very well supplied, as you will find when you read the paper; for descriptions of life, there is now a treaty almost made with an author and an authoress;* and the province of

* This treaty was never executed.

criticism and literature they are very desirous to assign to the Commentator on Virgil.

"I hope this proposal will not be rejected, and that the next post will bring us your compliance. I speak as one of the fraternity, though I have no part in the paper, beyond now and then a motto;* but two of the writers are my particular friends,† and I hope the pleasure of seeing a third united to them will not be denied to, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."‡

The first of the Adventurers, on a folio sheet, was given to the world on November the 7th, 1752; and the paper was continued every Tuesday and Saturday, until Saturday, the 9th of March, 1754; when it closed with N° 140, signed by Hawkesworth, in his capacity of Editor. The price of each essay was the same as of the Ramblers, and it was printed for J. Payne, at Pope's Head, in Paternoster-Row.

The name, the design, the conduct, and the execution of *seventy* numbers, of the Adventurer,

* Dr. Johnson had, at this time, only written one paper, and the profits were given to Dr. Bathurst.

† Hawkesworth and Bathurst.

‡ Boswell's Johnson, vol. 1, p. 216, 217.

are to be ascribed to Hawkesworth. The sale, during its circulation in separate papers, was very extensive; and, when thrown into volumes, four copious editions passed through the press in little more than eight years.

The variety, indeed, the fancy, the taste, and practical morality, which the pages of this periodical paper exhibit, were such as to ensure popularity; and it may be pronounced, as a whole, the most spirited and fascinating of the class to which it belongs.

To his essays in the Adventurer Hawkesworth was, in fact, indebted for his fame, and, ultimately, his fortune; and, as they are the most stable basis of his reputation, a more minute inquiry into their merits will be necessary.

It is scarcely requisite to observe, that he formed his STYLE on that of Dr. Johnson; he was not, however, a servile imitator; his composition has more ease and sweetness than the model possesses, and is consequently better adapted for a work, one great object of which is popularity. He has laid aside the *sesquipedalia verba*, and, in a great measure, the monotonous arrangement and the cumbrous splendour of his prototype, preserving, at the same time, much of his harmony of cadence and vigour of construction. Of the following paragraphs the first and second

exhibit a style elegant, correct, nervous, and perspicuous, yet essentially different from the diction of the Rambler, while the third has been evidently formed in the Johnsonian mould.

"The dread of death has seldom been found to intrude upon the cheerfulness, simplicity, and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral procession with as much vacant curiosity as at any other show, and see the world change before them without the least sense of their own share in the vicissitude. In youth, when all the appetites are strong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind resists mournful impressions with a kind of elastic power, by which the signature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced; when this tumult first subsides, while the attachment of life is yet strong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert measures by which those enjoyments may be secured which it is solicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the disappointments that are past, then death starts up like a spectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a constant and irresistible pace, retreat is impossible, and resistance is vain.

"The terror and anguish which this image produces whenever it first rushes upon the mind, are

always complicated with a sense of guilt and remorse; and generally produce some hasty and zealous purposes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion; of something that may secure us not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

"Let those who still delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will still grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increase; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever: and if they are roused by this thought, let them instantly improve its influence; for even this thought, when it returns, will return with less power, and though it should rouse them now, will perhaps rouse them no more. But let them not confide in such virtue as can be practised without a struggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no passion but malice; nor adopts principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be useful; like arguments which men sometimes form when they slumber, and the moment they awake discover to be absurd."*

* Adventurer, No. 130.

One chief cause of the interest which the *Adventurer* has usually excited among its readers, has arisen from the INVENTIVE POWERS which our author has so copiously displayed. His *oriental*, *allegoric* and *domestic*, *tales*, form the most striking feature of the work, and have, by their number and merit, very honourably distinguished it from every preceding paper.

For the composition of eastern narrative, Hawkesworth was, in many respects, highly qualified; his imagination was uncommonly fertile and glowing, his language clear and brilliant, yet neither gaudy nor over-charged, and he has always taken care to render the moral prominent and impressive. Than his Amurath, in Nos. 20, 21, and 22, no tale has been more generally admired; its instructive tendency is so great, its imagery and incidents are so ingeniously appropriate, that few compilers for youth have omitted to avail themselves of the lesson.

The story of *Hassan*, in N°. 32, inculcating the necessity of Religion as the only source of content, and of *Cosrou the Iman*, in N° 38, proving that charity and mutual utility form our firmest basis of acceptance with the Deity, are wrought up with a spirit and force of colouring which, while they delight the fancy, powerfully fix upon

the heart the value and the wisdom of the precept.

The histories of *Nouradin and Almana*, and of *Almerine and Shelimah*, in Nos. 72, 73, and 103, and 104, unfold, through the medium of a well contrived series of incidents, the variety of human wishes, and the Omnipotence of Virtue; whilst in the Vision of *Almet the Dervise*, in N° 114, the duties of resting our hopes upon eternity, and of considering this world as a probationary scene, are enforced in a manner equally novel and ingenious.

Of the oriental fictions of Hawkesworth, however, by many degrees the most splendid and sublime, is the tale of *Carazan the Merchant of Bagdad*.* The misery of utter solitude, the punishment appointed in this story to the vices of avarice and selfishness, was never before painted in colours so vivid and terrific. The subsequent passage, in which the doom of Carazan and its consequences are described, no writer of eastern fable will probably ever surpass. The Deity thus addresses the trembling object of his indignation.

"'CARAZAN, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by LOVE OF GOD; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by LOVE OF MAN:

* No. 132.

for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the ALMIGHTY only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor around thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of HEAVEN? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, CARAZAN, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.' At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect,

and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: 'O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! there society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life, the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time.' While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that POWER who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and for ever."

All the *Allegories* in the Adventurer are the product of our author's pen; these constitute, however, if we except an allegorical letter from

To-Day, but three; viz. *The Influence of the Town on Theatric Exhibition*, in N° 26; *The Origin of Cunning*, in N° 31; and *Honour Founded on Virtue*, in No. 61. A fancy playful and exuberant may be discerned in these pieces, but they possess not, either in style or imagery, the glow and richness of his eastern fictions.

In the conduct of his *Domestic Tales* the genius of Hawkesworth appears again to great advantage; they indicate his possession not only of a powerful mastery over the passions, but of no common knowledge of life, of manners, and of the human heart. The *History of Melissa*, in Nos. 7 and 8, is a pathetic and interesting example of the soothing hope and consolation that await integrity of conduct, though under the pressure of poignant distress. The wretchedness and ruin so frequently attendant on infidelity are pointedly illustrated in the story of Opsinous;* and the fatal effects of deviations from truth, however slight, or apparently venial, receive a striking demonstration from the narrative of *Charlotte and Maria*.†

The injury which society has suffered from the long prevailing, and increasing, practice of duelling, has often been a subject of regret; and many efforts have been made, though hitherto in-

* Nos. 12, 13, 14. † Nos. 54, 55, 56.

vain, to diminish or suppress a custom so pernicious. To contribute his aid to the efforts of those who have reprobated such a violation of the public laws, Hawkesworth has written his story of *Eugenio*,* which is calculated, by its moral and pathetic appeal, strongly to impress the mind in favour of the abolition of a usage that is undoubtedly the offspring of a barbarous age, and which has entailed upon mankind misery so incalculable.

As a preventive of debauchery and its destructive consequences, the *Life of Agamus and his Daughter* may be confidently recommended to every reader.† It is a detail of which, in the luxury and dissipation of a large metropolis, there are, we have reason to apprehend, numerous counterparts.

To expose the folly of wanton rudeness, and indiscriminate familiarity; to shew the danger of assuming the appearance of evil, though for purposes apparently beneficial, and to display the dreadful result of fashionable levities, form the purport of the narratives of *Abulus*,‡ of *Desdemona*,§ and of *Flavilla*.‖ They are constructed, in point of incident, with much ingenuity; curiosity

* Nos. 64, 65, 66, 70.

† Nos. 86. 134, 135, 136. ‡ No. 112.

§ Nos. 117, 118. ‖ Nos. 123, 12, 125.

is kept alive, and the *dénoûment* is effected with every requisite probability.

Still further to diversify the pages of the *Adventurer*, our author has interspersed several papers, the chief characteristic of which is HUMOUR; a humour, however, which is rather solemn and ironical than light and sportive. Of the essays in this province, which are the product of his pen, we shall enumerate eight as peculiarly entertaining; N° 5, *The Transmigrations of a Flea;* N° 15 and 27, *On Quack Advertisements;* N° 17, *Story of Mr. Friendly and his Nephew;* N° 52, *Distresses of an Author invited to read his Play;* N° 98, *Account of Tim Wildgoose;* N° 100, *Gradation from a Greenhorn to a Blood,* and N° 121, *The Adventures of a Louse.*

It is probable, that to a passage in Johnson's Life of Gay we are indebted for the ludicrous distresses in N° 52; at least, one of the circumstances of the tale actually occurred to that poet, when requested to read his tragedy, entitled, *The Captives*, to the Princess of Wales. "When the hour came," records his biographer, "he saw the princess and her ladies all in expectation; and advancing with reverence, too great for any other attention, stumbled at a stool, and, falling forwards, threw down a weighty japan screen. The princess started, the ladies screamed, and poor

Gay, after all the disturbance, was still to read his play."* Scholastic bashfulness had been the subject of an excellent paper in Johnson's Rambler,† and, since the Adventurer, has again formed the topic of an essay in N° 22 of *Repton's Variety*.‡

If we advert to the MORAL TENDENCY of the Essays of Hawkesworth, we shall find them uniformly subservient to the best interests of virtue and religion. Every fiction which he has drawn involves the illustration of some important duty, or lays bare the pernicious consequences of some alluring vice. Even incidents which appear to possess a peculiar individuality, are rendered, by the dextrous management of our author, accessory to the purposes of universal monition. As instances, however, of those numbers of the Adventurer which, dismissing the attractions of scenic art, are strictly didactic, we may mention, as singularly worthy of notice, N° 10, illustrative of the enquiry *How far Happiness and Misery are the necessary effects of Virtue and Vice;* N° 28, *On the Positive Duties of Religion, as influencing moral conduct;* N° 46, *On Detraction and Treachery;* N° 48, *On the Precept to Love our Enemies;* N° 82, *On the Production of Personal Beauty by moral sentiment;* and

* Murphy's edition, vol. 10, p. 241.

† No. 157. ‡ Published in 1788.

N° 130, *On the Danger of Relapse after purposes of Amendment.*

From the observations which we have now made upon the merits of Hawkesworth's Periodical Writings, it may justly be inferred that he holds a high rank among our CLASSICAL ESSAYISTS. He takes his station, indeed, after *Addison* and *Johnson*; and the *Adventurer*, which rose under his fostering care, need not fear a comparison with the *Rambler* and *Spectator*.

One object which Hawkesworth had in view, in the composition of his Adventurers, was that of proving to the world how well adapted he was, in point of moral and religious principle, for the superintendence of the school which his wife had opened for the education of young ladies. This object was fully attained; for the seminary rapidly increased, and finally became a very lucrative undertaking.

From his customary attention to the Academy, however, he was for a short time diverted, by a very unexpected promotion. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, being highly pleased with the instructive tendency of his papers in the Adventurer, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law; a dignity which suggested a new road to emolument, by giving him a title to practise as a Civilian in the ecclesiastical

courts. In the attempt, however, after some preparatory study, to carry this plan into execution, he completely failed, owing to the strenuous opposition which he had to encounter.

A still more unfortunate result of his elevation was the loss of Johnson's friendship, a deprivation which, we are sorry to remark, appears to have arisen from his own ill-timed ostentation, a weakness that few could suppose attached to a mind apparently so well regulated. "His success," says Sir John Hawkins, "wrought no good effects upon his mind and conduct; it elated him too much, and betrayed him into a forgetfulness of his origin, and a neglect of his early acquaintance; and on this I have heard Johnson remark, in terms that sufficiently expressed a knowledge of his character, and a resentment of his behaviour. It is probable that he might use the same language to Hawkesworth himself, and also reproach him with the acceptance of an academical honour to which he could have no pretensions, and which Johnson, conceiving to be irregular, as many yet do, held in great contempt: thus much is certain, that soon after the attainment of it, the intimacy between them ceased."*

That Hawkesworth's acceptance of this degree should cause such forgetfulness of himself, as to

* Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 312.

lead to the neglect of those who had principally contributed to his literary advancement, is certainly an instance of deplorable folly; but that Johnson was justified, in reproaching him for his admission of the honour, and in ridiculing his pretensions to it, will hardly be affirmed. It was intended by Herring as the reward of exertions in support of morality and religion, not as the acknowledgment of abilities for the legal profession; and therefore the conduct of Johnson, on this occasion, might have justly roused resentment in a mind of much less irritability than Hawkesworth possessed.

The reputation which the Doctor had acquired by his Adventurer, held out strong inducements to the prosecution of his literary career; and in the year 1756, at the request of Garrick, he turned his attention towards the stage. His first production, in this province, was an alteration of Dryden's comedy of Amphytrion, accompanied by new music; and, in 1760, he brought forward his "Zimri, an Oratorio," which was performed at Covent-Garden, and set to music by Mr. Stanley. It was favourably received; and though the fable, from the peculiarity of its incidents, is by no means calculated for public representation, the poetry, which is much above mediocrity, ensured its success.

About the period of his production of "Zimri," he altered Southern's Tragedy of "Oroonoko" for Drury-Lane Theatre; and in 1761 brought upon the same stage, an entertainment, under the title of "Edgar and Emmeline." This is a Fairy Tale, in the construction of which he has exhibited much elegance of imagination.

It is to be regretted, that the dramatic labours of our author closed with this performance; for, from his powers of language, his fertility of fancy, and his knowledge of the human heart, there is every reason to suppose that he might have attained to distinguished excellence as a disciple of Melpomene.

He had been, however, sometime employed on the composition of an Oriental Tale upon a scale much larger than that of his eastern narratives in the Adventurer. It was published in the same year with his "Edgar and Emmeline," and is entitled "Almoran and Hamet;" it occupies two volumes 12mo. and is dedicated to the King. In this fiction, which soon became popular, and passed through a second edition in a few months, will be found the united recommendations of a polished diction, an interesting fable, and an important moral.

In April, 1765, Dr. Hawkesworth undertook the office of Reviewer in the Gentleman's Maga-

zine, a department which he filled with gre
ability until the year 1772. In 1765, also, h
presented the public with a revised edition
Swift's Works, in 12 vols. 8vo. accompanied b
explanatory notes, and a Life of Swift, of whic
life Johnson, when he became the biographer
the Dean, thus liberally speaks: "An accou
of Dr. Swift has been already collected wit
great diligence and acuteness by Dr. Hawke
worth, according to a scheme which I laid befo
him in the intimacy of our friendship. I cann
therefore be expected to say much of a life, co
cerning which I had long since communicate
my thoughts to a man capable of dignifying h
narration with so much elegance of language, an
force of sentiment."

Hawkesworth's Life of Swift is, indeed, a fr
and unprejudiced inquiry into the character
the Dean, written with his usual correctness an
beauty of style, and highly useful from its seizin
every opportunity of enforcing the purest moralit
It offered, however, no new materials to th
world, and, in point of information, has bee
superseded by the full and elaborate details
Sheridan and Nichols. To the merits
Hawkesworth, notwithstanding, every subsequen
editor has been just; and, since the encomium
Johnson, the following sketches of his biograph

cal talents have been given to the public by Sheridan and Berkeley.

"He was an author," remarks the first of these gentlemen, "of no small eminence; a man of clear judgment and great candour. He quickly discerned the truth from the falsehood; wiped away many of the aspersions that had been thrown on Swift's character; and placed it, so far as he went, in its proper light."*

"For the task he undertook," observes Mr. Berkeley, "his talents were fully equal; and the period at which he wrote was friendly to impartiality. Swift had now been dead some years; and Hawkesworth was the first man from whom the publick could expect a totally unprejudiced account of his life. To Hawkesworth, except as a writer, Swift was wholly unknown. His mirth had never enlivened the hours, nor had his satire embittered the repose, of him who was now to be his biographer; circumstances, these, highly favourable to impartial investigation and candid decision. But, alas! Hawkesworth contented himself with such materials as the life by Orrery and the apologies of Dean Swift and Dr. Delany afforded, adding nothing to this stock of information but a few scattered remarks collected by Johnson. Of his performance, therefore, I shall

* Introduction to the Life of Dr. Swift.

only observe, that its information is sometimes useful and amusing, and that its misrepresentations are never intentional."*

In a life so tumultuous and varied as was Swift's, connected with so much political transaction, and associated with the most important events and characters of the time, novelty, extent, and diversity of information, might be reasonably required; whereas in the biography of a mere literary man, the incidents are few, and generally connected with publications that fix precisely the era of their occurrence; whilst what is expected from the biographer, either as matter of utility or amusement, is in a great degree drawn from his own intrinsic resources. In a detail of this latter description, where moral reflection, criticism, and arrangement, where elegance of composition, weight of sentiment, and literary disquisition, are merely demanded, Hawkesworth would have greatly excelled, and would have produced a work fully as valuable, perhaps, to the best interests of man, as the narrative of political struggle and ambitious intrigue, however connected with talent, wit, and humour. On the subject which he had chosen, however, as he failed in industry of research and originality

* Inquiry into the life of Dean Swift.

of document, he has been nearly consigned to oblivion.

Yet, as an Editor, the year following the publication of his Life of the Dean, enabled him to oblige the world with "Letters of Dr. Swift and several of his Friends, published from the Originals, with Notes Explanatory and Historical," in 3 vols. 8vo; a collection which had been presented by Swift himself to Dr. Lyon, and transferred by this gentleman to Mr. Thomas Wilkes, of Dublin, and who again disposed of it to the booksellers.

The preface which Dr. Hawkesworth has written for these volumes contains some very just observations on the instruction and amusement to be derived from familiar and confidential letters; the following passage, especially, most eloquently describes the value which should be attached to the publication of a correspondence such as he was then presenting to his readers.

"In a series of familiar letters between the same friends for thirty years, their whole life, as it were, passes in review before us; we live with them, we hear them talk, we mark the vigour of life, the ardour of expectation, the hurry of business, the jollity of their social meetings, and the sport of their fancy in the sweet intervals of leisure and retirement; we see the scene gradually

change; hope and expectation are at an end; they regret pleasures that are past, and friends that are dead; they complain of disappointment and infirmity; they are conscious that the sands of life which remain are few; and while we hear them regret the approach of the last, it falls, and we lose them in the grave. Such as they were, we feel ourselves to be; we are conscious to sentiments, connexions, and situations like theirs; we find ourselves in the same path, urged forward by the same necessity; and the parallel in what has been, is carried on with such force to what shall be, that the future almost becomes present; and we wonder at the new power of those truths, of which we never doubted the reality and importance."

Soon after the appearance of Swift's Letters, our author commenced a Translation of *Fenelon's Telemachus*, which was published in 1768, in one volume 4to. No person could have been selected better calculated to do justice to the epic romance of the amiable Archbishop of Cambray than Hawkesworth. The harmonious style, the glowing sentiment, the elegant and classical imagery of the original, were transfused without any diminution of their wonted lustre; and the version may be pronounced, not only far superior to any other which we possess of Telemachus, but one

of the most spirited and valuable in our language.

The celebrity which Dr. Hawkesworth had now attained, as a literary character, was aided by the friendship of Garrick, who recommended our author to Lord Sandwich; the mean of procuring for him one of the most honourable and lucrative engagements that has been recorded in the annals of literature.

The anxiety of the public to be acquainted with the events which had befallen the navigators of the Southern Hemisphere, at the commencement of the present reign, was greatly increased by the return of Lieutenant Cook from his first voyage round the globe, in May, 1771; and Government in the following year entrusted to Hawkesworth the task of gratifying the general curiosity.

A few attempts, in the mean time, had been made, though with little success, to anticipate the authenticated narrative, which came forth so early as 1773 under the following title: "An Account of the Voyages undertaken by the Order of his present Majesty for making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere, &c. Drawn up from the Journals which were kept by the several Commanders, and from the Papers of Joseph Banks, Esq. By John Hawkesworth, LL. D.

Illustrated with Cuts, and a great variety of Charts and Maps relative to Countries now first discovered, or hitherto but imperfectly known." 4to. 3 vols.

In order that a work which might properly be termed *national* should appear with every requisite illustration, Government withheld no necessary expence. Dr. Hawkesworth had the princely remuneration of six thousand pounds; and the charts, engravings, and maps, were executed in a very splendid, and, with a few exceptions, in a very correct, manner. The first volume includes the journals of Byron, Wallis, and Carteret, and the second and third are occupied by the still more interesting voyage of Cook.

The merits and defects of Hawkesworth in the execution of this work are very prominent. Of his fidelity, as to matter of fact, there can be no doubt, since the manuscript of each voyage was submitted to the perusal of the respective commanders, and received their correction and approbation; the literary texture too is elegant, animated, and graceful.

Of the faults which have disfigured this publication, one may be deemed venial, and was to be apprehended from the previous studies and character of the man; though the narrative is given in the first person, the colouring of the style, and

many of the observations, reflections, and descriptions, are such as clearly indicate their origin, and betray the disciple of the portico with all his professional acquirements.

Incongruities arising from this source, though they break in upon the verisimilitude which was meant to be supported, were readily forgiven; but who could have expected from the director of female education, from the author of the Adventurer, from the dignified defender of morality and religion, the metaphysical reveries, the licentious paintings, of the sceptic and the voluptuary!

To the charge of inaccuracy, of nautical mistake, or defective science, he was ready and willing to reply; but against the strong and numerous accusations of impiety and indecency, against the flagrant proofs, as taken from his preface and his journals, of his denial of a special providence, and of his wanton pictures of sensuality, he was unable to defend himself.

To the vexations which he hourly experienced from these attacks, many of which took their source rather from a spirit of malignity than a love of virtue and moral order, was added the extreme mortification of being rendered accessory to the purposes of the most abandoned depravity; for shortly after the publication of his

Voyages, notice was given by the infamous editors of a certain magazine, that "All the *amorous* passages and descriptions in Dr. Hawk——th's Collection of Voyages should be selected, and illustrated by a *suitable plate*," a threat which was immediately after carried into execution; and thus was the Doctor condemned, after a life hitherto spent in the support of piety and morality, to subserve the iniquitous designs of the ministers of lewdness and debauchery.

That Hawkesworth ever *meant*, by his doubts, his queries, and descriptions, to shock belief, or inflame the passions, cannot be admitted. His practice was correct, but his theory, both in philosophy and theology, was often inconsistent and unsettled; and he was apt to indulge himself in speculations, the ultimate tendency and bearings of which, could he have accurately appreciated them, he would have shrunk from with abhorrence. His descriptions of sensual indulgence too, though probably correct representations, were, he should have reflected, not calculated for a popular work; there was no necessity for their introduction; and the language in which they were clothed, by veiling, in a great measure, the grossness of the imagery, rendered the poison more subtle and pernicious.

The sensibility of Hawkesworth was keen, and

easily wounded; he felt through every nerve the envenomed weapons of his accusers, and his peace of mind was destroyed for ever. No addition to his income or his consequence could now soothe his feelings; for though his circumstances were comparatively affluent, and he had the unprecedented honour of being chosen, on account of his literary talents, a director of the East-India Company, in April, 1773, he died, exhausted by chagrin and disappointment, on the 16th of the November following. He was buried in the Church of Bromley, in Kent, where, on an elegant marble, is the subsequent inscription, part of which, as the reader will immediately perceive, is taken from the last number of the Adventurer.

To the Memory of
John Hawkesworth, LL. D.
Who died the 16th of November,
1773, aged 58 years.
That he lived ornamental and useful
To society in an eminent degree,
Was among the boasted felicities
Of the present age;
That he laboured for the benefit of Society,
Let his own pathetic admonitions
Record and Realize.

"The hour is hasting, in which whatever praise
"or censure I have acquired, will be remembered

" with equal indifference.—Time, who is impa-
" tient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder
" the hand which is now writing it in the dust,
" and still the breast that now throbs at the re-
" flection. But let not this be read as something
" that relates only to another; for a few years
" only can divide the eye that is now reading, from
" the hand that has written."

Dr. Hawkesworth was, if not a man of deep learning, sufficiently acquainted with the classical and modern languages to maintain the character of an elegant scholar. His writings, with the exception of his last ill-fated work, have a tendency uniformly conducive to the interests of virtue and religion; and we may add, that the errors of that unfortunate production must be attributed rather to a defect of judgment, than to a dereliction of principle.

His imagination was fertile and brilliant, his diction pure, elegant, and unaffected; he possessed a sensibility which too often wounded himself, but which rendered him peculiarly susceptible of the emotions of pity, of friendship, and of love. He was in a high degree charitable, humane, and benevolent; his manners were polished and affable, and his conversation has been described as uncommonly fascinating; as combining instruction and entertainment with a

flow of words, which, though unstudied, was yet concisely and appropriately eloquent.

His passions were strong, and his command over them was not such as to prevent their occasional interference with his health and peace of mind; but to the heart-withering sensations of long-cherished resentment, of revenge or hatred, his breast was a perfect stranger. He died, it is said, tranquil and resigned, and, we trust, deriving hope and comfort from a firm belief in that religion which his best writings had been employed to defend.*

*The following little poem, composed but a month before his death, and dictated to Mrs. H—, before he rose in the morning, will prove how vividly he felt, at that period, the consolations arising from dependence on the mercy of his God.

HYMN.

1.

In Sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

2.

New-born—I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to *be;*
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

3.

O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

4.

A *deeper shade* will soon impend,
A *deeper sleep* my eyes oppress;
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

5.

That *deeper shade* shall fade away,
That *deeper sleep* shall leave my eyes;
Thy *light* shall give eternal day!
Thy *love* the rapture of the skies!

PART III.

ESSAY I.

SKETCHES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL OF THE OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS TO THE RAMBLER, ADVENTURER, AND IDLER.

THE assistance which Dr. Johnson received in the composition of his *Rambler* amounted (with the exception of four billets written by Mrs. Chapone, who will be afterwards noticed as a contributor to the Adventurer, and the second letter in N° 107,) only to four numbers, the productions of Miss Talbot, Mr. Richardson, and Mrs. Carter.

CATHERINE TALBOT, the only daughter of the Rev. Edward Talbot, Archdeacon of Berks, was born in the year 1720, five months after the decease of her father. Mrs. Talbot, thus left a widow, and her infant daughter, were soon after taken under the protection of Dr. Secker, Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canter-

bury. To Mr. Edward Talbot's influence with his father, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Secker had been indebted for his first preferment; an obligation which he endeavoured to return by the most kind and parental attention to the widow and child of his friend.

The connection was still further cemented, in the year 1725, by Dr. Secker's marriage with Mrs. Catherine Benson, sister of Bishop Benson, and the chosen friend and domestic companion of Mrs. Talbot. The immediate consequence of this union was the coalescence of the two families; and until the death of the Bishop, which took place in 1768, Mrs. and Miss Talbot resided under his hospitable roof.

To Miss Talbot nature had been more than commonly liberal; for she early exhibited strong marks of a feeling heart, a warm imagination, and a powerful understanding. To these natural talents, were added all the advantages of the most accomplished education, with all the virtues arising from a well-grounded belief in christianity, and from a constant habit of devotional piety.

Thus gifted, little more was wanting to the completion of her happiness than an interchange of friendship with an individual of her own sex, as amiable and as intellectual as herself; an

event which took place, so early as February, 1741, by her introduction to the celebrated Miss Elizabeth Carter. With this lady, who possessed a mind of singular rectitude and strength, she maintained, to the close of her life, an uninterrupted correspondence,* and was the chief mean of inducing her to undertake the useful but laborious task of translating Epictetus.

Owing to her great and good qualities, and in some degree to her residence in the Archiepiscopal Palace, at Lambeth, Miss Talbot's acquaintance among the learned and the dignified of the church was very extensive. To no one of those, however, who bore the honours of a mitre, was she more attached than to Dr. Butler, the pious and admirable author of the "Analogy;" he had been the bosom friend of her father, and was likewise the firm friend and adviser of her mother and herself. He died, lamented by all who could appreciate worth and wisdom, in 1752: how severely in particular his loss was felt by Miss Talbot, will be evident in the following pathetic extracts from two letters written by her on the occasion to Miss Carter, and preserved by Mr. Pennington in his Memoirs of that accomplished woman.

* This has just now been published, in 2 vols. 4to. by the Rev. Montague Pennington, and confers great and equal honour on the parties concerned.

"The dangerous illness of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent Bishop of Durham, gives to every day a most painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. How rich have I been in friends, dear Miss Carter, and such friends as fall to the lot of few! Let me thankfully say how very rich *am I!* But the longer we live, the more are our hearts attached to that first set of friends amongst whom one's life began, and whose manners, whose sentiments, whose kindnesses, are more in agreement with our own ideas. One loves those that remain of such a set the more dearly, for the love they have borne to those of it that are gone first. He was my father's friend. I could almost say my remembrance of him goes back some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrance I have ever known in him the kind affectionate friend, the faithful advisor which he would condescend to when I was quite a child, and the most delightful companion, from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar, to be met with in nobody else. And this in a man whose sanctity of manners, sublimity of genius, gave him one of the

ranks among men, long before he was raised to that rank in the world which must still—if what I painfully fear should happen—aggravate such a loss; as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind in such a station must have done."—

The event so much apprehended in this extract occurred soon after it was written; and in about two months from the decease of the Bishop, Miss Carter received a second epistle from her friend.

"Once before," she remarks, "your company was a great relief to me in a melancholy time. I had then just lost the dearest and best of friends, the excellent sister of this last departed saint. You knew her not, and I could not talk of her with you; of him we might talk by the hour; for who that ever saw him, as you have done, could ever be weary of the pleasing subject? Pleasing it is to know by one's own happy experience, that there are such beings in human nature, such amiable and benevolent spirits, so fitted for a higher state of existence. What a loss does the world sustain in such a man, who shewed goodness in its most engaging form, who was a ministering angel upon earth to all the blessed purposes of a gracious Providence! But that Providence can at all times raise up fit instruments to fulfil its all-wise purposes. To that let us leave the

care of the world, of ourselves poor passer through it. May we everlastingly be the bette the examples of those excellent persons whc removed from us! May our spirits be always ported by the transporting hope of meeting t again! Mine have a great deal to support tl in the inestimable blessings which it pleases still to continue to me. And indeed, dear Carter, I am at heart truly cheerful and th ful, though continually my heart is soft into unfeigned sorrow by the recollectio those most delightful hours, which in world we must never more enjoy, and of t painful weeks which closed a life so beneficer exemplary. But it was exemplary to its latest ments. Never had christianity a nobler triu over exquisite pain and long approaching d than in him. He was not only resigned but ful; and though impatient for a better world, submitting with the sweetest patience to a lin ing continuance in this."

In the year 1759, Dr. Dodd, who, from hi travagant mode of living, was ever eager after ferment, imagining that he should secure the tronage of Archbishop Secker by adulation to Miss Talbot, dedicated an edition of Bi Hall's Meditations to her, in terms so stro panegyrical, as to disgust both the lady and

divine; the latter of whom immediately wrote to Dodd, peremptorily requiring that the offensive sheet should be cancelled in every copy.

The death of the Archbishop, in 1768, was, in many respects, an irreparable loss to Miss Talbot and her mother. In the house of this worthy prelate they had enjoyed all the elegancies, and all the blessings of society, united with the inestimable advantages derived from his example, experience, and advice. In point of pecuniary circumstances, the benevolence of their lamented patron had disengaged them from all embarassment, by a bequest for their joint lives of the interest of thirteen thousand pounds three per cent; a sum which, after their decease, was to be appropriated to various charitable purposes.

In this hour of trial the assiduity and soothing attentions of Miss Carter contributed greatly to mitigate the affliction of Mrs. Talbot and her daughter; she assisted them in the melancholy preparations for removal from the palace to a house which they had taken in Lower Grosvenor Street; and through her consolatory efforts the stroke, which would have bowed them to the ground, was disarmed of half its force.

The health, however, of Miss Talbot had for some time been secretly undermined by the progress of an almost incurable disease. For three

years, unknown to all her friends, except the Archbishop and Miss Carter, she had, from a tender regard to the feelings of her mother, silently endured the anguish arising from a confirmed cancer. This dreadful malady, soon after her removal from Lambeth, increased so rapidly, that in October, 1769, she was confined to her bed; when, medical assistance being required, the nature of her complaint was divulged. Her immediate death was expected; but, partially recovering from the severity of this attack, she lingered until the 9th of January, 1770; on which day, in the forty-ninth year of her age, and with a tranquillity and resignation truly exemplary, she relinquished this world for the reward which awaited her in another.

The distress of her mother and Mrs. Carter, on the deprivation of a companion so much and so justly beloved, was, as may be imagined, severe. The following admirable letter, the production of Mrs. Carter, and addressed to Mrs. Vesey, while it paints in vivid colours the affection and the feelings of the amiable writer, gives us a most interesting picture of the last moments of Miss Talbot.

" Clarges-street, Jan. 15, 1770.

" You will be so kindly solicitous about me, my dear Mrs. Vesey, when you see in the papers a

confirmation of the reality of my apprehensions about my dear Miss Talbot, that I cannot forbear writing you some account of myself. I am tolerably well, and my spirits, though low, are very composed. With the deepest feeling of my own unspeakable loss of one of the dearest and most invaluable blessings of my life, I am to the highest degree thankful to the Divine goodness for removing her from the multiplied and aggravated sufferings which, in a longer struggle with such a distemper, must probably have been unavoidable. The calm and peaceful sorrow of tenderness and affection, sweetly alleviated by the joyful assurance of her happiness, is a delightful sentiment compared with what I have endured for the last two or three months.

"Two or three days before her death, she was seized with a sudden hoarseness and cough, which seemed the effect of a cold, and for which bleeding relieved her; but there remained an oppression from phlegm which was extremely troublesome to her. On the 9th this symptom increased, and she appeared heavy and sleepy, which was attributed to an opiate the night before. I stayed with her till she went to bed, with an intention of going afterwards into her room, but was told that she was asleep. I went away about nine, and in less

than an hour after she waked; and after the struggle of scarcely a minute, it pleased God to remove her spotless soul from its mortal sufferings, to that heaven for which her whole life had been an uninterrupted preparation. Never surely was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a peculiar and more engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew.

"I am just returned from seeing all that was mortal of my angelical friend deposited in the earth. I do not mean that I went in ceremony, which, had it been proper, would have been too strong a trial for my spirits, but privately with two other of her intimate friends. I felt it would be a comfort to me, on that most solemn occasion, to thank Almighty God for delivering her from her sufferings, and to implore his assistance to prepare me to follow her. Little, alas! infinitely too little, have I yet profited by the blessing of such an example. God grant that her memory, which I hope will ever survive in my heart, may produce a happier effect.

"Adieu, my dear friend, God bless you, and

conduct us both to that happy assembly, where the spirits of the just shall dread no future separation! And may we both remember that awful truth, that we can hope to die the death of the righteous only by resembling their lives."*

Shortly after the death of Miss Talbot, her mother placed in Mrs. Carter's hands her daughter's manuscripts, leaving it to her judgment to select what might be thought proper for the public eye. The pieces which she chose reflect the highest credit upon Miss Talbot as the author, and upon Mrs. Carter as the selector. The first is entitled "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week," a pamphlet which, from its ardent piety and good sense, the elegant simplicity of its language, and the benevolent spirit that animates every line, has been circulated very widely, and forms one of the numerous works distributed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It was given to the public in 1770; and in the December of the same year Mrs. Carter, writing to Mrs. Talbot, says, "I imagine by this time a good part of a third edition is sold off. What a comfort it is to think on the diffusive good which that dear angel has communicated to the world, of which she is now enjoying the reward! What

* Pennington's Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, p. 277, 278.

a blessed change to herself from the suffering state of the last sad year!"*

To this valuable devotional manual Mrs. Carter added, in the year 1772, two volumes in duodecimo of "Essays on Various Subjects." These are written with Miss Talbot's uniform attention to the interests of virtue and religion; the style is spirited and easy, and both the subjects and the mode in which they are treated, are such as to possess a large share of attraction. They have consequently been popular, and have passed several times through the press. In 1795, the whole of what Mrs. Carter had selected appeared together in one volume, including the *Reflections*, twenty-six *Essays*, five *Dialogues*, *Occasional Thoughts*, three *Prose Pastorals*, a *Fairy Tale*, three *Imitations of Ossian*, two *Allegories*, and a few *Poems*.

To complete the collection, however, two pieces are wanting; a "Letter to a New-born Child," and *No.* 30 *of the Rambler*," dated June 30th, 1750. This last is a well-supported Allegory recommending the proper observance of Sunday; the execution of which is so ingenious, as to induce a regret that Dr. Johnson was not favoured with more essays from the same pen.

* Pennington's Memoirs of Mrs. Carter, p. 281. 4to. edition.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was born in the year 1689, the son of an ingenious and very respectable mechanic in Derbyshire. Of his family he has himself related the following particulars, in a letter to Mr. Stinstra, a Dutch Minister, and the translator of Clarissa. "My father was a very honest man, descended of a family of middling note, in the county of Surry; but which having for several generations a large number of children, the not large possessions were split and divided, so that he and his brothers were put to trades, and the sisters were married to tradesmen. My mother was also a good woman, of a family not ungenteel; but whose father and mother died in her infancy, within half-an-hour of each other, in the London pestilence of 1665.

"My Father's business was that of a joiner, then more distinct from that of a carpenter than now it is with us. He was a good draughtsman, and understood architecture. His skill and ingenuity, and an understanding superior to his business, with his remarkable integrity of heart and manners, made him personally beloved by several persons of rank, among whom were the Duke of Monmouth and the first Earl of Shaftsbury, both so noted in our English history. Their known favour for him having, on the Duke's attempt on the crown, subjected him to be looked

upon with a jealous eye, notwithstanding he was noted for a quiet and inoffensive man, he thought proper, on the decollation of the first-named unhappy nobleman, to quit his London business, and to retire to Derbyshire, though to his great detriment; and there I, and three other children out of nine, were born."*

It was the intention of the elder Mr. Richardson to have brought up his son *Samuel* to the Church; but the occurrence of some severe pecuniary losses compelled him to relinquish the design; he was, therefore, restricted to a common school education, and, according to his own confession, was acquainted with no other language than his mother-tongue; a deficiency which is very apparent in the structure of his composition.

He early exhibited, however, the most decisive marks of genius; he was of a serious and contemplative disposition, and fond of exercising his inventive powers, among his play-mates, in the narration of stories, the incidents of which he threw together with extraordinary facility. He was, likewise, remarkably partial to letter-writing, and to the company of his young female friends, with whom he maintained a constant correspondence, and even ventured, though only in his eleventh

* Barbauld's Life of Richardson prefixed to his Correspondence, vol. 1, p. 29, 30.

year, to become their occasional monitor and adviser.

The very intimate knowledge which he afterwards displayed of the female heart, had probably its first source from this juvenile attachment to the sex, which appears to have been returned, whilst he was yet a mere boy, by the most unlimited confidence on the part of his fair friends.

"As a bashful and not forward boy," he relates, "I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half-a-dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having an high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love-secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters: nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider

or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word, or *that* expression, to be softened or changed. One highly gratified with her lover's fervour, and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, 'I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly;' all her fear was only, that she should incur slight for her kindness."*

At the age of sixteen it became necessary that our young secretary should fix upon some occupation for his future life; and, as his father left him to his free option, he decided for the business of a Printer; principally induced to the choice by the opportunities that he imagined it would afford him for reading, to which he was strongly attached. He was accordingly apprenticed in 1706 to Mr. John Wilde, of Stationers Hall; but he soon found that the advantages which he had so sanguinely expected were illusory, and that the only time left for his mental improvement must be snatched from the hours of rest and relaxation. In ardour and perseverance, however, he was not wanting, for he not only secured time for his private studies, but for a long-continued correspondence with a gentleman much

* Barbauld's Life of Richardson, p. 39, 40.

his superior in station, in fortune, and in literature. His attention to the interests of his master was never, in the smallest degree, diminished by these stolen engagements; and such was his zeal in the execution of his duty, that he was termed by Mr. Wilde, who was singularly rigid in exacting what he thought capable of being performed, *the pillar of his house.*

On the termination of his apprenticeship, which had lasted seven years, young Richardson became a compositor and corrector of the press; an office which he continued to fill for nearly six years, and on declining which, he acquired his freedom and entered into business for himself. His first residence was small, and in an obscure court, but, his employment rapidly encreasing, he exchanged it for a larger in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street.

The industry, punctuality, and integrity of Richardson as a tradesman, were in due time followed by the usual result, a wide-extending reputation and accumulating wealth. He was the printer, for a short period, of the Duke of Wharton's "True Briton," a publication that appeared in 1723, and the purport of which was to excite an opposition in the city to the measures of Government. The politics of this paper, however, were so violent, that at the close of the sixth number he declined any further connexion with it,

having indeed narrowly escaped a prosecution; for, four of the six essays being deemed libels, Mr. Payne the publisher was found guilty, while Richardson, although intimate with the Duke, was passed over, owing to the non-appearance of his name on the title-page. He was likewise occupied, about this time, in printing two newspapers, "The Daily Journal" and "The Daily Gazetteer," and he soon after obtained, through his interest with the Speaker Onslow, the lucrative situation of printer to the House of Commons. From his press issued the first edition of the "Journals of the House of Commons," in twenty-six folio volumes, an undertaking for which he at length obtained upwards of three thousand pounds.

He suffered not, however, the pressure of his business, though great, and requiring much superintendence, to preclude his mental progress; he was fond of exercising his pen, and frequently employed it, at the requisition of the booksellers, in composing for them prefaces and dedications. With these they were so much pleased, that, knowing his partiality to letter-writing, they requested him to furnish them with a volume of Familiar Letters, which might serve as a kind of manual or director for persons in inferior life.

In attempting a compliance with this request was *Pamela* produced, the history of whose birth shall be given in the author's words addressed to his friend Aaron Hill.

" Mr. Rivington and Mr. Osborne, whose names are on the title-page, (of Pamela,) had long been urging me to give them a little book (which they said they were often asked after) of familiar letters on the useful concerns of common life; and at last I yielded to their importunity, and began to recollect such subjects as I thought would be useful in such a design, and formed several letters accordingly. And, among the rest, I thought of giving one or two as cautions to young folks circumstanced as Pamela was. Little did I think, at first, of making one, much less two volumes of it. But, when I began, I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitably to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and, dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue. I therefore gave way to enlargement; and so Pamela became as you see her. But so little did I

hope for the approbation of judges, that I had not the courage to send the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the book well received by the public.

"While I was writing the two volumes, my worthy-hearted wife, and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them some part of the story, which I had begun without their knowing it, used to come into my little closet every night with 'Have you any more of Pamela, Mr. R.? We are come to hear a little more of Pamela,' &c. This encouraged me to prosecute it, which I did so diligently, through all my other business, that, by a memorandum on my copy, I began it Nov. 10, 1739, and finished it Jan. 10, 1739-40. And I have often, censurable as I might be thought for my vanity for it, and lessening to the taste of my two female friends, had the story of Moliere's Old Woman in my thoughts upon the occasion."*

Pamela was published in 1740, and immediately attracted a most extraordinary degree of attention. It presented the public, indeed, with a work truly original in its plan, uniting the interest arising from well-combined incident with the moral purposes of a sermon; to these were

* Barbauld's Life, p. 73, 74, 75.

added so much touching simplicity and pathos, so many admirable draughts from nature, that the fascination became general. Though the novel was brought forward anonymously, it was impossible that the author should be long concealed, and no sooner was he known than compliments and commendations were poured in upon him in profusion. The admiration, in fact, of his readers was such as to lead them into the most enthusiastic, and even preposterous commendations. Mr. Lucas, the author of "The Search after Happiness," in writing to a friend, says, "I am informed that the author of Pamela, *the best book ever published, and calculated to do most good*, is one Mr. Richardson, Printer; and, to carry the extravagance still higher, Mr. Chetwynd declared, *that if all other books were to be burnt, Pamela, next to the Bible, ought to be preserved.*

Eulogy such as this, defeats its own purpose, and appears, indeed, in the present day, absolutely ludicrous; for though Pamela, as the first attempt in a new style of composition, and as exhibiting much skill in the delineation of character, accompanied with much power over the tender passions, and much attention to promote the cause of piety and morality, possesses great merit, it displays also great defects, of which the

most prominent is the frequent indelicacy of its scenes. These, though the ultimate purport of the novel be to inculcate virtue, are dangerous and seductive; and whilst Dr. Slocock recommended Pamela from the pulpit, Dr. Watts more wisely told the author that the ladies could not read it without blushing.

Pamela originally consisted but of two volumes, which formed a perfect whole, and terminated with the marriage of the lovers. Stimulated, however, by the success with which it had been received, and still further excited by an attempt to give a spurious continuation of it, the author commenced a second part, in which the conduct of Pamela is displayed in the married state, and in the higher ranks of society. This second part is, likewise, in two volumes, but, both in point of conception and execution, is greatly inferior to the first.*

The most galling event that occurred to our

* The author of the Life of Richardson in the General Biographical Dictionary, edition 1784, says, "it is much to be regretted that his improved edition, (of Pamela,) in which much was altered, much omitted, and *the whole new-modelled*, has never yet been given to the public; as the only reason which prevented it in his life-time, that there was an edition unsold, must long have ceased." Does this edition exist? or has it ever been given to the world?

author from the publication of this work, was occasioned by the ridicule of Fielding, who soon after its appearance published his "Joseph Andrews," an ingenious parody of Pamela, in which Joseph is represented as her brother, and Mr. B. is degraded into 'Squire Booby. The consequence of this attempt was an irreconcileable enmity between the two novellists, and a mutual disparagement of each other's productions. Fielding laughed at the verbiage and stiffness of Richardson, who, in return, treated the inimitable story of Tom Jones with pretended contempt, declaring that its run was over, and that it would soon be completely forgotten!

No two writers, indeed, could be more contrasted in their style and manner than were Richardson and Fielding; the first, grave, sententious, and diffusive; the second, vivacious, easy, and comparatively rapid; the former excelling in deep pathos, the latter in rich and varied humour. If the construction of a well-connected fable be, as it has frequently been deemed, the first of all literary achievements, Fielding will claim the supremacy; but should the pathetic in composition be considered, as it assuredly ought to be, especially when connected with moral excellence, as of greater value and higher rank in the scale of in-

tellect than the display of comic character, or the skilful combination of incident, the palm must be given to Richardson.

Undismayed by the satire of Fielding, which was more than balanced by the applauses of the public, our author resumed his pen, and in the year 1748 produced the first two volumes of *Clarissa;* these were soon succeeded by a third and fourth volume; and then, after an interval of some months, four more volumes completed the narrative.

The production of Clarissa, perhaps the most pathetic tale ever published, at once elevated its author to the highest rank among Novellists, and has secured him an immortality to which very few writers in the department which he cultivated can ever hope to aspire.

The fable, though extremely simple in its texture, displays a vast variety of character supported with singular consistency and truth; and, notwithstanding the great bulk of the work, no episodical digression is admitted, but the story proceeds in a direct undeviating course. "With Clarissa it begins," observes Mrs. Barbauld, "with Clarissa it ends. We do not come upon unexpected adventures and wonderful recognitions, by quick turns and surprizes: we see her fate from

afar, as it were through a long avenue, the gradual approach to which, without ever losing sight of the object, has more of simplicity and grandeur than the most cunning labyrinth that can be contrived by art. In the approach to the modern country seat we are made to catch transiently a side-view of it through an opening of the trees, or to burst upon it from a sudden turning in the road; but the old mansion stood full in the eye of the traveller, as he drew near it, contemplating its turrets, which grew larger and more distinct every step that he advanced, and leisurely filling his eye and his imagination with still increasing ideas of its magnificence. As the work advances the character rises; the distress is deepened; our hearts are torn with pity and indignation; bursts of grief succeed one another, till at length the mind is composed and harmonized with emotions of milder sorrow; we are calmed into resignation, elevated with pious hope, and dismissed glowing with the conscious triumphs of virtue." *

In the character of Clarissa, Richardson has presented us with a picture of nearly female perfection, a delineation which, unless in the hands of a great master, would be apt to produce a for-

* Life, p. 83, 84.

mal insipidity; but the heroine of our author passes through such severe trials, through distresses so minutely described, yet so faithfully true to nature, that the interest excited in her behalf rises in every scene, and at length becomes poignantly keen. It is probable that no book, in any language, ever occasioned so many tears to flow, as the Clarissa of Richardson.

The accomplished villain is drawn at full length in the person of Lovelace, and finished with a warmth and glow of colouring that is perfectly unrivalled. It is a character, however, that, in some respects, steps beyond the modesty of nature, and, most assuredly, in all its features never had an original, either in this or any other country. It is a rich creation of the imagination, built, probably, upon the sketch of Rowe, but transcendantly superior to the outline of the poet.

"The character of Lothario," remarks Johnson, "seems to have been expanded by Richardson into that of Lovelace; but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. Lothario, with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone, to teach us at once

esteem and detestation; to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which wit, and elegance, and courage, naturally excite; and to lose at last the hero in the villain."*

The impression in favour of virtue, however subjected to the lowest depth of misery; the detestation of vice, however gifted and triumphant; are enforced in this novel through a medium so interesting and powerful, that its perusal has been productive of as much utility as amusement; and there is every reason to think that female morals in this island have, owing to its popularity, been rendered more chaste and pure.

Such was the interest excited, in the minds of many individuals, by the character and sufferings of Clarissa, that Richardson, during the progress of the work, which, as we have related, was published in portions, received a multitude of letters expressing the highest solicitude relative to the fate of his heroine, and requesting that her ultimate destiny might be fortunate. "I should read the account of her death," says one of his correspondents, "with as much anguish of mind as I should feel at the loss of my dearest friend." An anxiety so intense must have afforded the author a very high degree of pleasure, as it was

* Life of Rowe.

an unequivocal proof of the best merit which a work of the kind could possess, that of securing the hearts of its readers.

The reception of Clarissa upon the Continent was not inferior to that which it had experienced on its native soil. It was honoured with two versions into French; one by the Abbé Prevost, and another by Le Tourneur; and what was of still greater importance, Rousseau, than whom, on such a subject, there could not be a better judge, declared that nothing ever equal, or approaching to it, had been produced in any country. Diderot, likewise, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," speaking of the talents of Richardson, exclaims, "How strong, how sensible, how pathetic are his descriptions! his personages, though silent, are alive before me; and of those who speak, the actions are still more affecting than the words." A translation of Clarissa into Dutch was also executed by Mr. Stinstra, and another, under the superintendence of Dr. Haller, was published in the German language.

With the reputation which he had now acquired, it might have been imagined that the ambition of Richardson would have been satisfied; he was, however, not only fond of writing, but he was stimulated to undertake another work of fic-

tion by the representation of his female friends, who complained that he had not given them a single male character whom on principle they could love or approve. To obviate this defect, and to present the world with a delineation which should combine the brilliant qualifications of the fine gentleman with the faith and the practice of a christian, he produced, in the year 1753, the *History of Sir Charles Grandison.*

This novel, which occupies seven volumes, is not inferior, either in fable or character, to Clarissa; it is not, indeed, so pathetic as his former work, but it discovers, perhaps, more knowledge of life and manners, and is perfectly free from that indelicacy and high colouring which occasionally render the scenery of Clarissa dangerous to young minds.

The noblest effort of genius which our author has any where displayed is to be found in this production; I need not say that I allude to the picture of the effects of love on the mind of Clementina, a picture whose minute finishing and fidelity to nature are, I believe, unparalleled. "Of all representations of madness," remarks an elegant critic, "that of Clementina, in the History of Sir Charles Grandison, is the most deeply interesting. I know not whether even the mad-

ness of Lear is wrought up and expressed by so many little strokes of nature and genuine passion. Shall I say it is pedantry to prefer and compare the madness of Orestes in Euripides to this of Clementina?"*

On the style which Richardson has displayed, in his three capital works, no encomium can be passed; it betrays his want of a classical education, and is ungrammatical, incompact, and slovenly. It conveys his meaning, it is true, with sufficient vividity; but his clearness is acquired by the most tiresome circumlocution, and the epithet most appropriate to the phraseology of many of his pages will be best expressed by the term *gossiping*.

The literary exertions of our author were not altogether confined to novel-writing; besides a regular share in the composition of "The Christian Magazine," he published in 1740, "The Negotiation of Sir Thomas Roe, in his Embassy to the Ottoman Porte, from the year 1621 to 1628 inclusive," folio. He also printed an edition of "Æsop's Fables, with Reflections," and the volume of "Familiar Letters," which he had laid by for a season, in order to prosecute his Pamela:

* Warton on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. 1, p. 286, 4th edition.

To these we may add, "A Collection of the moral Sentences in Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison," printed in 1755; a large single sheet on "The Duties of Wives and Husbands;" a pamphlet, entituled "The Case of Samuel Richardson, of London, Printer, on the Invasion of his Property in the History of Sir Charles Grandison, before publication, by certain Booksellers in Dublin;" and "Six Original Letters upon Duelling," printed after his decease in the Literary Repository for 1765."

In the year 1804 was published "the Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, Author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison. Selected from the Original Manuscripts, bequeathed by him to his Family; to which are prefixed, a Biographical Account of that Author, and Observations on his Writings. By Anna Lætitia Barbauld." In six volumes 8vo. The collection, from which these Letters have been selected, was for many years in the possession of Mrs. Anne Richardson, of Higham in Suffolk, his last surviving daughter; and after her death, which took place in January, 1804, it was purchased of our author's grandchildren by Sir Richard Phillips.

The Life of Richardson, written by Mrs. Barbauld for this work, is a very interesting piece of biography, and gives an elegant and copious ana-

lysis of the author's novels. It abounds also in original information, drawn from the correspondence, relative to the family and connections, the manners, character, and writings, of Richardson; and the introductory pages present us with an ingenious and amusing disquisition on romance and novel writing, and on the various forms which have been adopted for this species of composition.

The correspondence, though occupying so much space, comprises but a small portion of the numerous manuscripts that were entrusted to Mrs. Barbauld, who informs us that the letters alone of Lady Bradshaigh, "together with Richardson's answers, would alone make several volumes; I believe," she says, "as many as the whole of this publication; a proof, by the way, that the bookseller and the editor have had some mercy on the public." *

Of the judgment which directed this selection, there can, I think, be little doubt; I regret, however, that Mrs. Barbauld had not richer materials to cull from. The letters of Richardson are, in fact, tedious and unvaried; they exhibit no literary wealth, no literary anecdote or disquisition, and are too generally occupied by the consideration of his own novels; while those of his friends are as often filled with a flattery which is not sel-

* Life, p. 208.

dom hyperbolical and absurd; egotism, therefore, on the one hand, and encomium on the other, form the chief characteristics of this selection; features which no editor, however skilful and judicious, could hope to conceal.

That Richardson possessed little taste or judgment in literature, is evident from many parts of this correspondence; what he thought of Fielding we have seen; and, from the following extraordinary passage in a letter by Aaron Hill, there is much reason to suppose, that he held Pope in no estimation.

"Mr. Pope, as you with equal keenness and propriety express it, is *gone out*. I told a friend of his, who sent me the first news of it, that I was very sorry for his death, because I doubted whether he would live to recover the accident. Indeed it gives me no surprize to find you thinking he was in the wane of his popularity. It arose, originally, but from meditated little personal assiduities, and a certain bladdery swell of management. He did not blush to have the cunning to blow himself up, by help of dull, unconscious instruments, whenever he would seem to sail as if his own wind moved him.

"In fact, if any thing was fine, or truly powerful, in Mr. Pope, it was chiefly centered in expression; and that rarely, when not grafted on

some other writer's preconceptions. His own sentiments were low and narrow, because always interested; darkly touched, because conceived imperfectly; and sour and acrid, because writ in envy. He had a turn for verse without a soul for poetry. He stuck himself into his subjects, and his muse partook his maladies; which, with a kind of peevish and vindictive consciousness, maligned the healthy and the satisfied.

"One of his worst mistakes was, that unnecessary noise he used to make in boast of his morality. It seemed to me almost a call upon suspicion, that a man should rate the duties of plain honesty, as if they had been qualities extraordinary! And, in fact, I saw, on some occasions, that he found those duties too severe for practice; and but prized himself upon the character, in proportion to the pains it cost him to support it.

"But rest his memory in peace! It will very rarely be disturbed by that time he himself is ashes!" *

* Correspondence, vol. 1, p. 104, 5, 6, 7. The bad taste and defective judgment of Aaron Hill are still more apparent in the subsequent passage, as, it is probable, that resentment for an introduction into the Dunciad might have occasioned his depreciation of Pope. "One might venture," he says, "on a very new use of two writers: I would pick out my friends and my enemies by setting them to read *Milton* and *Cowley*. I might take it for granted, that

The correspondents of Richardson are, besides the very sagacious critic from whom we have just quoted, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Strahan, Mr. Harris, Mr. Cave, Lord Orrery, Rev. S. Lobb, Mr. W. Lobb, jun. Dr. Young, Miss M. Collier, Miss Fielding, Colley Cibber, Mrs. Pilkington, Rev. James Hervey, Rev. B. Kennicott, Mr. Duncombe, Miss Highmore, Miss Mulso, Mr. Channing, Mr. Spence, Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Klopstock, Miss Westcomb, Mrs. Scudamore, Dr. and Mrs. Delaney, Mrs. Donnellan, Mrs. Dewes, Miss Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Echlin, Rev. Mr. Pickard, Rev. Mark Hildesly, Rev. Mr. Loftus, Rev. Mr. Shelton, Rev. J. Stinstra, Mr. Depreval, Dr. Johnson, Miss Sack, Mr. Reich, and Lady Bradshaigh.

Of the mass of letters to which these personages contributed, those written by Mrs. Klopstock, the amiable wife of the great German poet, are, by many degrees, the most interesting, and possess, indeed, a peculiar naiveté from their

I ought to be afraid of his *heart*, who, in the fame and popularity of the first, could lose sight of his malice and wickedness. And it could be running no hazard in friendship, to throw open one's breast to another, who, in contempt of the fashion we are fallen into, of decrying the works of the second, could have courage to declare himself charmed by both the *muse* and the *man* in that writer." Correspondence, vol. 1, p. 2, 3.

broken English. A volume of such letters would have been a treasure.

One valuable and very pleasing inference may be drawn from the perusal of these letters; that Richardson was as good as a man, as he was, in a certain line, great as an author; that he was, in short, pious, benevolent, humane, and charitable!

His industry and integrity in business were rewarded with an elegant competency. In 1754 he was appointed master of the company of stationers, a situation as lucrative as it was honourable; and in the year 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of law-printer. He had a country-house first at North End, near Hammersmith, and afterwards at Parson's Green, where he lived with much hospitality, and was, as far as his means would permit, a blessing to his neighbourhood.

Mr. Richardson was twice married; by his first wife, who was the daughter of his master, and died in 1731, he had five sons and one daughter; and by his second, Elizabeth Leake, sister of Mr. James Leake, a bookseller at Bath, five girls and one boy. Of this numerous progeny he had the misfortune to lose six sons and two daughters. Of the four remaining girls three were respect-

ably married, and Anne, the last survivor, died single.

For some years previous to his death, our author had been much afflicted with nervous attacks, the consequence of family deprivations, of intense application, and great mental susceptibility; these at length terminated in an apoplectic stroke, which proved fatal on July 4th, 1761, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was buried, at his own request, near the body of his first wife, adjoining the pulpit in the middle aisle of St. Bride's church.

It is no slight encomium, when speaking of the moral character of a man, that a too great love of praise should be enumerated as its only foible. Of the vanity of Richardson he who peruses his Correspondence and his Life can have no doubt; but let it be remembered, that he was an object of almost perpetual flattery, and that he had a host of virtues to counterbalance the defect.

As a writer he possessed original genius, and an unlimited command over the tender passions; yet, owing to the prolixity of his productions and the poverty of his style, his works are decreasing in popularity; and it is possible, though an event to be deplored, that these deficiencies may ultimately consign him to obscurity! So important is style to the preservation of literary labour!

The contribution of Richardson to the *Rambler*, which has given rise to this biographical sketch, occupies N° 97, and contains advice to unmarried ladies on the subject of courtship. It is prefaced by Dr. Johnson, who informs his readers that they are indebted for the day's entertainment "to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue."

This essay, the sale of which was much greater than of any other number of the Rambler, contrasts the manners and the morals of the ladies, and the modes of courtship, as they existed in the days of the Spectator, with those that prevailed under the immediate cognizance of the author, who should have recollected that the complaint of degeneracy in these respects, which forms the chief burthen of his communication, had been more than once brought forward by the writers of the very paper to which he refers.

The introduction of this speculation, the style of which is so inferior and dissimilar to that of the essays that precede and follow it, forms a much more striking contrast than that which Richardson has attempted to draw. That it should have been the only popular paper during the circulation of the Rambler in numbers, is a

fact not very creditable to the judgment of the age in which it appeared.*

ELIZABETH CARTER, eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicolas Carter, D. D. was born on the 16th of December, 1717, at Deal, in Kent. In her tenth year she had the misfortune to be deprived of a most excellent mother; a loss which was, however, in a great measure made up to her by the unremitting attention of her father. Though slow in the acquisition of the rudiments of knowledge, she very early evinced an unconquerable desire of possessing the attainments of a scholar. With so much difficulty, indeed, did she overcome the obstacles which usually attend the commencement of grammatical studies, that her father's patience was exhausted, and he advised her to relinquish all idea of excelling in the walks of literature. Intense application, however, and a strong memory, at length enabled her to succeed beyond what the warmest wishes of her friends could have suggested.

* It is singular, that no edition of the entire works of Richardson has been published. Proposals were once issued by his nephew for printing his uncle's works in 20 volumes 8vo; but the design failed, I suppose, from want of encouragement.

She soon possessed, therefore, in consequence of unremitting study, a very intimate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages; and to these she added, in a few years, a considerable proficiency in the Hebrew. These severe and rather singular acquirements, for a lady, were not obtained at the expence of more feminine accomplishments; for she was early taught French, music, and the different branches of needle-work; yet, not content with this fund, she voluntarily increased it, before her twenty-first year, by a thorough acquaintance with the Italian, Spanish, and German.

Though history and classical learning were, in profane literature, the favourite studies of Mrs. Carter, the sciences were not neglected; she had paid some attention to mathematics, and in astronomy and ancient geography she had made no common progress. What she studied, however, with still superior ardour and delight, and with an effect on her manners and conduct of the most indelible kind, was religion. Her piety, indeed, was the most decided feature of her character, and its intensity continued undiminished to the last moment of her life.

Notwithstanding these various, laborious, and important pursuits, she found leisure for amusements, and for the display of a cheerful and even

gay disposition. Of dancing she was particularly fond, and entered, indeed, with singular naiveté and vivacity into all the innocent diversions of youth and high spirits.

What enabled her to partake of so much relaxation was the habit which she had acquired of rising every morning between four and five o'clock, a practice that was continued, to a certain extent, even in very advanced life, for at no time, if in health, was she known to lie later than seven.

The sister arts of painting and poetry were among those elegant recreations which early attracted the attachment of Mrs. Carter; and in the latter she obtained, even with competent judges, a distinguished reputation. She had commenced a disciple of the Muses, indeed, before her seventeenth year, by a translation of the thirtieth Ode of Anacreon; this was followed in the succeeding year, 1735, by some lines on her birth-day, and by several poetical contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine.

Encouraged by the approbation of her friends, she ventured, in 1738, to publish a small collection of poems, written before her twentieth year. They were printed by Cave, and occupy twenty-four pages in quarto. Considered as the productions of a very young author, they have merit;

yet Mrs. Carter acted wisely, when, at a subsequent period, she dismissed them, with the exception of the first two pieces, from a place in her works; and perhaps it had been better, if her last ingenious editor and biographer had copied her example.

The year following this small offering to the Muses, Mrs. Carter appeared before the public as a writer in prose. Crousaz, a French author of some talents, under the idea that Pope's Essay on Man favoured the doctrine of Fatalism, and was therefore inimical to revealed religion, published a severe critique on the tendency of that poem; this Mrs. Carter translated into English with the following title, in a duodecimo volume. "An Examination of Mr. Pope's Essay on Man: translated from the French of M. Crousaz, M. R. A. of Sciences at Paris and Bourdeaux; and Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics at Lausaune." She did not prefix her name, but accompanied the version with notes, the principal purport of which was to mitigate the asperity of the text. Between herself and Pope, however, notwithstanding the friendliness of this attempt, no intimacy took place, probably owing to the wish, on the part of the poet, that the work of Crousaz, although softened by the mildness of the translator, had remained in its original language. It was soon

known that to Mrs. Carter the public was indebted for this version, and it procured for her no inconsiderable credit. Johnson, who had been introduced to her through the medium of Cave, gave it his entire approbation; and Dr. Birch addressed a Latin epistle to her, in commendation of the propriety and elegance of the style which she had adopted.

Our author had not finished this translation before she commenced another from the Italian of Algarotti's Newtonianismo per le Dame; it was entituled, "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained, for the use of the Ladies, in six Dialogues, on Light and Colours." 2 vols. 12mo, 1739. Cave was the printer both of this and of the former work.

The "Dialogues" were likewise published anonymously; they were well received, and were the mean of introducing Mrs. Carter to the Countess of Hertford, the lady to whom Thomson has dedicated his Spring. She was also highly complimented on this occasion, by a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, who signs J. Swan, and who, after praising the attempt of Algarotti, exclaims,

> But we, perhaps, these treasures ne'er had known,
> Had not their worth, confest, to Carter shone:
> No pen could better all their charms impart,
> Her judgment equal to her happy art.—

Be thine the glory to have led the way,
And beam'd on female minds fair Science' ray!
Awak'd our fair from too inglorious ease,
To meditate on themes sublime as these;
The many paths of nature to explore,
And boldly tread where none have reach'd before:
To thee they owe, the stranger charm'd shall tell,
That, as in beauty, they in wit excel.
Ah why should modesty conceal thy name?
Th' attempt were vain, to hide such worth from fame;
The polish'd page Eliza's hand betrays,
And marks her well-known softness, warmth, and ease.*

Notwithstanding these commendations, Mrs. Carter, at a more mature period of life, was not willing to acknowledge these translations, which she thought trifling and unworthy of her talents; an estimation not perfectly just, as they were well written and of importance, as they essentially contributed to her introduction among the learned and the great. So much satisfied, indeed, was Johnson with them, that he recommended her to undertake a translation of Boethius De Consolatione, and to acknowledge it by the prefixture of her name.

In the mean time Mrs. Carter continued her correspondence with the Gentleman's Magazine. An elegy by her on the death of Mrs. Rowe, appears in that publication for April, 1737, and

* Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 9, p. 392.

which two years afterwards was reprinted in the same miscellany, with many corrections and alterations, and with her name at full length. In 1738 she sent Mr. Cave some beautiful lines on the planetary system, addressed to Mr. Wright the astronomer, and in November, 1739, her exquisite Ode to Melancholy, though without any signature. It was soon traced, however, to its source, and, more than any of her former productions, contributed to spread the reputation of her name. So widely, indeed, was her celebrity diffused, that it reached many parts of the Continent, and occasioned the celebrated Barratier, then nearly of her own age, to solicit a correspondence with her, a request which was but just gratified when the studies of this young man, so remarkable for the precocity of his genius, were prematurely terminated by the stroke of death.

The introduction of our poetess to Miss Talbot, in the year 1741, was the mean of very widely extending the circle of her friends and admirers. Among these no one was more attached to her than Dr. Secker, and no one was ultimately of more service to her in her literary pursuits. She was likewise early intimate with the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, and with Mrs. Vesey; and with these ladies and Miss Talbot she supported for

many years an uninterrupted and most valuable epistolary correspondence.

It was in the year 1746 that Mrs. Carter wrote her "Ode to Wisdom," one of the most elegant and interesting of her poetical effusions. Richardson appears to have printed it in his Clarissa, from a manuscript in private circulation, though it is said by Mr. Pennington to have been first published in the Gentleman's Magazine. She contributed likewise, in 1751, at the particular request of Mr. William Duncombe, one ode and some corrections to his version of Horace: the Prophecy of Nereus, lib. 1, od. 15, was, owing to the inadequacy of all prior translations, the piece which Mr. Duncombe wished her to attempt; and that it was executed to his satisfaction, we have reason to suppose from the praises which, as her nephew affirms, he bestowed upon it.

We have mentioned that through her connection with Mr. Cave, our author was at an early period of life introduced to Dr. Johnson. This great man was then so struck with the depth and variety of her acquisitions, that he wrote a Greek epigram in her praise, at the same time declaring to Cave, that "she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Louis le Grand." That his admiration of her talents and virtues had suffered no diminution during the lapse of

eighteen years, is evident from the following letter, which, as written by a man remarkable for his sincerity and veracity, closes in a manner highly honourable to the subject of our sketch. It may be noticed also, that this short epistle adds one more proof to the many which we possess, of the benevolent and affectionate feelings of the writer.

"Madam,

"From the liberty of writing to you, if I have hitherto been deterred by the fear of your understanding, I am now encouraged to it by the confidence of your goodness.

"I am soliciting a benefit for Miss Williams, and beg that if you can by letters influence any in her favour, (and who is there whom you cannot influence?) you will be pleased to patronize her on this occasion: Yet for the time is short, and as you were not in town, I did not till this day remember that you might help us, and recollect how widely and how rapidly light is diffused.

"To every joy is appended a sorrow. The name of Miss Carter introduces the memory of Cave. Poor dear Cave! I owed him much; for to him I owe that I have known you. He died, I am afraid, unexpectedly to himself, yet surely unburthened with any great crime; and for the

positive duties of religion, I have yet no right to condemn him for neglect.

"I am, with respect, which I neither owe nor pay to any other,

"Madam,

"Your most obedient and most humble Servant,

Gough Square, "Sam. Johnson."

Jan. 14, 1756.

For some years previous to the receipt of this letter from Johnson, Mrs. Carter's time had been much occupied by the important and arduous task of educating her youngest brother Henry* for the University; and in consequence of this employment, which was necessarily unremitting, she resided constantly at Deal. In the year 1756, deeming her pupil at length sufficiently prepared, he was, after having passed through his examination with much credit, entered a pensioner of Bene't College, Cambridge, and was, as Mr. Pennington has remarked, probably the only instance of a student at Cambridge who was indebted for his previous education to one of the other sex.

The time of our accomplished author was not, however, entirely engaged by the labour of

* Dr. Carter's family was numerous, and Henry was the youngest child by his second wife, and designed for the church.

teaching; her leisure was devoted to the execution of a work which has raised her to a very elevated rank in the annals of learning. At the desire, and encouraged by the approbation of Miss Talbot and Dr. Secker, she commenced, in 1749, and in her thirty-second year, a translation of the writings of Epictetus. This very difficult undertaking was prosecuted slowly, and was submitted to the revision of Dr. Secker, who, together with Miss Talbot, had the merit of suggesting to Mrs. Carter the necessity of an introduction and notes. Epictetus was at last completed in 1756; the printing of it was begun in June, 1757, and it was given to the world in one vol. 4to, by subscription, in 1758. The subscribers amounted to one thousand and thirty-one at a guinea each; the copies struck off were one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight, and after all the expences of publication were paid, one thousand pounds proved the pecuniary reward of the translator.

A reward, however, of a much higher kind awaited her; the applause and the approval of the learned, the wise, and the good. The literati were in fact beyond measure astonished that a translation, and such an admirable one too, from one of the most difficult Greek writers should be the performance of a woman; curiosity was excited, not only here, but upon the continent, to

learn the particulars of her life; and even in Russia an account was published, in 1759, of her studies and acquisitions. The introduction, which displays deep learning, correct judgment, and truly christian piety, is even more valuable than the translation, and was highly and deservedly esteemed by her literary friends, and particularly by Lord George Lyttelton.

Several previous attempts had been made, though not with much success, to give an English dress to Epictetus. So early as 1567 the Manual had been translated from a French version, by *James Sandford*, 8vo; and again, together with his life and the Table of Cebes, by *John Davies* in 1670. In 1692, a poetical Paraphrase of his Morals was published by *Ellis Walker*, 12mo. and in 1694, *Geo. Stanhope, D. D.* gave a version of the Stoic Philosopher superior to what had hitherto been printed, accompanied with his Life and the Commentaries of Simplicius, 8vo. To this succeeded in 1736 a translation of the Manual or Enchiridion from the original Greek, by *William Bond*, 12mo.

Notwithstanding these efforts, no good or complete version of the entire works of Epictetus, could be referred to by the English scholar, before Mrs. Carter's appeared under the following title, "All the Works of Epictetus, which are now

extant; consisting of his Discourses, preserved by Arrian, in four Books, the Enchiridion, and Fragments: translated from the original Greek, by Elizabeth Carter: with an Introduction, and Notes, by the Translator."

In this version, while the sense of the original is strictly preserved, scarcely any portion of its spirit and terseness appears to be lost; and the notes exhibit an uncommon share of erudition, and of minute knowledge of the Greek language. The quarto copy being almost immediately taken off by the subscribers, it became necessary to put another edition to the press, which appeared in 1759, in two volumes, 12mo. A third, in the same size, was published in 1768; and a fourth, in two volumes octavo, with some additional notes, has been given to the world since the decease of the author.

Through the persuasion of Mrs. Montagu, Lord Lyttelton, and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, a nobleman with whom she had become intimately acquainted from frequently meeting him at the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, Mrs. Carter was induced, in the year 1762, to publish a collection of her poems, with her name prefixed, in one small volume, 12mo, which was introduced to the public by a Dedication to Lord Bath, and by some elegant complimentary

lines from the pen of Lord Lyttelton. A second edition was soon called for; a third appeared in 1776; a fourth in 1789; a fifth was printed in 4to. by her Nephew with her Life prefixed, and additional poems, in 1807; and a sixth came forth in 1808, in two volumes 8vo. being a republication of the 4to.

The poetry of Mrs. Carter is such as might have been expected from the elegance of her classical learning, and the purity of her moral principles. Her language is clear and correct, her versification sweet and harmonious, while the sentiment is always dignified, or devotional, and even sometimes sublime. Of splendid imagination, of the creative powers which form the character of a first-rate poet, she has exhibited few proofs; yet are her productions far beyond mediocrity, and, though not breathing the fire and energy of exalted genius, will be ever highly valued by those to whom the union of taste, piety, and erudition, is dear.

Mrs. Carter's circumstances were, at this period so much improved, in consequence of the publication of her Epictetus, that she purchased a house in Deal, in which she and her father lived together until the death of the Doctor, with the most mutual confidence and affection. She was now, likewise, enabled to reside some months

every winter in London, where she had handsome apartments in Clarges street, Piccadilly.

In the summer of 1763 she accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, Lord Bath, and Dr. Douglas, then his Lordship's Chaplain, on a tour to the Continent. Spa, the waters of which had been recommended to Lord Bath on account of his health, was their place of destination. They reached Calais on the fourth of June, and having resided the prescribed time at Spa, and taken a rapid view of some parts of Germany, they voyaged down the Rhine to Holland, whence they proceeded through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, Dunkirk, and Calais, to Dover, at which place they arrived on the 19th of September in the same year. The letters which Mrs. Carter addressed to Miss Talbot, descriptive of this tour, have been published by Mr. Pennington in the Life of his aunt, and are interesting and well written.

Lord Bath, to whom the waters of Spa had been productive of no benefit, died in the summer of 1764, leaving his immense property to his only surviving brother, Lieutenant-General Pulteney, who lived, however, to enjoy the bequest little more than three years. By his will the estates were vested in the nearest relation, Frances, wife of William Johnstone, Esq. who immedi-

ately took the name of Pulteney, and almost as immediately settled upon Mrs. Carter an annuity of one hundred pounds. Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney had a high and just sense of Mrs. Carter's merit; they were also well acquainted with Lord Bath's regard for her, and were, on his death, not a little surprised that she had no place in his will; in the most liberal and handsome manner, therefore, they hastened to perform what, in their opinion, his Lordship should not have omitted. As during the year anterior to the settlement of this donation Mrs. Carter had received, by the death of her uncle, who was a silk-merchant in Bishopsgate-Street, a sum sufficient to purchase £1,500 Stock in the old South-Sea annuities, her revenue became adequate not only to her own wants, but to afford that relief to others which her benevolent disposition was perpetually suggesting.

In 1768 our amiable author began to feel heavily the devastation which death usually makes among the friends of those who are destined to long life. Her venerable guide Dr. Secker died this year; and in January, 1770, she was deprived of her beloved companion Miss Talbot. To these afflictions were added the loss of her father in 1774, at the advanced age of eighty-six, and of Mr. Montagu in 1775. This last event brought

to Mrs. Carter another accession of income; for Mrs. Montagu, to whose sole disposal the ample property of her husband was left, settled on her friend, during the very winter in which Mr. Montagu died, an annuity of one hundred pounds. With the exception of a legacy of two hundred pounds from Mrs. Talbot, and an annuity of forty pounds from a Mrs. Underdown, an early friend and relation, this was the last augmentation of income which Mrs. Carter received.

To oblige Mr. Pulteney, who had lately lost his lady, and who wished to place his daughter in a convent, Mrs. Carter accompanied him to Paris, for that purpose, in October, 1782, although in her sixty-sixth year, and by no means in a good state of health. Her attachment, indeed, and obligations to the family commanded her assent; for, as she was only absent sixteen days, the greater part of which was spent in business, no object of amusement, or literary gratification, could enter into her views.

The society of Mrs. Carter was at this time courted by all who had pretensions to virtue and to learning; she was not, however, partial to mere literary characters, and unless convinced that morality and religion had a powerful influence over the conduct of those who solicited her no-

tice, no talents, however brilliant, attracted her regard. So unwilling was she indeed to give any encouragement to dissipation or to vice, though combined with powerful intellect, that she felt little inclination to acknowledge or to praise even the blaze of genius which illumined the page of Chatterton and Burns. On the contrary, with such abhorrence did she view the deviations from rectitude, which sullied the reputation of these unfortunate poets, that she became nearly blind to that lustre which astonished the rest of the world.

At Mrs. Montagu's table, however, and at the evening parties of Mrs. Vesey, she was accustomed to meet, occasionally, all that was celebrated for wit and talent. Few, indeed, presumed to intrude in these circles who were not as highly respectable as they were highly accomplished; and beside, such was the professed nature of these converzationi that you could, at all times, select and groupe your company.

"To these parties," relates Mr. Pennington, "it was not difficult for any person of character to be introduced. There was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded, that a foreign gentleman, who was to go there with an acquaintance, was told in jest, that it was so little necessary, that he might appear

there, if he pleased, *in blue stockings*. This he understood in the literal sense; and when he spoke of it in French called it the *Bas Bleu* Meeting. And this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue Stocking Club, since given to these meetings, and so much talked of.

"Nothing could be more agreeable, nor indeed more instructive, than these parties. Mrs. Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease, without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle, to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance; no rules of conversation to observe; no holding forth of one to his own distress, and the stupifying of his audience; no reading of his works by the author. The company naturally broke into little groupes, perpetually varying and changing. They talked or were silent, sat or walked about, just as they pleased. Nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. There was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety: and while perhaps Dr. Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties, in another two or three young people might be talking of the fashions and the Opera, and in a third Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little groupe around him with his lively wit and intelligent conversation.

"Now and then perhaps Mrs. Vesey might call the attention of the company in general to some circumstance of news, politics, or literature, of peculiar importance; or perhaps to an anecdote, or interesting account of some person known to the company in general. Of this last kind a laughable circumstance occurred about the year 1778, when Mrs. Carter was confined to her bed with a fever, which was thought to be dangerous. She was attended by her brother-in-law, Dr. Douglas, then a physician in Town, and he was in the habit of sending bulletins of the state of her health to her most intimate friends, with many of whom he was well acquainted himself. At one of Mrs. Vesey's parties a note was brought to her, which she immediately saw was from Dr. Douglas. 'Oh!' said she, before she opened it, 'this contains an account of our dear Mrs. Carter. We are all interested in her health: Dr. Johnson, pray read it out for the information of the company.' There was a profound silence; and the Doctor, with the utmost gravity, read aloud the physician's report of the happy effect which Mrs. Carter's medicines had produced, with a full and complete account of the circumstances attending them."*

The ludicrous origin of the name *blue stocking*

* Pennington's Memoirs, p. 315, 316.

gave rise to an elegant and spirited poem from the pen of Miss Hannah More, under the title of "The Bas Bleu." It appeared in 1786, and was much relished, owing to the faithful and characteristic sketches which it contained of the various members of the Club.

Mrs. Carter was a no less zealous member of an association of a very dissimilar description, and the welfare of which she was greatly interested in: this was an institution for the relief of reduced housekeepers in a limited number of parishes in Westminster. It was commenced by our author and her female friends in 1780, and, it is said, still prospers, under the appellation of "The Ladies Charitable Society."

Since the third edition of her poems in 1776, in which were introduced some new pieces, Mrs. Carter had ceased to write professedly for the press. She supported, however, a numerous and most interesting correspondence; and her reading, especially in miscellaneous literature, was great and constant. From an idea that the literary talents of her own sex had been too much neglected and depreciated, she was extremely partial to the productions of female genius; and, towards the latter end of her life, she was highly gratified by the frequent and beautiful specimens

of taste and imagination which issued from the pens of our fair country-women.

To the novels of Madame D'Arblay and Mrs. West she paid great and due encomium; but her chief favourites were Mrs. Radcliffe in Romance, and Miss Joanna Baillie in the Tragic Drama. In poetic wildness and fertility of imagination, in the power of exciting a mixed and grateful terror, in beauty of language, in richness and fidelity of description, in truth and moral tendency of character, she justly gave them a pre-eminence over their contemporaries; whilst of the intimate knowledge of the human heart, of the mastery over the passions, which Miss Baillie displayed, she thought it no exaggeration to say that they successfully emulated the spirit and genius of Shakspeare. Of a similar opinion appears to be a living writer, who, in the field of poetic and legendary fiction, has acquired an unrivalled reputation.

——if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er;
When she, the bold enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!

From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure;
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspir'd strain
Deem'd their own Shakspeare liv'd again.*

Mrs. Carter lived to read and to enjoy the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" of this romantic bard. She was delighted with its imagery, its descriptions, and the conduct of its fable, and pronounced it one of the finest works which British genius had produced for many years.†

In the year 1791 our author had the distinguished honour of being introduced to the Queen at Lord Cremorne's house, at Chelsea. Lady Charlotte Finch and Lady Cremorne were the intimate friends of Mrs. Carter, and having, it is probable, frequently mentioned her to the Queen in terms of affectionate praise, her Majesty became desirous of seeing a character at once so

* Scott's Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field, 8vo. edit. p. 122.

† In imagination, description, and the delineation of feudal manners, the MARMION of Mr. Scott is equal to his prior poem; while the second and sixth cantos, and especially the sixth, are in vigour and animation, in sublime and terrific imagery, not only superior to this, but to almost every other modern poem.

celebrated and so good. The conversation which took place at this interview was mutually pleasing to both parties, and the Queen ever after frequently and kindly enquired after Mrs. Carter, and often obliged her by the loan of German books. She received, likewise, at two subsequent periods of her life, visits from the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland, both of whom entertained the highest veneration for her virtues and her talents.

The loss of her old and valued friend Mrs. Montagu, in the year 1801, was a source of much affliction to Mrs. Carter, whose health had been for a long time declining. She had suffered a very severe attack of disease about four years before this event, and shortly after it she had a second, which completely broke her constitution, and reduced her to a state of extreme debility. Her mental faculties, however, remained unimpaired; and even with regard to her feelings and attachments, she felt little of the coldness and apathy of old age. Contrary to what usually occurs, her benevolence and charity, if possible, increased as she journeyed towards the tomb, nor did the pressure of pain or sickness in the smallest degree interrupt the mildness and sweetness of her temper. Sure but slow symptoms of approaching dissolution were, during the close

of the year 1805, felt by herself, and perceived by her relations. Wishing, however, to see once more her London friends, she left Deal for the metropolis on the 23d of December; and, after lingering some weeks at her lodgings in Clarges-Street, expired with perfect calmness and resignation on the morning of the nineteenth of February, 1806.

She was interred, according to her own request, with the utmost privacy, in the burial ground of Grosvenor-Chapel; where, on the stone which covers her remains, may be read the following epitaph:

"Under this stone are deposited the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, of Deal, in the County of Kent; a lady as much distinguished for piety and virtue, as for deep learning, and extensive knowledge.

"She was born at Deal, December 16, 1717, and died in Clarges-Street, in this parish, sincerely lamented by her relations and numerous friends, February 19, 1806, in the eighty-ninth year of her age."

A cenotaph was also erected to her memory in the chapel of the town of Deal, and thus inscribed:

Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, a native and inhabitant of this town, where her benevolence and virtues will be long remembered.

She was eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, for upwards of fifty years Perpetual Curate of this

Chapel, by Margaret, sole daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, of Bere, in the County of Dorset, Esq.

In deep learning, genius, and extensive knowledge, she was equalled by few: in piety, and the practice of every christian duty, excelled by none.

"She was born December 16, 1717, and died in London, February 19, 1806, and was interred there in the burial ground of Grosvenor Chapel."

With the exception of Sir William Jones, this country has probably produced no greater linguist than Mrs. Carter; to the languages that we have already enumerated as in her possession, she afterwards added the Portuguese, and no inconsiderable progress in the Arabic, of which last tongue she constructed a Dictionary for herself, that embraced many words, the import of which had been improperly stated. Her knowledge of Greek was so intimate, that Dr. Johnson, speaking of a celebrated scholar, declared that he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter.

As a translator and a poet we have, as far as our prescribed limits would admit, taken due notice of our author. She has very lately, however, been brought before the public as an epistolary writer; a province in which, from the ample correspondence just published, she must be allowed to have greatly excelled. Her letters, in fact, which were certainly never intended for

the press, will, in point of ease, spirit, style, and matter, rank with the first which this country has produced. Their tendency too, as in all the works of Mrs. Carter, is unexceptionably good.

With regard to her moral and religious character, we may say, in few words, that it approached as near perfection as the frailty necessarily attached to humanity will admit.

It now only remains to consider Mrs. Carter as a contributor to the *Rambler* of her friend Dr. Johnson. Her assistance, we regret to say, was far from extensive; for N° 44 and N° 100 are the only pieces which we can attribute to her pen. Of these, the first is a vision, contrasting the doctrines and practice of religion and superstition, and the tendency of which forms a fine relief to the shade which so continually darkens the hopes and speculations of Johnson; it paints religion, indeed, and her influence in such cheerful and animating colours, that if any thing could have dissipated the perpetual gloom which surrounded that great and worthy character, this exhilarating view must have broken through its atmosphere like a sun-beam on his mind.

The second is an ironical essay on the benefits to be derived to society from a life of fashionable dissipation, and is written with much spirit, ease, and humour.

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PART III.

ESSAY II.

SKETCHES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL OF THE OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS TO THE RAMBLER, ADVENTURER, AND IDLER.

THE associates of Hawkesworth and Johnson in the composition of the ADVENTURER were not numerous. *Bathurst*, *Warton*, *Chapone*, and *Colman*, form the list of those whose papers are acknowledged. On the authority of Dr. Johnson, however,* we have to add, that the Hon. Hamilton Boyle was a contributor to the Adventurer; but among the small number of papers which have no signature the property of this gentleman has never been ascertained. We may also mention, that to the *Rev. Richard Jago* we are indebted for the copy of verses in N.° thirty-seven.

It may be necessary, before we proceed, to say, as Mr. Colman contributed but a *single* essay

* Boswell's Journal, 3d edition, p. 240.

to the Adventurer, and was subsequently the chief author of another periodical paper, that, though his number will be noticed in this place, the sketch of his life will be deferred until the Connoisseur has a claim upon our attention.

Richard Bathurst, M. D. was born in Jamaica, the son of Colonel Bathurst, a planter in that Island, who, on leaving the West Indies to fix his residence in England, adopted the science of medicine for the profession of his son, and sent him to London, as the place where he could not only best acquire the rudiments of his art, but the largest share, likewise, of its emoluments.

The experiment, however, proved ultimately an unfortunate one; for, though in point of natural talents, education, and manners, Dr. Bathurst was unexceptionable, he wanted not only fortune, but interest; without which, no ability, however great, has, in general, been found availing in this profession.

The death of the Colonel, who left his affairs in total ruin, made it necessary that his son should exert every nerve to acquire practice, and he accordingly took every probable and reputable step to obtain reputation and employment. Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, his advancement closed with the appointment of physician to an hospital, the revenues of which were so scanty

and precarious, as to afford him little or no recompence for his attendance. In short, he failed so completely, that before he left England he confessed to Johnson, that "in the course of ten years exercise of his faculty, he had never opened his hand to more than one guinea."*

Dr. Johnson, who was intimately acquainted with Bathurst, and indeed loved and admired him for the sweetness of his disposition, the elegance of his manners, and the brilliancy of his talents, was greatly hurt at his want of success, and often expressed to Sir John Hawkins his surprise, "that a young man of his endowments and engaging manners should succeed no better; and his disappointment drew from him a reflection, which he has inserted in his life of Akenside, that by an acute observer who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of physicians."†

With many of the most eminent medical men of his day Dr. Johnson had formed a close friendship; he entertained a high idea of the varied learning and science necessarily connected with the character of an accomplished physician, and would frequently affirm of the physicians of this

* Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 235.
† Life of Johnson, p. 235, 236.

Island, that "they did more good to mankind, without a prospect of reward, than any profession of men whatever." Yet with the caprice by which ability and science in this profession are so frequently neglected, whilst impudence and ignorance are rewarded, he was well acquainted, not merely in the instance of Dr. Bathurst, but in the persons of several other physicians, who were, as well as Bathurst, members of the Ivy-Lane Club. He has therefore, and with a strict conformity to truth, remarked, that, "a physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual: they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficience."*

Another obstacle to the acquirement of practice which will be ever felt by a man of genius and independent mind, and which in a great degree, it is probable, impeded the progress of Bathurst, has arisen from the insolent and degrading expectation, on the part of the great world, that a physician should be indiscriminately obsequious; that he should adopt the badge of a party, and bow to the caprices of its members. Sir John Hawkins, who tells us that he had a long intimacy with some of the most

* Life of Akenside.

eminent of the profession, observes, that " in his time not only the track of a young physician was pretty plainly pointed out, but that the conduct of such an one was reducible to a system." He then proceeds to say, that it was necessary he should be either a zealous Dissenter or a zealous High-churchman; an ardent Whig or an ardent Tory; that " the frequenting Batson's or Child's was a declaration of the side he took; and his business was to be indiscriminately courteous and obsequious to all men, to appear much abroad and in public places, to increase his acquaintance and form good connexions, in the doing whereof, a wife, if he were married, that could visit, play at cards, and tattle, was oftentimes very serviceable. A candidate for practice, pursuing these methods, and exercising the patience of a setting-dog for half a score years in the expectation of deaths, resignations, or other accidents that occasion vacancies, at the end thereof either found himself an hospital physician, and if of Bethlehem a monopolist of one, and that a very lucrative branch of practice; or doomed to struggle with difficulties for the remainder of his life." He then, after mentioning several characters who had obtained extensive practice by these means, remarks, that " from these, and many other instances that might be produced, it is evi-

dent, 'that neither learning, parts, nor skill, nor even all these united, are sufficient to ensure success in the profession I am speaking of; and that, without the concurrence of adventitious circumstances, which no one can pretend to define, a physician of the greatest merit may be lost to the world;—it is often seen, '*indeed*,' that negative qualities are more conducive to 'medical success' than positive; and that, with no higher a character than is attainable by any one who with a studious taciturnity will keep his opinions to himself, conform to the practice of others, and entertain neither friendship for, nor enmity against, any one, a competitor for the good opinion of the world, nay for emoluments and even dignities, stands a better chance of success, than one of the most established reputation for learning and ingenuity."*

It can be no object of surprise, therefore, if men who place a due value upon themselves, both in a moral and literary light, should decline a competition upon terms which would reduce them to a level with the meanest of mankind. Poor Bathurst, Sir John Hawkins relates, "studied hard, dressed well, and associated with those who were likely to bring him forward," but wanting

* Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 238, 242, 248.

obsequiousness of manner and versatility of opinion, he failed to obtain the remuneration which is so lavishly bestowed upon the ignorant, the time-serving, though crafty, hunter after fees.

To excel in literature as well as in science was formerly the characteristic of every great physician; it has been reserved for the present times to consider a proficiency in elegant letters as interfering with medical study and practice. That an idea so futile and absurd should be entertained by the ignorant and uneducated of the profession, and of mankind at large, will excite little wonder; but that those who possess any tincture of liberal knowledge should embrace a position so extravagantly foolish, forgetting that learning in all its various branches can alone fix a firm basis for the acquirements of the physician, must occasion no small indignation and astonishment. To this very imbecile and barbarous prejudice it is probable that Bathurst, who was a coadjutor with Johnson and Hawkesworth in the composition of the Adventurer, might owe some portion of his professional failure.

To those who are inclined to favour such illiberal and confined views I would recommend an attentive perusal of the following quotation, which is taken from an admirable epistle to Dr.

Percival, a physician who combined the charms of elegant literature with the most solid acquisitions of science.

"It is the glory of medicine, that, more than all others, it is the *profession of literature*, as well as of *benevolence*. No kind of knowledge is indifferent or useless to a physician, because man, the object of his care, is connected with, and influenced by, almost every thing in nature. With singular propriety our language has appropriated to the medical practitioner, the term PHYSICIAN, that is, φυσιχος, a student of nature; whose science may be defined Universal Philosophy, or the contemplation of universal nature, directed to the preservation and relief of man. Accordingly we find, that in every period there have been physicians who have supported this high and interesting part of their character, and have appeared as the *friends of philosophy* and the *guardians of literature*. HIPPOCRATES was instructed in all the knowledge of the times. The learning of GALEN was immense, and extended to every subject. ORIBASIUS was one of the best scholars of his *age*. Nor ought we to omit mentioning with honour the names of OTIUS, ARETÆUS, and PAULUS EGINETA. Quintilian informs us, that CELSUS wrote on a variety of subjects besides physic. Among the Arabians we

find many learned characters. AVICENNA was a profound and universal philosopher: the memorable saying of AVERROES, 'Sit anima mea cum philosophis,' proves unquestionably his attachment to literature.—RHAZES should have been previously noticed; and to these we may add ABDOLLATIPH, whose curious travels into Egypt a learned Professor is at present printing at Oxford. During the darkness of the middle ages, it cannot be supposed that physicians should have escaped from the depressing influence of the times. Yet there is reason to believe that they were less affected by it than other classes of men; and that even then, as on other occasions, they stood up the advocates of reason and nature, and formed, in some degree, a barrier against the absurdities of weak and bigoted Theologians. If from these we descend to modern times, many respectable vouchers might be produced. Latter ages have given us BOERHAAVE and HALLER, HOFFMAN, MEAD, PRINGLE, and GREGORY. These eminent men all distinguished themselves by the variety and extent of their knowledge. They were not only *physicians*, but also *philosophers*, *poets*, *moralists*, *classical scholars*, and *theologians*. Haller in particular deserves to be noticed, as one of the most extraordinary of mankind. Physicians have reason to glory in his name; for he

exhibited the most wonderful union of genius and industry that perhaps the world ever saw. What kind of knowledge did he not attempt, and wherein did he not excel? He had studied with incessant diligence from his infancy. When only nine years of age, he is said to have composed for his own use a Chaldee Grammar, a Greek and Hebrew Dictionary, and an Historical Dictionary, containing an abridgement of more than 2000 articles from Bayle and Moreri. As a proof of his activity, we learn, that when he had the misfortune to break his right arm, his surgeon was surprised, on visiting him one day, to find him writing with his left, which he had never ceased to try till he acquired that use of it. To these might be added several living characters, too well known to need enumeration, who are worthy successors of those illustrious men, and in due time will have their names joined by posterity with theirs. Medical systems will change; they *must* change, because human knowledge is progressive, and the works of God are past finding out; but amidst their revolutions, honour will continue to be paid to the memory of such as these, as long as *learning* and *genius* are esteemed among men." *

* Epistle prefixed to "Observations on the Literature of the Primitive Christian Writers."

In consequence of not succeeding in his profession at home, Dr. Bathurst became desirous of meeting any offer which might lead to employment abroad. He, therefore, gladly accepted of the appointment of physician to the army destined to the attack of the Havannah; where, soon after his arrival, he was seized with an epidemic fever, then prevalent among the troops, and perished before the place could be reduced. The grief of Dr. Johnson on this melancholy event was great and strongly expressed; writing to his friend Mr. Beauclerk, he exclaims "The Havannah is taken;—a conquest too dearly bought; for Bathurst died before it.

Vix Priamus tanti totaque Troja fuit."*

Dr. Bathurst appears, from the little which is recorded of his life, to have been a man of great moral worth, of a sound and cultivated understanding, and graced with pleasing manners. Of his humanity the following anecdote speaks strongly in favour; "My dear friend Dr. Bathurst," said Johnson to Mr. Langton with a warmth of approbation, "declared, that he was glad that his father had left his affairs in total ruin; because, having no estate, he was not under the temptation of having slaves." †

* Boswell's life of Johnson, Vol. 1. p. 208. note.
† Boswell's life of Johnson, Vol. 4, p. 27.

The papers which Dr. Bathurst contributed to the Adventurer are in number eight; they have for their signature the initial A*, and are chiefly of the ironical and satiric kind. The Doctor was indeed the first coadjutor whom Hawkesworth called to his assistance; and when this resource (owing to our author leaving England,) failed, Johnson and Warton were requested, and agreed, to supply the deficiency.

The essays of Bathurst include *No.* 3, *a Project for a new pantomime entertainment; No.* 6, *a Project for an auction of manuscripts, by Timothy Spinbrain, author; No.* 9, *on the Impropriety of Signs; No.* 19, *Proposals to improve the dramatic entertainment of the animal comedians; No.* 23, *a Scheme of a new memorandum-book for the use of the ladies, with a specimen: No.* 25, *Infelicities of matrimony produced by an imprudent choice: exemplified in many characters; No.* 35, *a Plan of a new paper called the Beau-Monde; and No.* 43, *the Adventures of a Halfpenny.*

For the sprightly humour which peculiarly distinguishes the first volume of the Adventurer,

* Dr. Johnson is said to have dictated his numbers in the Adventurer, marked with the letter T, to Dr. Bathurst, who acted the part of an amanuensis on this occasion, and, at the request of Johnson, appropriated the profits.

we are, therefore, almost entirely indebted to Bathurst, seven of the papers mentioned above being included in that portion of the work. The second, third, and fourth volumes, though displaying much elegant criticism, and great powers of imagination, would have presented a yet greater variety had he been spared to assist those who were afterwards associated in the prosecution of the plan. To the fancy of Hawkesworth, the morality of Johnson, and the criticism of Warton, had the sportive satire of Bathurst been added, the Adventurer, beautiful and interesting as it is, would have *made a nearer approach to perfection.*

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D., the son of Thomas Warton, B. D, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Poetry-Professor in that University, was born at Dunsfold, in the county of Surry, and baptized there on the 22d of April, 1722.

Until his fourteenth year he was, with the exception of a short period spent at New College School, educated under the care of his father, a man of elegant classical learning, and the author of a volume of poems published in the year 1745.

On the 2d of August, 1736, young Warton was admitted on the foundation of Winchester Col-

lège, and during a residence of near four years in this school gave evident indications of his future eminence in literature. It was here that he formed an intimacy, of the most durable and congenial kind, with that great, but unfortunate, poet, Collins; and they, together with another boy of the name of Tomkins, sent, during this period, three poems to the Gentleman's Magazine,* of such value as to draw forth an encomium from Johnson. Mr. Wooll has published these small pieces in his Memoirs of our author; they certainly, as juvenile effusions, deserve much praise; but the *Sonnet* by Collins, under the signature of *Delicatulus*, is in a strain greatly superior to its companions. As it is very short, a literary curiosity, and worthy of the matured age of the poet, its transcription in this place will not, I trust, prove unacceptable to my readers.

When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here!
Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!

From 'midst the drops, my Love is born,
That o'er those eyelids rove:
Thus issu'd from a teeming wave
The fabled queen of Love.

In September, 1740, Mr. Warton, who had been admitted the preceding January a member of Oriel College, Oxford, left Winchester to re-

* They are the first three entire articles in vol. ix, p. 545.

side in the University, where he soon distinguished himself as a genuine disciple of the Muses. During his first vacation, indeed, and at the age of only eighteen, he composed a sketch for some intended verses on the Passions, which displays uncommon power of imagination, and which, it is probable, might give rise to Collins's exquisite Ode on the same subject. In the same year also, 1740, he composed his "Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature," a poem in blank verse, and which, preceded by an "Ode on reading West's Pindar," and followed by some shorter pieces, was published in 1744.

The Enthusiast, though written at such an early period of life, is the longest original poem that our author has produced. It evinces a lively imagination, and an ardent admiration of the charms of Nature; but is inferior in richness and boldness of conception to the "Pleasures of Melancholy," composed in the same species of verse, by his brother Thomas in 1745. The picture of Shakspeare nursed by Fancy, and the following description, of which the last three lines convey a most striking and poetic idea, are however highly conceived, and as correctly finished.

> Ev'n when wild tempests swallow up the plains,
> And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine

To shake the groves and mountains, would I sit
Pensively musing on the outrageous crimes
That wake heaven's vengeance: at such solemn hours,
Dæmons and goblins through the dark air shriek,
While Hecate, with her black-brow'd sisters nine,
Rides o'er the earth, and scatters woes and death.
Then too, they say, in drear Ægyptian wilds
The lion and the tiger prowl for prey
With roarings loud! *the list'ning traveller*
Starts fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
Of pyramids increase the deathful sound.

About this time also, whilst a student at Oxford, he produced his "Dying Indian" and "Ranelagh House," a satire in prose in imitation of Le Sage. Of these, the first is a spirited little poem, but the costume is not correctly observed; and the second is a successful copy of the manner of the celebrated author of the Diable Boiteux.

Mr. Warton, after taking his Batchelor's degree in 1744, was immediately ordained, and officiated as his father's curate, in the church of Basingstoke, in Hampshire, until February, 1746, when he left it to perform the duty of Chelsea; but catching the small-pox soon after his arrival in this place, he visited Chobham for change of air, and, on his recovery, returned to Basingstoke.

Towards the close of the year 1746, our author published a small volume of "Odes on several

Subjects," which, it is probable, were once intended to have been brought before the public, united with some of the productions of his friend Collins, and of his brother Thomas; at least, the following letter, which unfortunately has no date, furnishes every reason for such an inference.

" Dear Tom,

" You will wonder to see my name in an advertisement next week, so I thought I would apprize you of it. The case was this. Collins met me in Surrey, at Guildford Races, when I wrote out for him my Odes, and he likewise communicated some of his to me: and being both in very high spirits we took courage, resolved to join our forces, and to publish them immediately. I flatter myself that I shall lose no honour by this publication, because I believe these Odes, as they now stand, are infinitely the best things I ever wrote. You will see a very pretty one of Collins's, on the death of Colonel Ross before Tournay. It is addressed to a lady who was Ross's intimate acquaintance, and who by the way is Miss Bett Goddard. Collins is not to publish the Odes unless he gets ten guineas for them.

I returned from Milford last night, where I left Collins with my mother and sister, and he sets out to day for London. I must now tell you,

that I have sent him your imitation of Horace's Blandusian Fountain, to be printed amongst ours, and which you shall own or not as you think proper. I would not have done this without your consent, but because I think it very poetically and correctly done, and will get you honour.—

"You will let me know what the Oxford critics say.

"Adieu, dear Tom,

"I am your most affectionate brother,

"J. Warton."

On this small collection of Lyric verse the fame of Dr. Warton, as a poet, principally rests. Of the seventeen Odes, however, of which it is composed, there are but two entitled to an elevated rank for their lofty tone and high finish; the Odes "To Fancy" and "On reading Mr. West's Pindar," and of these the first is much the superior. It abounds, indeed, in a succession of strongly contrasted and high-wrought imagery, clothed in a versification of the sweetest cadence and most brilliant polish. The following passages, one distinguished for picturesque and romantic delineation, the other for a striking contrast of pathetic terror, and martial enthusiasm, are among the most exquisite productions of the English Lyre.

O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters you reside,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till, suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear.

Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms, and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go

To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek:
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear.
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly.
Whence is this rage? what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon-shield!

The year following the publication of these

odes, our author was presented, by the Duke of Bolton, to the rectory of Wynslade; a piece of preferment which enabled him to gratify a long-formed and tender attachment for a Miss Daman, to whom, on his induction to the living, he was immediately married.

With this lady, who appears to have been very amiable, and altogether worthy of his choice, he enjoyed the most perfect domestic happiness, until, in 1751, it was for a short period broken in upon by a request from his grace of Bolton, which could not be refused, that he would accompany him to the south of France. The object which the Duke had in view, in pressing this invitation, was of a kind by no means pleasant to a clergyman, and which, indeed, offered peculiar violence to the feelings of Mr. Warton. The Duke, in fact, wished for a protestant clergyman as his companion, in order that on the death of the Duchess, an event which was daily expected, he might immediately be married to a lady whom he had for some time kept as his mistress, and who was well known to the world under the title of Polly Peachum.

Mr. Warton left England on the 26th of April, and accompanied the Duke, who travelled with every accommodation, and by easy stages, through the French provinces to Montauban, where his

Grace proposed residing some months. The separation, however, from his domestic comforts, and the disappointment of not visiting Italy, which had been part of the original plan, induced our author, notwithstanding the patronage to be derived from waiting the expected event, to leave his party and return home. He landed at Southampton in September, 1751; and during the subsequent month, her Grace of Bolton having expired, the Duke was married at Aix, in Provence, by Mr. Devisme, chaplain to the embassy at Turin.

Another circumstance that had material weight in expediting the return of Mr. Warton, arose from the wish of prosecuting a literary engagement of much importance to him. This was an edition of Virgil in Latin and English, of which the Æneid was to appear in the version of Pitt, and the Eclogues and Georgics were to be translated by himself.

This elegant and valuable accession to classical literature was completed and published in 1753, in 4 volumes, 8vo. accompanied by Warburton's Dissertation on the sixth Æneid; Observations on the Shield of Æneas, by Whitehead; on the Character of Iäpis, by Atterbury; and three Essays on pastoral, didactic, and epic poetry,

together with a Life of Virgil, and notes on the whole, from the pen of the Editor.

In this undertaking our author appeared before the world in the double capacity of poet and critic, and had taken much time, and made great exertions, to render the work satisfactory to himself, and acceptable to the public.

That a new version of the Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil was wanted, in which the admirable simplicity and pathos of the original should be sedulously preserved, cannot, by the most ardent admirer of Dryden, be denied. Poverty, and consequent rapidity of composition, had led that great poet into numerous mistakes with regard both to the meaning and mythology of the Roman bard; and the same causes had not only prevented his giving the last polish to his version, but had disabled him from studying with sufficient attention the style and genius of his author.

It may be remarked also, that no two poets were ever more dissimilar in style, talents, and cast of character, than Virgil and Dryden. Correct judgment, pure taste, and the most exquisite tenderness, are the leading features of the former; while vigour, spirit, and variety, with defective taste, and no pathos, are to be ascribed to the latter.

The studies and propensities of Warton peculiarly fitted him for a translator of this portion of Virgil. His knowledge of the language of his original was intimate and critical; he was well versed in the manners, customs, and mythology of the ancients; he had a strong relish of the tender and pathetic; his taste was delicately pure and chastised, and his versification correctly harmonious. With these qualifications, he has produced a translation of the Georgics which, in taste, costume, and fidelity, in sweetness, tenderness, and simplicity, has far exceeded any previous attempt, and has only been rivalled by the version of Mr. Sotheby.

It would be an entertaining, and, to young minds, a very instructive employment, to compare the translations of the Georgics, by Dryden, Warton, Sotheby, and De Lisle, with their original, and with each other. Nothing could be more conducive toward promoting a love for the best and purest models of composition. The elegant simplicity of Virgil; the vigorous but too often slovenly and coarse diction of Dryden; the chaste and faithful, yet, sometimes, too humble copy of Warton, and the rich, polished, and beautiful language and versification of Sotheby, would assuredly prove, by their parallellism and analysis, a fertile source of correct taste and discriminative

judgment. The following description, for instance, of the Corycian Peasant, as given by the three translators, will place the character of Warton's version, I should imagine, in its true light; as avoiding the imperfections of Dryden, yet not attaining the full melody and high finish of Sotheby.

Atque equidem, extremo ni jam sub fine laborum, &c.
Georg. Lib. 4. l. 116 ad l. 149.

Now, did I not so near my labours end,
Strike sail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend,
My song to flow'ry gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts, to sing
The Pæstan roses, and their double spring:
How succ'ry drinks the running stream, and how
Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with stately towers Tarentum stands,
And deep Galesus soaks the yellow sands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren too;
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow:
Yet, lab'ring well his little spot of ground,
Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholesome poppy-flow'rs to mend his homely board;

For late returning home he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less:
The little of his own, because his own, did please.
To quit his care, he gather'd first of all
In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
And when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain,
He stripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth;
And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of sloth.
He therefore first among the swains was found,
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And squeez'd the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were first in flow'rs; his lofty pines,
With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines.
For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows;
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose:
And tame to plumbs the sourness of the sloes.
With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
But straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
This task; for others afterwards to take.

Dryden.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the baldness and poverty of some parts of this translation, especially of the first and third triplets, and of the four concluding lines. A few couplets are worthy of Dryden; the vast superiority of Warton, however, will be evident.

And here, but that I hasten to the shore,
Prepar'd to strike my sails, and launch no more;

Perhaps the garden's culture I might sing;
Teach Pæstum's doubly-blooming rose to spring;
How celery and endive love to grow
On verdant banks where gurgling rivulets flow;
How best the creeping cucumber may swell;
Nor daffodil's late bloom would fail to tell;
Acanthus' bending stalks, nor ivy hoar,
Nor myrtles green, that love the breezy shore.
For once beneath Œbalia's lofty towers,
Where black Galesus thro' rich pastures pours,
An old Corycian yeoman I beheld,
Lord of a little and forsaken field,
Too poor to nourish sheep, or fat'ning kine,
The golden corn, or Bacchus' joyous vine;
Yet he thin sallads 'mid the bushy ground,
And vervain planted, and white lillies round;
And late at eve returning home to rest,
His frugal board with unbought dainties blest,
Nor wish'd to be the richest monarch's guest.
When spring with flowers, with fruits when autumn glows,
He first could pull the apple, crop the rose;
When winter drear had clove the rocks with cold,
And chain'd in ice the rivers as they roll'd,
Ev'n then acanthus' tender leaves he shear'd,
Slow zephyr blam'd, and a late summer fear'd.
He the first swarms could boast and pregnant bees,
From the full combs could richest honey squeeze:
Tall were his pines and limes, and fruitful all his trees.
Whatever buds the bending branches wore,
So many fruits in autumn swell'd his store.
He too could high-grown elms transplant in rows,
Or harden'd pear-trees from their place transpose,
Or plumbs with all their fruits, or lofty planes

That shelter'd with broad shades the quaffing swains.
But since too narrow bounds my song confine,
To future bards these subjects I resign.

Warton.

The sweetness, simplicity, and fidelity of this specimen will not be disputed; and, with few exceptions, such is the character of the entire version. Whether the more ornamented and higher polished translation, however, of Mr. Sotheby forms a nearer approach to the Latin model, is a question which, I think, will, after the perusal of the subsequent lines, be answered in the affirmative.

Ah fav'rite scenes! but now with gather'd sail
I seek the shore, nor trust th' inviting gale;
Else had my song your charms at leisure trac'd,
And all the garden's varied arts embrac'd;
Sung, twice each year, how Pæstan roses blow,
How endive drinks the rill that purls below,
How trailing gourds pursue their mazy way,
Swell as they creep, and widen into day;
How verdant celery decks its humid bed,
How late-blown flow'rets round narcissus spread;
The lithe acanthus and the ivy hoar,
And myrtle blooming on the sea-beat shore.
Yes, I remember, where Galesus leads
His flood dark-winding through the golden meads,
Where proud Œbalia's tow'rs o'erlook the plain,
Once I beheld an old Corycian swain;
Lord of a little spot, by all disdain'd,
Where never lab'ring yoke subsistence gain'd,

Where never shepherd gave his flock to feed,
Nor Bacchus dar'd to trust th' ungrateful mead.
He there with scanty herbs the bushes crown'd,
And planted lillies, vervain, poppies round;
Nor envied kings, when late, at twilight close,
Beneath his peaceful shed he sought repose,
And cull'd from earth, with changeful plenty stor'd,
Th' unpurchas'd feasts that pil'd his varied board.
At spring-tide first he pluck'd the full-blown rose,
From autumn first the ripen'd apple chose;
And e'en when winter split the rocks with cold,
And chain'd th' o'erhanging torrent as it roll'd,
His blooming hyacinths, ne'er known to fail,
Shed sweets unborrow'd of the vernal gale,
As 'mid their rifled beds he wound his way,
Chid the slow sun and zephyr's long delay.
Hence first his bees new swarms unnumber'd gave,
And press'd from richest combs the golden wave:
Limes round his haunts diffus'd a grateful shade,
And verdant pines with many a cone array'd;
And every bud that gem'd the vernal spray,
Swell'd into fruit beneath th' autumnal ray.
He lofty elms transpos'd in order plac'd,
Luxuriant pears at will his alleys grac'd,
And grafted thorns that blushing plums display'd,
And planes that stretch'd o'er summer feasts their sha
Ah! fav'rite scenes! to other bards resign'd,
I leave your charms, and trace my task assign'd.

Sothel

The critical part of our author's Virgil serves as much commendation as the poeti the notes and essays, and especially the essa

Epic Poetry, are judicious, comprehensive, and clear, and the whole work may be considered as a high treat to the scholar as well as the poet. "To every classical reader, indeed," remarks Mr. Wooll, "Warton's Virgil will afford the richest fund of instruction and amusement; and as a professional man, I hesitate not to declare, that I scarcely know a work, to the upper classes of schools, so pregnant with the most valuable advantages: as it imparts information, without the encouragement of idleness; and crowns the exertions of necessary and laudable industry with the acquisition of a pure and unadulterated taste."*

It was during the time that Mr. Warton was correcting the impression of his Virgil, that he was applied to by Dr. Johnson to undertake the province of criticism and literature in the composition of the *Adventurer;* a request with which, as so immediately coinciding with his favourite studies, and coming through a medium of the highest respectability, he was happy to comply.

He had also, in the course of this year, projected a work, which, had it been carried into execution, could not have failed to interest the lovers of literature. It was to have been entitled "Select Epistles of Angelus Politianus,

* Wooll's Memoirs of Warton, p. 28.

Desiderius Erasmus, Hugo Grotius, and others, with notes," which were to have been rendered sufficiently copious to include a history of the revival of learning. Why a plan that promised so much, should have been finally neglected, no information has been given.

In the year 1754, our author, through the interest of the Jervoise family, was presented to the living of Tunworth, and in 1755 he was chosen second master of Winchester-school. In this very useful but laborious situation his efforts were peculiarly successful; in short, he possessed the rare art of exciting an enthusiasm for literature, and a love and respect for himself, which has seldom, in an office where strict discipline is so essential, been surpassed or even equalled.

During the year following this election, he was honoured with a scarf from the celebrated Lord Lyttleton, and published the first volume of his "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope;" a production which has conferred upon him a very high rank in the annals of criticism.

The object of this work, the second volume of which, however, was not given to the world until 1782, is, to ascertain the rank which Pope should hold among our poets. "Our English poets," says the author in his Dedication to Dr. Young, "may, I think, be disposed in four

different classes and degrees. In the first class, I would place our only three sublime and pathetic poets; *Spenser*, *Shakspeare*, *Milton*. In the second class should be ranked, such as possessed the true poetical genius, in a more moderate degree, but who had noble talents for moral, ethical, and panegyrical poesy. At the head of these are *Dryden*, *Prior*, *Addison*, *Cowley*, *Waller*, *Garth*, *Fenton*, *Gay*, *Denham*, *Parnell*. In the third class may be placed, men of wit, of elegant taste, and lively fancy in describing familiar life, though not the higher scenes of poetry. Here may be numbered, *Butler*, *Swift*, *Rochester*, *Donne*, *Dorset*, *Oldham*. In the fourth class, the mere versifiers, however smooth and mellifluous some of them may be thought, should be disposed: such as *Pitt*, *Sandys*, *Fairfax*, *Broome*, *Buckingham*, *Lansdown*. This enumeration is not intended as a complete catalogue of writers, and in their proper order, but only to mark out briefly the different species of our celebrated authors. In which of these classes Pope deserves to be placed, the following work is intended to determine."

Now it happens, that the tendency of the work, especially of the first volume, and the result inferred from the whole, are greatly at variance. It would appear, that when Mr. Warton com-

menced his Essay he entertained a much lower estimate of Pope's poetical talents than when, after a lapse of twenty-eight years, he began his second volume. Such indeed was the strain of depreciation which distinguished the early part of his critical labours, that the admirers of Pope were hurt and indignant at the probability of their favourite being reduced greatly below the station to which, in their opinion, he had a just claim. How were they surprized, therefore, when, at the conclusion of the Essay, they found its author answering his own question in the following manner. "Where then, according to the question proposed at the *beginning of this Essay*, shall we with justice be authorized to place our admired Pope? Not, assuredly, in the same rank with *Spencer*, *Shakspeare*, and *Milton;* however justly we may applaud the *Eloisa* and *Rape of the Lock;* but, considering the correctness, elegance, and utility of his works, the weight of sentiment, and the knowledge of man they contain, we may venture to assign him a place, *next* to *Milton*, and *just* above *Dryden*. Yet, to bring our minds steadily to make this decision, we must forget, for a moment, the divine *Music Ode* of *Dryden;* and may perhaps then be compelled to confess, that though Dryden be the greater genius, yet *Pope* is the better artist."

No rational admirer of Pope, we may venture to affirm, (and no other was worth refuting,) could expect a more favourable verdict than was established by this decision. Who, indeed, before the commencement of Mr. Warton's criticism, thought of estimating the poetical genius of Pope higher than that of Shakspeare and Milton? many, it is true, preferred him to Dryden, and has not our author pursued the same path? Hence the discrepancy so visible between the purport of the criticism in the first part, which attempts to prove that Pope was rather a man of wit, and a moralist, than a great poet; and the final inference, which allows him poetic genius but just inferior to what Milton possessed. Consistency would have led our critic to have sunk Pope some steps, though we shall not contend for the propriety of such an allotment, below his master Dryden.

Whatever may be thought as to the resolution of the question, the Essay itself must be pronounced one of the most elegant and interesting productions in the department of criticism. It abounds with literary anecdote and collateral disquisition, is written in a style of great ease and purity, and exhibits a taste refined, yet chaste, and classical; it is, in short, a work which, however often perused, affords fresh de-

light, and may be considered as one of the books best adapted to excite a love of literature.

On the 23d of June, 1759, the University of Oxford conferred upon Mr. Warton, by diploma, the degree of Master of Arts, and, in the spring of 1766, he was further honoured, on the resignation of Dr. Burton, by an appointment to the Headmastership of Winchester school; a promotion which, on January the 15th, 1768, was succeeded by his taking at Oxford the degrees of Batchelor and Doctor in Divinity.

Dr. Warton now enjoyed the comforts of an elegant competency, the blessings of domestic affection, and the gratification of seeing a family rising around him; a measure of happiness, however, which was not continued to him for any length of time; for on October the 5th, 1772, he was deprived of his wife by a disease which had made a very rapid and unexpected progress, and which left him a widower with six children.

With such a family, however, and in a house filled with pupils, and which, therefore, more particularly required female superintendence, Dr. Warton found it essential for his own comfort, and for the welfare of those entrusted to his care, to form a second matrimonial connection. He accordingly married, in December, 1773, Miss

Nicholas, daughter of Robert Nicholas, Esq. a lady endowed with an excellent heart and amiable manners. A short time before his second marriage our author had become a member of the Literary Club; he had been long intimate, indeed, with several of the most celebrated of its individuals, particularly with Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, &c. and his introduction was, therefore, rendered an object to him of peculiar gratification.

The College of Winchester had the high honour, in the year 1778, of receiving a visit from their Majesties, who had been reviewing a neighbouring encampment. They were addressed in an appropriate Latin oration, composed by Dr. Warton, and spoken by Mr. Chamberlayne, who, with two other scholars, had, as the seniors of the school, the compliment paid them by the King of a purse of one hundred guineas. "Dr. Warton's house at this period," relates Mr. Woolf, "was filled with men of high and acknowledged talents: amongst whom was Lord Palmerston, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Messrs. Stanley, Warton, and Garrick. To the latter a very whimsical accident occurred. The horse which carried him to the review, on his casually alighting, by some means got loose and ran away. In this

dilemma, assuming the attitude of Richard, he exclaimed, amidst the astonished soldiers,

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

which having reached the King's ears, he immediately asserted, "Those must be the tones of Garrick; see if he is on the ground." Mr. G. was consequently found, and presented to his Majesty, who, in addition to many other compliments, assured him that his delivery of Shakspeare could never pass undiscovered."*

Preferment in the Church, which had hitherto been almost entirely withheld from the Doctor, at length rewarded the labours and the talents of the preceptor, the poet, and the critic. In 1782 a prebendal stall in St. Paul's was given him by the truly learned Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, who, the year ensuing, greatly enhanced the obligation by a presentation to the living of Chorley, in Hertfordshire, which was shortly afterwards exchanged by our author for Wickham, in Hampshire.

The domestic happiness of Dr. Warton continued uninterrupted until the year 1786, when he suffered an irreparable loss by the death of his second son, the Rev. Thomas Warton, a man of uncommon talents and genius, and who,

* Wooll's Memoirs of Warton, p. 54.

after suffering the pressure of a lingering disease, died suddenly while sitting in his chair after dinner. Scarcely had he recovered from this afflicting stroke when the hand of death deprived him of his brother, the late poet laureate; a brother "to whom from his childhood he had been invariably attached, and for whose genius and fame he had ever felt the most pure and liberal admiration. It is indeed but justice to the memory of both to declare, that they never for a moment knew the narrow passions of jealousy and envy; on the contrary, their most anxious efforts were used to distinguish each other, and it was their truest happiness to find those efforts successful. To their several publications the most active and ready assistance had been mutually afforded. Mr. Warton was sedulously employed in the edition of Virgil, and his brother in return furnished many valuable materials for the History of English Poetry: no means were at any time left untried by either party to bring forward and place in a prominent view the merit of the other. Severe, therefore, to the survivor must have been the separation. It was indeed the loss of a second self."*

Towards the close of Dr. Warton's life, when he was approaching to seventy, his emoluments

* Wooll's Memoirs of Warton, p. 75.

and dignities in the Church rapidly increased; in 1788 the prebend of Winchester Cathedral was, through the interest of Lord Shannon, given him by the Premier; and in 1790, the Bishop of Winchester, influenced by the recommendation of the Earl of Malmesbury, presented him with the Rectory of Easton, and, a few months afterwards, allowed him to commute it for the living of Upham, in Hampshire.

Thus rendered completely independent, and feeling the pressure of age, which rendered the superintendence of a public school productive of great fatigue, our author determined, in the year 1793, to resign the mastership at the ensuing election; and accordingly, after giving due notice of his intention, he left the College on July the 23d, for the retirement of his rectory at Wickham.

That he carried with him the esteem, the gratitude, and admiration, both of the electors and the scholars of Winchester, will be fully evident from the following testimonials; the first of which was sent on his resignation; and the second presented to him by his scholars, engraven on an elegant piece of plate.

" Winton College Election Chamber,
July 19th, 1793

" We, the undersigned Electors, do in t'

name of the two Saint Mary Winton Colleges, return thanks to the Rev. Joseph Warton, for the encouragement he has given to Genius and Industry; for the attention he has paid to the introduction of correct taste in composition and classical learning; and for the many and various services which he has conferred on the Wiccamical Societies, through the long course of years in which he has filled the places of Second and Head Master in Winchester school.

Signed { John Oglander, D.D. Warden of New College.
George Isaac Huntingford, D.D. Warden of Winchester College.
James Yalden, A.M. Senior Poser.
Charles Reynell, LL.B. Junior Poser.
Charles Blackstone, A.M. Sub Warden.}

Opt. ac desiderat.
J. WARTON,
Hoc munus utcunque
Leve ac parvum,
Non levi tamen amore,
Ac ejus Mansuetudinis
Observantia,
D. D.
Wiccamici sui.

Though Dr. Warton was now much advanced in life, he yet possessed good health, and all the mental activity and lively feelings which distin-

guished his youthful years: he was passionately fond of the country, devoted to each rural sight, each rural sound; and the cultivation, therefore, of his farm and garden, and the beauties of the scenery round Wickham, furnished him with inexhaustible sources of gratification.

His enthusiastic attachment, indeed, to the charms of nature, has been the subject of his brother's poetry, in one of the most exquisite odes of which our language can boast. It was addressed to him in the year 1750, on his quitting Wynslade, near Basingstoke, to accompany the Duke of Bolton to France, and commences with the following admirable delineation of his vivid and circumstantial taste for rural objects.

Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide!
Who mark, beneath, each village charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:

The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire!
  Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who 'mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And list'ning to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who thro' the sunshine and the show'r
Descry the rainbow-painted tow'r?
Who, wand'ring at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who, musing, waste the summer hour
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flowrets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive ev'nings shade the sky!
  For lo! the Bard who rapture found
In ev'ry rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;

Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires;
Who peopled all thy vocal bow'rs
With shadowy shapes, and airy pow'rs.*

To the pleasures derivable from a taste for pi turesque beauty, Dr. Warton continued to ad with all his wonted ardour, those arising from t cultivation of critical disquisition. In the ye 1797 he published, in nine volumes octavo, a edition of Pope's Works, in which was necessari incorporated a great portion of his former Ess on this poet; a proceeding which appears to ha dissatisfied the public, which expected, perha rather unreasonably, that the notes should ha consisted almost entirely of fresh matter. To r peat himself was, considering the bulk and minu investigation of the prior work, inevitable; an we must likewise recollect, that, though much the essay may be found in the annotations, the are also several notes equally new and interestin

The great fault of this edition, and for whic little in excuse can be said, a fault which h indeed received a most severe castigation fro the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," is t re-introduction of two pieces which, though g nuine, have for a long time been omitted, as t indecent for the public eye. What could indu

* Mant's Warton, vol. 1, p. 156.

Dr. Warton to revive this disgusting obscenity I know not: the fourteenth chapter of Scriblerus, it is true, possesses humour; but the Second Satire from Horace has nothing to palliate its grossness. It were much to be wished also that every future editor would expel not only these offensive pages, but the Imitations likewise of Chaucer and Spenser, neither of which have a particle of merit, and the last impresses an idea of the genius of the poet totally void of all verisimilitude.

The charge of pedantry and imbecility,* however, which the anonymous satirist has thought proper to bring against Dr. Warton, was most assuredly unfounded. No man was less a pedant than the Master of Winchester School; and sufficient evidence is given in every volume of his edition of Pope, that his intellectual faculties had not failed him.

Conscious of no diminution of mental energy, and undaunted by the critical severity of his nameless antagonist, Dr. Warton employed himself, during the three remaining years of his life, in executing an edition of Dryden's Works, two

* Better to disappoint the public hope,
Like Warton, driv'ling on the page of Pope;
While o'er the ground that Warburton once trod,
The Winton pedant shakes his little rod.
Dial. 4, l. 479.

volumes of which, with notes, were ready for the press at the period of his death. He had also, just previous to his retirement, entered into engagements for the completion of two productions which would have been highly acceptable to the public: these he thus mentions in a letter addressed to his friend Mr. Hayley, and dated March the 12th, 1792. "At any leisure I get busied in finishing the last volume of Mr. Warton's History of Poetry, which I have engaged to do—for the booksellers are clamorous to have the book finished, (though the ground I am to go over is so beaten,) that it may be a complete work.—Mr. Warton left notes on Samson Agonistes and Paradise Regained—but these we are under some engagement one day or other to publish in a second volume."* How greatly is it to be regretted, that the hiatus subsisting between the close of the third volume of the History of English Poetry and his own Essay on Pope, was not filled up by a hand so competent to the task! We could most willingly have relinquished the edition of Pope for such an undertaking.

The health of Dr. Warton had been declining gradually during the greater part of 1799, occasioned by a disease in the kidneys, and which in the October of the same year became so much

* Wooll's Memoirs, p. 404.

aggravated, as to threaten a speedy and fatal result; a general paralysis, indeed, the consequence of extreme debility, took place a few months afterwards; and on February the 23d, 1800, he sunk, completely exhausted, into the arms of death.

To his memory in Winchester Cathedral the Wykehamists have erected an elegant monument, which does honour to the classical taste of Mr. Flaxman: on its plinth is the following inscription:—

H. S. E.
JOSEPHUS WARTON, S. T. P.
Hujus Ecclesiæ
Prebendarius:
Scholæ Wintoniensis
Per annos fere triginta
Informator:
Poeta fervidus, facilis, expolitus:
Criticus eruditus, perspicax, elegans:
Obiit xxiii° Feb. MDCCC,
Ætat. LXXVIII.
Hoc qualecunque
Pietatis Monumentum
Præceptori optimo,
Desideratissimo,
Wiccamici sui
P. C.

To this record of his literary powers, however highly we may estimate them, let us briefly add,

that they were exceeded, greatly exceeded, by the virtues of his mind, and the goodness of his heart.

To the *Adventurer* Dr. Warton contributed twenty-four papers. Of these, three are of the humorous kind; namely, N° 71, *containing Letters from six characters;* N° 109, *A Visit to Bedlam with Dean Swift, a Vision;* and N° 129, *descriptive of Characters at Bath.* A rapid sketch is given in these Essays of several individuals, founded, it is said, on actual observation; and the mode in which they are drawn is such as to indicate that the author, notwithstanding his sedentary employments, had found leisure for a pretty accurate discrimination of the varying features which distinguish the different classes and varieties of mankind. Two papers may be ranged under the department of Ethics; N° 59, *proving that Poets are not universally or necessarily poor;* and N° 87, *on the Necessity of Politeness, as an Auxiliary to Knowledge and Virtue.* The first of these possesses so much genuine humour, that it might with propriety have been ranked under that head. The five numbers are, indeed, with respect to their classes mutually convertible; for they have all a moral and preceptive tendency, and, in a greater or less degree, exhibit traits of good-humoured satire.

The Doctor has given us but one paper that can lay claim to the attributes of imagination, the oriental tale of *Bozaldab, Caliph of Egypt*, in N° 76; the object of which is, to shew the mercy of occasional affliction, and that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for that perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity. The imagery of this eastern narrative is well conceived, the sentiment is pure and correct, and the style adequately glowing and rich.

The remaining eighteen numbers are devoted to the province of criticism, that for which his assistance was peculiarly requested. N° 49 gives a just view of the moralists and critics of France, and deprecates an exclusive reliance on their authority. Nos. 51 and 57 display, under the fiction of a lately discovered manuscript of Longinus, the great superiority of the Christian Scriptures over the writings of Greece and Rome in point of pathos, sublimity, and grandeur. These two papers are admirably conducted, and the specimens which are selected are of unparalleled excellence, and carry with them the most perfect conviction. N° 63 is employed in enumerating some of the most marked imitations of Pope, and discussing the difference between plagiarism and unavoidable analogy. The passages drawn from

Pope exhibit, both in their expression and ideas, the most decided proofs of studied resemblance. Nos. 75, 80, and 83, place the superior merits of the *Odyssey* in a very striking point of view. It has been customary to prefer, in almost every respect, the Iliad; but, whatever may be allowed to its fire and sublimity, in variety, in beauty, and in the conduct of the fable, it is, without doubt, greatly inferior to the Odyssey. The story of Ulysses, as constructed by Homer, is indeed the most artful, the most interesting, and pleasing, upon record; and the attempt of Dr. Warton to analyse its fabric, and exhibit its component parts, is conducted with uncommon skill and judgment. May I be permitted to say, that, though inferior with respect to fable, in point of pathos, interest, and descriptive beauty, I esteem the *Madoc* of Mr. Southey as making the nearest approximation to the excellence of the Odyssey?

Some most valuable fragments of Simonides and Menander are introduced by our critic in Nos. 89 and 105, accompanied by many just observations on their pathetic, moral, and ethic tendency. N° 101 contains some shrewd strictures on the blemishes in Paradise Lost, a poem which, were it stripped of some pedantry and some exuberances, for instance, of all its meta-

physical theology, would be the most perfect and splendid in the world.

Five Essays, Nos. 93, 97, 113, 116, and 122, have been appropriated by Dr. Warton to the consideration of two of the noblest plays of Shakspeare, *The Tempest* and *King Lear*. The vein of criticism which these papers display has been much and deservedly admired, and is indeed worthy of the translator of the Georgics. How much is it to be wished, that the taste and spirit which animate these elegant productions had been bestowed, in a measure more liberal, on the vast body of our Shakspearean Commentators, who, with very few exceptions, have been more attached to virulent controversial annotation, than to the simple and legitimate purpose of elucidating the meaning and genius of their author.

I am not willing, however, to coincide with Dr. Warton in the opinion which he has given, in Nos. 127 and 133, on the respective excellencies of the ancients and moderns in literature and arts. To the former he has ascribed a decided superiority in every department, except that of humour and ridicule; a position originally suggested by Addison, but which no impartial critic will, I think, sanction. If in sculpture, oratory, and, perhaps, in history, the claim be admitted, we may venture to assert, that in poetry, painting,

and music, the contest is nobly maintained. Tasso, Shakspeare, and Milton, Dryden, Collins, and Gray, need not shrink from a comparison with the proudest of their predecessors of Greece and Rome, either in Epic, Dramatic, or Lyric poetry. The position, that Tragedy had attained a state of absolute perfection in Greece, is, though a common opinion, one of the most absurd which has disgraced the annals of learning. The use of the chorus is, of itself, a decided proof of the infancy and crudeness of the art; it is an introduction destructive of all interest and effect, and, indeed, totally incompatible with the genius of dramatic poetry. The attempt to revive it in this country has been attended with the consequences which might have been expected, a complete torpor and want of interest on the part of the audience. A magnificent spectacle may, indeed, be produced, and much genuine poetry may be recited; but the legitimate purposes of the drama are, in the mean time, so greatly neglected, that nothing but languor and indifference can be expected as the result.*

* "When we speak," remarks Mr. Twining, "of the Greek Tragedies, as perfect and correct models, we seem merely to conform to the established language of prejudice, and content ourselves with echoing, without reflection or examination, what has been said before us. I should be sorry to be ranked in the class of those critics,

As to the art of painting, the mere mention of the great artists of the Italian school would, I should imagine, be sufficient to decide the question. And from what quarter of the ancient world shall we drag forward a performer who can be placed, either by fancy or report, in competition with the genius of Handel?

The last paper with which Dr. Warton has favoured us in the Adventurer, is N° 139, explanatory of his motives and plan in the composition of his critical essays.

who prefer that poetry which has the fewest faults to that which has the greatest beauties. I mean only to combat that conventional and hearsay kind of praise, which has so often held out the tragedies of the Greek poets as elaborate and perfect models, such as had received the last polish of art and meditation. The true praise of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, is (in kind at least, if not in degree) the praise of Shakspeare; that of strong, but irregular, unequal, and hasty genius. Every thing which this genius, and the feeling of the moment could produce, in an early period of the art, before time, and long experience, and criticism, had cultivated and refined it, these writers possess in great abundance: what meditation, and the labour and delay of the file only can effect, they too often want. Of Shakspeare, however, compared with the Greek poets, it may justly, I think, be pronounced, that he has much more both of this want and of that abundance." Twining's Aristotle, p. 207.

HESTER CHAPONE, the daughter of Thomas Mulso, Esq. of Twywell, in the county of Northampton, was born on the 27th of October, 1727. Her parents had a large family of children, but she and four brothers were all that attained an age of maturity.

Miss Mulso was, at an early period, remarkable for quickness of intellect and warmth of imagination; and as romances were, at that time, the fashionable reading of females, she attached herself with so much ardour to their perusal, as to be tempted to enter the lists with her eccentric authors, and to compose, at nine years of age, a romance under the title of "The Loves of Amoret and Melissa." This production, though necessarily defective in style, is said to have exhibited proofs of a rich and exuberant fancy.

She was in a few years, however, perfectly convinced of the frivolity and danger of this species of reading; and, in a letter to Miss Carter, of the date of July, 1750, she has thus given her matured opinion on the subject. It is to be recollected, however, that the cast of romance thus reprobated is no longer an existing evil, and, indeed, would require more time, patience, and

literary ardour, than can be expected from the present race of novel readers.'

"I make no scruple to call romances the worst of all the species of writing: unnatural representations of the passions, false sentiments, false precepts, false wit, false honour, and false modesty, with a strange heap of improbable unnatural incidents mixed up with true history, and fastened upon some of the great names of antiquity, make up the composition of a romance; at least of such as I have read, which have been mostly French ones. Then the prolixity and poverty of the style are insupportable. I have (and yet I am still alive) drudged through Le Grand Cyrus, in twelve huge volumes, (folio,) Cleopatra in eight or ten, Polexander, Ibrahim, Clelie, and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten; but this was in the days when I did not chuse my own books, for there was no part of my life in which I loved romances."*

Though Miss Mulso lost her mother early in life, the deprivation was rather beneficial than injurious to her; for, owing to continual indisposition, Mrs. Mulso was unable to superintend the education of her daughter. Upon her death,

* Mrs. Chapone's Works, 4 vols. 1807, vol. 1, p. 34, 35.

therefore, she not only undertook the management of her father's house, but endeavoured, by intense application, to recover the prior loss of time; and this she carried into execution so effectually, that she soon became mistress of the French and Italian languages, and acquired some knowledge of the classic tongues. To these acquisitions was added, by her own unassisted efforts, an extraordinary acquaintance with music; and "her voice," says the author of her life prefixed to her works, "was so sweet and powerful, her natural taste so exquisite, and her ear so accurate, that without any scientific knowledge, she could give a force of expression to Handel's compositions, that long practice and professional skill often failed to produce." †

Nor was she only diligent in acquiring the accomplishments of elegance and taste; the studies of philosophy and theology occupied a large portion of her time; for her devotion was ardent, and her reasoning powers of uncommon strength. Her enthusiastic love of genius, and her scepticism with regard to dogmatic assertion, led her, while very young, into a warm admiration of Richardson, the author of Clarissa, and into a masterly refutation of his arbitrary opinions on

† Vol. 1, p. 13.

parental authority and filial obedience; a correspondence which has been lately published, and forms a most respectable proof of early proficiency in argumentative discussion.

It was at the house of this celebrated novellist that she became acquainted with Mr. Chapone, a young man of amiable manners, and at that time a resident in the Temple, and practising the law. A mutual attachment was the result; but, as no property existed on either side, Mr. Mulso, though unwilling peremptorily to prohibit their union, thought it necessary to caution his daughter against the imprudence of the connection, and to request that she would not form a final engagement without his consent.

In the mean time Miss Mulso lived either under the roof of her father, or with her friends and relations, in a manner most pleasing and useful to herself; she was not debarred the occasional visits of Mr. Chapone, and literature and music divided her hours. Her winters were, for the most part, spent in London, where she was particularly distinguished by the Rev. Mr. Burrows and his sisters, a family to whose friendship and consolatory kindness she was ultimately highly indebted; and part of her summers was usually divided between the vicarage of her second brother, at Sunbury in Middlesex, the epis-

copal palace of her uncle the bishop of Peterborough, and the house of her eldest aunt, Mrs. Donne, of Canterbury. In this city she had the happiness of forming an intimacy with Miss Carter; a connection of infinite advantage to both, and which continued unbroken for more than half a century.

It was during this period also, and while Miss Mulso had not exceeded the age of five and twenty, that her contributions were written for the Rambler and Adventurer; these, together with an Ode to Peace, and another to Mrs. Carter on the philosophy of Epictetus, were among her earliest productions which she thought worthy of the press.

With Dr. Johnson, about this time she had an opportunity of occasionally conversing at the house of Mr. Richardson; and in her letters to Miss Carter there is one, dated July 10th, 1752, which records a meeting with this extraordinary character, and the result of an argument maintained by her against him.

"We had a visit whilst at Northend from your friend Mr. Johnson, and poor Mrs. Williams. I was charmed with his behaviour to her, which was like that of a fond father to his daughter. She seemed much pleased with her visit; shewed very good sense, with a great deal of modesty and humility; and so much patience and cheer-

fulness under her misfortune, that it doubled my concern for her. Mr. Johnson was very communicative and entertaining, and did me the honour to address most of his discourse to me. I had the assurance to dispute with him on the subject of human malignity, and wondered to hear a man who by his actions shews so much benevolence, maintain that the human heart is naturally malevolent, and that all the benevolence we see in the few who are good is acquired by reason and religion. You may believe I entirely disagreed with him, being, as you know, fully persuaded that benevolence, or the love of our fellow-creatures, is as much a part of our nature as self-love; and that it cannot be suppressed, or extinguished, without great violence from the force of other passions. I told him, I suspected him of these bad notions from some of his Ramblers, and had accused him to you; but that you persuaded me I had mistaken his sense. To which he answered, that if he had betrayed such sentiments in the Ramblers, it was not with design; for that he believed the doctrine of human malevolence, though a true one, is not an useful one, and ought not to be published to the world. Is there any truth that would not be useful, or that should not be known?"*

* Chapone's Works, vol. 1, p. 72, 73, 74.

At length, toward the close of the year 176(Miss Mulso was united to the man of her choic(on the same day on which her eldest brother wa married to a Miss Prescott. Mr. Chapone imm(diately took lodgings in Carey-street, that h might be, on account of his wife, as near as po: sible to his chambers, where he was under th necessity of carrying on his business. He tool however, soon afterwards, a small house in Arun del-street, which he fitted up and furnished wit] much neatness.

Mrs. Chapone now enjoyed as much happine: as human imperfection will admit. Her esteer and affection for her husband were unbounded and he returned it with a warmth and kindne: which rendered their connection productive c mutual and uninterrupted pleasure.

The duration, however, which Providence ha(assigned to their connubial felicity was, alas! bu very short; the hand of death deprived Mrs. Cha pone of her beloved husband within ten month: after their union! The severity of this blow wa: so keenly felt, that her life was for some time i considerable danger; but, at length, the assidui ties of her friends, and the consolations arisin from religion, had their due weight, and she gra dually recovered her spirits and her peace o mind.

As her circumstances would not admit of her keeping house, she retired into lodgings, where she lived with great respectability and comfort, and happy in her numerous friends. She had, however, in about two years after the death of Mr. Chapone, another heavy loss to deplore in the decease of her father, who had ever treated her with the utmost confidence, and with the tenderest parental love.

In the year 1766 Mrs. Chapone made an excursion into Yorkshire, and spent several months with her second brother, who then held the living of Thornhill, near Wakefield; and in 1770 she accompanied her friend Mrs. Montagu into Scotland. With the tour which she took with this accomplished lady she was highly delighted: writing to Mrs. Carter from a country so romantic, she has given the following picture of one of its most striking scenes. "The rude magnificence of nature, in the degree it is displayed in Scotland, was quite new to me, and furnished me with ideas I never before was in possession of. At Taymouth, indeed, every conceivable beauty of landscape is united with the sublime. Such a lake! such variegated hills rising from its banks! such mountains, and such cloud-cap'd rocks rising behind them! such a delicious green valley to receive the 'sweet winding Tay!' such woods!

such cascades! in short, I am wild that you an all my romantic friends should see it; for even Milton's pen, or a Salvator Rosa's pencil, woul fail to give you a complete idea of it. Seven more sweet places we saw, which would hav made capital figures, had they not been eclipse by Lord Bredalbane's. My intellectual pleasur were as great in their kind, from the convers tions of Mrs. Montagu and Dr. Gregory, who ac companied us in all our journeys, and is one c the most agreeable men I ever met with."*

In the year 1773 Mrs. Chapone's first work with her name prefixed, appeared before the pub lic; it was intituled "Letters on the Improve ment of the Mind," and being addressed to he favourite niece, the eldest daughter of the Rev John Mulso, was originally intended for privat use. Through the persuasions of Mrs. Montagu however, she was induced to commit it to th press, dedicated to that lady, and divided int ten letters. The first three are on the subject o Religion; the fourth and fifth on the Regulation of the Heart and Affections; the sixth on the Government of the Temper; the seventh on Economy; the eighth on Politeness and Accomplishments; and the ninth and tenth on Geography, Chronology, and History.

* Chapone's Works, vol. 1, p. 155.

The reception of this work was such as Mrs. Montagu had predicted; it was the object of general approbation, and soon became extensively circulated. It is, indeed, one of the best books that can be put into the hands of female youth; the style is easy and pure, the advice practical and sound, and the whole uniformly tends to promote the noblest principles of morality and religion. The reputation which Mrs. Chapone obtained by this publication induced many persons anxiously to seek her acquaintance; and, as she was known not to be affluent, there were several also who would willingly have engaged her, upon any terms, to superintend the education of their daughters. Averse, however, to such a charge, she constantly, though politely, rejected all offers of the kind.

Stimulated by the well-founded partiality of her friends, Mrs. Chapone ventured on another appeal to the public, in the year 1775, by the production of a volume of "Miscellanies." This elegant little work consists of Essays and Poems; the first part including, beside the Story of Fidelia, observations on Affectation and Simplicity, on Conversation, on Enthusiasm and Indifference in Religion, and a Letter to a new-married Lady. The Poems, which are for the most part the effusions of very early life, possess a strain of pleas-

ing and pensive morality, and particularly "Ode to Solitude," which is, in my opin greatly superior to the rest.

Few persons have ever more bitterly exp enced one of the consequences of advanced the loss of friends and relations, than Mrs.C pone; from 1778 to within a short period of own death, almost every year brought with deprivation of this melancholy kind. Her a her uncle, her beloved companions the Burrov with the exception of Mrs. Amy Burrows, three brothers, and her favourite niece, be many friends, were all taken from her; she st in fact, comparatively alone, insulated as it v amid society; and though ever patient, and st gling against affliction with a smile

> She bent before the throne of woe—
> A face of smiles, a heart of tears!

The loss of her last brother and of her el niece, in 1799, completed the sum of her distr her mind yielded to the shock, and her intell became visibly impaired. That nothing omitted by her remaining friends and relati to soothe and mitigate her sorrows, we have testimony of her latest biographer. Mrs. Burr in particular scarcely ever left Mrs. Chap when with her youngest niece she retired to H

ley in the autumn of 1800, but was, with Miss Burrows, her constant visitor. At this place, on the evening of Christmas day, 1801, and in the seventy-fourth year of her age, Mrs. Chapone expired, without a struggle, in the arms of her niece.

It is scarcely necessary to say, even after the brief account which we have given of Mrs. Chapone, that with abilities of a superior kind, both natural and acquired, she was humble, benevolent, and religious; that she was warmly beloved by her friends, and admired by all who knew her.

The contributions to the *Rambler* and *Adventurer*, which have given her a place in these volumes, are four billets in N° 10 of the former work, and the story of Fidelia in Nos. 77, 78, and 79, of the latter. The billets form one of the very few *real* correspondences with which Johnson was favoured, though, at the commencement of the paper in which they are inserted, he has, with the customary licence of periodical writers, boasted of the number of his correspondents, and of their increase from day to day.

The history of Fidelia represents, in a very interesting and pathetic manner, the total inefficacy of Deism as a source of rectitude and consolation, and exposes, through the mean of a striking example, the dreadful mischiefs which are so

often the result of infidelity. The incidents of this tale are contrived with much ingenuity, and they form one of the most instructive lessons in the Adventurer.

We are indebted to Mr. COLMAN for the Vision in N° 90 of the Adventurer, which, though written at the age of twenty, may rank with the first papers in this elegant work. It displays a considerable acquaintance with literature, and the business of the scene is conducted with judgment and taste; the dénouement is peculiarly pleasing and impressive.

The "Elegy occasioned by shooting a Blackbird on Valentine's day," introduced into N° 37, was supposed by Dr. Hawkesworth to have issued from the pen of Mr. Gilbert West, author of the "Observations on the Resurrection;" but it has since been discovered that we owe these verses to the ingenuity of the Rev. RICHARD JAGO, the friend and correspondent of Shenstone. Mr. Jago finished his education at University College, Oxford, and there took his degree of Master of Arts on July the 9th, 1739. He was Vicar, for some time, of Hanbury in Warwickshire, afterwards of Switterfield in the same county, and lastly rector of Kimcote, in Leicestershire. Several poems in the fourth and fifth volumes of Dodsley's Collection are of his composition. He was also the

author of "Labour and Genius," a poem, published separately in 1768, and of "Edge-Hill," a descriptive poem in blank verse. He died the 28th of May, 1781, and his poetry was soon after collected and published in an octavo volume by Mr. Hilton. The "Elegy on a Blackbird" is a beautiful and pathetic effusion, and the best of his productions.

PART III.

ESSAY III.

SKETCHES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL OF THE OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS TO THE RAMBLER, ADVENTURER, AND IDLER.

IT has been already related, that, in the second edition of the IDLER, Dr. Johnson acknowledged the contribution of twelve papers. Of the authors of those essays whose names have been disclosed, we are now, therefore, to give some account. They are, in number, three; the *Rev. Thomas Warton*, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, and *Bennet Langton, Esq.*

THOMAS WARTON, B.D. the son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of Basingstoke, Hampshire, and brother of Dr. Joseph Warton, was born at Basingstoke, in the year 1728. Until his sixteenth year he was educated solely by his father, and then, on the 16th of March, 1743, sent to Oxford, where he was admitted a commoner, and soon after elected a scholar, of Trinity College.

The bias of Mr. Warton's mind towards poetry and elegant literature was early shewn; in his ninth year, in a letter addressed to his sister, he sends her a translation from Martial; and it has been affirmed,* that in 1745, when only in his eighteenth year, he published "Five Pastoral Eclogues," the scenes of which are laid among the shepherds of Germany, ruined by the war of 1744. The authenticity of this production has, however, been much doubted by Mr. Mant, who says, "I do not learn that they ever had the name of Warton affixed to them, and can assert, on the authority of his sister, that he absolutely disclaimed them." † Yet it cannot be denied, that a vein of description runs through these Eclogues of a kind very similar to that which Mr. Warton was afterward accustomed to indulge: the following allusion, for instance, to the chivalric combat, in Eclogue the 3d, and the subsequent picture of the convent, in Eclogue the 4th, are of this cast.

The wood, whose shades the plaintive shepherd sought,
Was dark and pathless, and by neighbouring feet
Long time untrod: for there in ancient days
Two knights of bold emprize, and high renown,
Met in fierce combat, to dispute the prize

* Anderson's Poets, and Biographical Dictionary.
† Mant's Life of Warton, p. 14.

Of beauty bright, whose valiant arm should win
A virgin fair, whose far-emblazon'd charms
With equal love had smote their rival breasts.
The knight who fell beneath the victor's sword,
Unhears'd and restless, from that fatal day
Wanders the hated shades, a spectre pale;
And each revolving night, are heard to sound,
Far from the inmost bow'r of the deep wood,
Loud shrieks, and hollow groans, and rattling chains.

Ec

Dost thou remember at the river's side
That solitary convent, all behind
Hid by the covert of a mantling wood?
One night, when all was wrapt in darkness deep,
An armed troop, on rage and rapine bent,
Pour'd o'er the fields, and ravag'd all they met;
Nor did that sacred pile escape their arms,
Whose walls the murd'rous band to ruin swept,
And fill'd its caverns deep with armed throngs
Greedy of spoil, and snatch'd their treasures old
From their dark seats: the shrieking sisters fled,
Dispers'd and naked, through the fields and woods,
While sable night conceal'd their wand'ring steps.
Part in my moss-grown cottage shelter sought,
Which haply scap'd their rage, in secret glade
Immersed deep.—I rose at early morn,
With fearful heart to view the ruin'd dome,
Where all was desolation; all appear'd
The seat of horror and devouring war.
The deep recesses and the gloomy nooks,
The vaulted aisles, and shrines of imag'd saints,
The caverns worn by holy knees appear'd,

And to the sun were op'd.—In musing thought
I said, as on the pile I bent my brow,—
'This seat to future ages will appear
Like that which stands fast by the piny rock;
These silent walls with ivy shall be hung,
And distant times shall view the sacred pile,
Unknowing how it fell, with pious awe!
The pilgrim here shall visit, and the swain
Returning from the field, at twilight grey,
Shall shun to pass this way, subdued by fear,
And slant his course across the adverse vale!'

Ecl. 4.

The close imitation of Milton, too, in Eclogue the 2d, the description of the Hermit's Cell in Eclogue the 5th, and various other passages, of considerable merit for the age at which they are supposed to have been written, might, not without reason, lead to the attribution of these pieces to our author.

It must, indeed, be admitted, that the first acknowledged production of Mr. Warton, "The Pleasures of Melancholy," published in 1747, but composed in 1745, is in a strain superior to the Eclogues. This beautifully romantic poem, though executed at a period so early in life, betrays almost immediately the tract of reading, and the school of poetry, to which its author had, even then, sedulously addicted himself. Every page suggests to us the disciple of Spenser

and Milton, yet without servile imitation; for, though the language and style of imagery whisper whence they were drawn, many of the pictures in this poem are so bold and highly coloured, as justly to claim no small share of originality.

The year succeeding this effusion he wrote, on the recommendation of Dr. Huddesford, President of his college, "The Triumph of Isis," in reply to Mr. Mason, who had published an Elegy, under the title of "Isis," reflecting, rather harshly, on some circumstances which had lately occurred, of a political nature, in the university of Oxford. The Triumph of Isis was printed in 1749, and received with a burst of applause, as a noble and spirited vindication of the honour and reputation of his Alma Mater. It has, moreover, the merit, though written upon a temporary subject, of containing imagery and sentiment which must always please and interest. That it is superior to the poem which gave rise to it, has been, not only the opinion of the public, but of Mr. Mason himself, who, writing to Mr. Warton in 1777, for the purpose of thanking him for a present of his poems, which he had then just published, but in which, out of delicacy to his former opponent, he had omitted the Triumph of Isis, says with much candour, "I am, however, sorry to find that the "Triumph of Isis" has not found a place near

the delicate "Complaint of Cherwell," to which it was a proper companion; and I fear that a punctilio of politeness to me was the occasion of its exclusion. Had I known of your intention of making this collection, most certainly I should have pleaded for the insertion of that poem, which I assure you I think greatly excels the Elegy which occasioned it, both in its poetical imagery, and the correct flow of its versification." *

The strong attachment of the Poet to Gothic architecture, though only in his 21st year, is very apparent in the Triumph of Isis, and has given origin, in the following striking apostrophe, to perhaps the best lines which it contains.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time;
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;

* Mant's Warton, p. 18. That Mason thought much, however, of the impression which his poem had made upon the members of Oxford, is very evident from the annexed anecdote. "Several years after he had written his Elegy, he was coming into Oxford on horseback; and as he passed over Magdalen Bridge, (it was then evening,) he turned to his friend, and expressed his satisfaction, that, as it was getting dusk, they should enter the place unnoticed. His friend did not seem aware of the advantage. 'What!' rejoined the poet, 'do not you remember my lines?'" Mant's Warton, vol. 1, p. 22.

Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!

This ardent love of feudal architecture and manners, and which never forsook him through life, has been ascribed by Dr. Huntingford, the present Bishop of Gloucester, to a circumstance which took place in his earliest years. Dr. Joseph Warton," he tells Mr. Mant, " was accustomed to relate a circumstance, which, though in itself apparently unimportant, yet, with respect to the writings of Mr. Thomas Warton, was perhaps in its effects of considerable consequence. When they were both boys, their father took them to see Windsor Castle. The several objects presented to their view much engaged the attention, and excited the admiration, of the father and his son Joseph. As they were returning, the father with some concern said to Joseph, ' Thomas goes on, and takes no notice of any thing he has seen.' This remark was never forgotten by his son, who however, in mature years, made this reflection: ' I believe my brother was more struck with what he saw, and took more notice of every object,

than either of us.' And there is good reason to think, that the peculiar fondness for *Castle Imagery* which our author on many occasions strongly discovers, may be traced to this incident of his early days. That his imagination should afterwards be turned to the description of scenes, with which in his youth his fancy had been captivated, it is very natural to conceive, if we do but recollect how often the mind takes its complexion and bias through life, from a trivial circumstance happening before we arrive at manhood.

"To the same cause," adds his Lordship, "we may perhaps refer that love of *Spenser* which our author every where professes. Ideas of *Chivalry* are intimately connected with Castle Imagery, and 'The Fairy Queen' is a mine inexhaustible in lore of that nature."

From this period to the year of his death Mr. Warton continued occasionally to write and publish a variety of poetical pieces. These appeared either separately, or in editions published by himself, or in collections by others; thus, to "The Student," a periodical paper printed at Oxford in 1750; to "The Union, or select Scots and English Poems," 1753; to the Oxford Collections of 1751, 1761, and 1762; to the "Oxford Sausage, or Select Poetical Pieces, written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford;"

12mo, 1764; and to Pearch's Collection; he contributed many very valuable effusions. Beside his "Pleasures of Melancholy," and his "Triumph of Isis," his "Newmarket, a Satire," and his "Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window at New College," were published separately, the first of these in 1751, and the last in 1782.

It was not until 1777 that our author printed a volume of Poems; the size was a thin octavo, which consisted principally of new Pieces, most of those which he had formerly published being, for reasons not now known, omitted. A second edition was called for soon after, a third appeared in 1779, and a fourth, much more ample than the former, came from the press in 1789. The most complete edition, however, under the superintendence of the author, and which was partly printed off before his death, was given to the world in 1791. The brief observations, however, which we are about to offer on the poetry of Mr. Warton, will be founded on the edition and arrangement of his Poetical Works as published by Mr. Mant in 1802, in two vols. 8vo, necessarily more perfect than any yet brought forward, as including not only all his *Carmina*, but his *Laureate Odes*.

On the genius of Warton, as a Poet, an adequate value has not yet been placed; for in con-

sequence of a sedulous imitation of the diction of our elder bards, especially of Spenser and Milton, originality of conception has been very unjustly denied him. To his brother Joseph, with whom he has been commonly ranked, he is greatly superior, both in vigour and fertility of imagination, though, perhaps, less sweet and polished in his versification.

In the rhymed pentameter, indeed, and in blank verse, he is inferior, in point of versification, to Dryden, Pope, and Milton; but in the eight-syllable metre, to which he was particularly partial, he has exhibited, almost uniformly, great harmony and sweetness. The mixture of *trochaics* of seven syllables, and *iambics* of eight, which has been objected to him as a fault, in this species of verse, I am so far from considering as a defect, that, as in Milton and Gray, I esteem it productive of much beauty and much interesting variety.

Against the antique cast of expression which he has so frequently adopted in his poems, the disciples of Dryden and Pope have brought many complaints. That an *indiscriminate* use of the phraseology of our elder bards must be admitted as a blemish will not be denied; but when, as in Warton, the theme is drawn from the bosom of legendary lore, and abounding in pictures of Anglo-Norman arts and manners, a judicious ad-

mixture of old words throws a richness and mellowness over the composition that admirably blends with the nature of the subject, and which no other expedient can supply.

The imagery, indeed, throughout the greater part of the poetry of Warton is altogether antiquated; it is founded on the costume of the chivalric ages, and is every where thickly strewn with feudal pictures and embellishments. The language is accordant, and has given to these glowing sketches a tint which, as removing all rawness and glare of colouring, appears the work of time. In fact, more than any other poet since the era of Spenser, our author may be termed *The Bard of Gothic Painting*. In lyric poetry he approaches nearer the genius of *Collins* than of *Gray;* for, like the former, he was strongly addicted to the *wild*, the *wonderful*, and the *romantic*. In *these departments*, after enumerating our three great poets, *Spenser*, *Shakspeare*, and *Milton*, may we not add, as forming the closest approximation, the names of *Collins* and of *Warton*? and, as, in these days of coarse and illiberal criticism, to honour living merit has become a virtue most rare, I am induced to finish the modern triumvirate with the latest of our poets, with the name of *Walter Scott*.

We shall now, according to the arrangement

of the last edition, consider the classes into which the poems of Mr. Warton have been divided. Of these the first, entituled "Miscellaneous Pieces," embraces eight productions, including the "Triumph of Isis," and the "Pleasures of Melancholy." Four of the number, I regret to say, are political poems, written on the decease of Frederick Prince of Wales, and George the Second; on the marriage of George the Third; and on the birth of the Prince of Wales. On such subjects it is sufficient encomium to say, that common-place eulogy is avoided, and that much poetical imagery is introduced. Of the "Monody, written near Stratford upon Avon," the twelve concluding lines are peculiarly fine; but the poem that, under this head, now demands our first attention, is addressed to "Sir Joshua Reynolds, on his Painted Window at New College, Oxford," and is completely characteristic of the genius and mind of the Poet: it opens with a confession of his attachment to Gothic antiquity, and with an admirable description of a Gothic Cathedral, which paint the propensities of the author in vivid colours.

Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel harps, and spell the fabling rhime;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;

To mark the mould'ring halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle cast in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.
But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A ling'ring votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroid'ry drew;
Where SUPERSTITION with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far-retiring isle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches, frown'd.*

This poem, as addressed to one of the first artists of his age, may seem to court a comparison with the Epistle of Dryden to Sir Godfrey Kneller, and of Pope to Jervas; but as the Muse of Warton was principally employed in the delineation of Gothic scenery, or in contrasting it with the chaste production of Sir Joshua, there are few traces of parallelism. In point of poetical merit

it is not inferior to the finished pieces of his predecessors.

Of the *Inscriptions*, that written "In a Hermitage at Ansley Hall, in Warwickshire," is singularly pleasing both in its sentiment and imagery; the fourth stanza, more especially, closes with a picture exquisitely glowing and beautiful.

The Four *Translations* call not for much attention; they are elegant, however, and correct; the versification of the passage from Job is spirited and harmonious; the paraphrase of the twentieth Idyllium of Theocritus is a perfect copy of the style and stanza of the first two months of Spenser's Calendar, and the blank odes from Horace have as much melody as can usually be exhibited in this department independent of rhyme.

It is to the *Lyric Poetry* of our author, however, that we are to turn for a full view of his talents and genius. He has left us three and twenty odes, sixteen of which are entitled to high praise. These I would separate into *six* classes; the *Picturesque*, the *Historic*, the *Gothic*, *Chivalric*, *Pathetic*, and *Sublime*.

Under the title of *Picturesque* I would arrange Ode 2, The Hamlet; Ode 7, sent to a Friend, on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire;

Ode 10, The First of April; Ode 11, On the Approach of Summer; and Ode 23, Descriptive of the Mineral Springs of England.

I consider the descriptive poetry of Warton, as it appears in these five odes, to be of the very first order, and so far original, as it presents us with new pictures, and new combinations of ideas. The language, it is true, is modelled upon that of Milton, especially in his Ode on the Approach of Summer, but the imagery is his own, and frequently of a kind very distinct from that which characterizes the minor poetry of our great Epic Bard. The mind of Warton was, indeed, peculiarly alive to the minutiæ of rural scenery, and he has sketched his objects with such fidelity to nature, that they frequently might, with all their circumstances, be transferred with full effect to the canvas. Neither Gray nor Collins can vie with him in this respect; and, as Mr. Mant has justly observed, "neither Claude nor Ruysdale ever painted a more glowing or a more distinct picture, than are many of the descriptions of Warton." *

It has been mentioned, however, by this ingenious biographer, as a defect in the descriptive poetry of Warton, that it is so little mingled with

* Mant's Warton, vol. 2, p. 150.

manners, passions, or moral reflection. Yet, of the five odes that we have just alluded to, only two, the 2d and the 23d, are purely descriptive. The *Hamlet* is throughout moral, both in design and execution; it is, indeed, a most fascinating display of the pleasures to be enjoyed from innocence and industry in rural privacy, contrasted with the illusive gratifications of splendor, wealth, and revelry. The *Ode sent to a Friend* has a pathetic charm which will endear it to every reader, when he shall recollect that it mourns the departure of a beloved brother, who was then leaving his favourite residence at Wynslade for the continent; and if we appeal to the *Ode on the Approach of Summer*, it will be found interspersed with an occasional vein of the most pleasing pathos and morality: what, for instance, can better prove this than the insertion of the following lines?

— When life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around inclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
It's tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!

Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold and Tyrian purple fly.
Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure—
O ever to sweet Poesy
Let me live true votary!—
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.

The 23d Ode, composed for his Majesty's Birth-Day, June 4th, 1790, which contains an eulogy on the chief mineral springs of this country, was the last which our Laureate wrote, and is, perhaps, in point of language and description, fully equal, if not superior, to any of his former productions. The scenery of Matlock, Bristol, Bath, Malvern, and Buxton, is depicted in colours alike rich, clear, and appropriate.

In the class which I have termed *Historic* may be placed three Odes, the seventeenth, the nineteenth, and the twenty-first. Of these the first, written for his Majesty's Birth-Day, 1786, com-

memorates the Bards of Greece who paid their homage "to the throne of virtuous kings," *Alcæus*, *Pindar*, and *Theocritus;* while the second, for the same occasion, 1787, chaunts the praises of the great Laureate Poets of England, *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, and *Dryden*. The idea is a happy one, and it is brought forward and embodied with the noblest imagery, and with the choicest lyric expression. The characters of our author's favourites, Theocritus and Spenser, are highly wrought. The third and last of these pieces is a spirited eulogium on Liberty, and an admirable poetic record of the effects of the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman invasions.

Proceeding to the next department, the *Gothic*, we shall discover three odes, two of which possess very great merit. The first, *Written at Vale-Royal Abbey in Cheshire*, is rendered rather heavy and monotonous by an injudicious choice of the elegiac metre; it contains, however, some striking gothic imagery, and, particularly, some very fine lines on the utility of monastic protection to literature and the arts. The second, Ode the 18th, for the New Year, 1787, and the third, Ode the 20th, for the New Year, 1788, abound in the richest and most characteristic Gothic Paintings, "which give," remarks the Monthly Reviewer of the edition of 1791, "that kind of mellowness

to these poems, that time confers on medals and productions of the pencil."* The first and second stanza of the Ode for 1788 present us with a finished picture of the exterior of a Norman castle.

Rude was the pile, and massy proof,
That first uprear'd its haughty roof
On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state:
The Norman tyrant's jealous hand
The giant fabric proudly plann'd:—
Unchang'd, through many a hardy race
Stood the rough dome, in sullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd:
Though monarchs kept their state within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gateway's arch profound;
And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugged scars of conflict sore.

To the kindred title of *Chivalric* we refer the Odes termed "The Crusade," and "The Grave of King Arthur," which, owing to their dramatic form, possess an interest and animation exclusively their own. They have also, if we advert to the invention discoverable in their structure, a claim to a higher poetical assignment than any

* Monthly Review, vol. 10, New Series, p. 277.

other of our author's productions. The manners and costume of chivalry are likewise accurately preserved; and the imagery, especially in the Crusade, is of a cast unusually bold and impressive.

To the quotation which we have just given, descriptive of the exterior of a Norman castle, it will not, probably, be irrelevant to add a picture equally faithful of the interior, from the pencil of the same master, and which forms the opening of the Grave of Arthur."

Stately the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid CILGARRAN'S castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkl'd the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,

From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elver's Vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British g'ory chose.

A single, but a most exquisitely moral and tender ode, may be deservedly characterised, among the lyrics of Warton, by the appellation of *Pathetic;* it is entituled "The Suicide," and is calculated, from its noble sentiments and religious tendency, to impart as much comfort to the wretched and care-worn, as its melody and imagery can afford delight to the lovers of poetic fancy. The eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth stanzas, make the most touching appeal to the heart; and the close, while it suggests the most important truths, is at once awful and majestic.

The odes to which we have applied the epithet *Sublime*, are the 16th and 22d of Mr. Mant's edition; the first written for the New Year, 1786, and the second for the Birth-Day, 1789. The opening of the Ode for 1786 is built upon a passage in the fourth Odyssey of Homer, and on another in the second Olympic Ode of Pindar, and their appropriation to Great Britain is one of the happiest efforts in lyric poetry. The first

and second stanza of this magnificent ode truly merit the appellation which designates the class; nor will the commencement of the birth-day ode for 1789, which commemorates the recovery of our beloved monarch, prefer a less powerful claim to similar eulogium. It is, indeed, a most striking proof of the genius of Warton, that, with all the formidable obstacles to excellence which must ever attend a perpetually recurring subject, he should so completely have surmounted every difficulty as to render his laureate odes, with one exception, some of the most beautiful specimens of lyric poetry which our language can exhibit.

Having occupied so much space, considering our limits, on this branch of our author's effusions, it will be necessary to notice the residue of his poems with somewhat more than common brevity.

The *Sonnets*, which are written on the legitimate Italian model, are rich in imagery, but the versification is rather harsh and heavy. The last, addressed to the River Lodon, is the best, and is rendered peculiarly pleasing from the pensive tone which pervades it.

To the *Humourous Pieces* we are inclined to attribute no small share of merit. "Newmarket, a Satire," would do honour to Pope; the "Progress of Discontent" is in the best manner of

Swift, and the "Panegyric on Oxford A
though an imitation of Phillips's "Splendid S
ling" is more interesting than its prototype,
being written on a favourite subject, is exec
con amore. Ale and tobacco were the luxu
of Warton;

> My sober evenings let the tankard bless,
> With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg frau
> While the rich draughts with oft repeated whiffs
> Tobacco mild improves! Divine Repast!

and, social and goodhumoured as he gener
was, to have partaken of his heart-rejoicing
and to have listened to his varied erudition
rich vein of hilarity, as

> in capacious chair
> Of monumental oak and antique mould
> He plac'd his gladsome limbs—while round
> Return'd replenish'd the successive cup,
> And the brisk fire conspir'd to genial joy,

must have been a treat of no vulgar kind.

The classical taste and acquirements of
amiable bard are shewn to great advantage in
Poemata which have been divided into "He
metra," "Epigrammata," and "Græca atque
glica quædam Latine reddita." To these is ad
Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum De
"tus," in which are introduced five inscription
his own composition.

The Hexameters include three poems; "Mons Catharinæ;" "On the Rebuilding of Trinity College Chapel," and "On the Death of Frederic Prince of Wales," in 1751. The first is the most generally interesting; but they all display an intimate and very correct acquaintance with the language in which they are written.

To the Epigrams too much praise cannot be given; they breathe the very spirit of simplicity and tenderness, and their style is such as would reflect honour on the pages of Catullus and his disciple Flaminius. Than the Epitaph on Mrs. Serle nothing can be more delicately and pathetically elegant.

The Translations from the Greek and English into Latin are executed, both as to diction and versification, with great classical purity; and the hendecasyllables in the Inscriptionum Delectus, beginning

O Dulcis puer, O venuste Marce,

are, as Dr. Warton has observed, worthy of the genius of Meleager.

Reverting to the chronological order of events in our biography, we have to record, that on the first of December, 1750, Mr. Warton took his degree of Master of Arts; that in 1751 he succeeded to a fellowship, and in 1754 published his

" Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser" in one volume octavo. This book led the way to that species of commentary which attempts the illustration of our elder bards by the perusal and quotation of their contemporary writers. To this plan of elucidation Warton was very early addicted; for there is extant a copy of Fenton's edition of Milton's smaller Poems which belonged to him in his seventeenth year, and which is filled with MS notes of this kind. The " Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser," a great portion of which has been since incorporated in Mr. Todd's edition, throw much light on the obscure and legendary resources of that romantic poet, and on his allegory, versification, and imagery; the incidental disquisitions, also, on Chaucer, Ariosto, &c. are rich in sound and discriminative criticism. In the second edition of these " Observations," which our author republished in 1762, corrected, enlarged, and extended to two volumes, he introduced a long and valuable note on a subject that was particularly endeared to him, the *Ecclesiastical Architecture of England;* a note the more remarkable as it gave birth to that spirit of enquiry into our Gothic Remains which has since been so widely diffused. In his attempt, however, to ascertain the origin of the pointed arch, he appears to have failed, from

ference to the opinion of Sir Christopher Wren, ho attributed it to the Saracens. It has lately en the object of some antiquaries to prove that e Pointed Order of Architecture is exclusively *nglish*, a position equally baseless; for that the ointed Style existed upon the continent long anrior to the Norman invasion, or to any specimens of such an order now left in this country, demonstrative from impartial research. "The rliest and most authentic model," says Dr. yers, "of a Gothic *building*, with which we e yet acquainted, is that which is represented a coin of Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, ho made himself master of a considerable porion of Italy in the year 490. It has been hence ferred (and by no means unreasonably,) that e palace of that prince was constructed in the ointed style."* It appears also, from the enuiries of this gentleman, that the Church of St. ophia, at Constantinople, the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the Cathedral of Monte Reale, ear Palermo, and the Cathedral of Rheims, rected in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth enturies, are all in the Gothic style, and possess umerous specimens of the pointed arch.

Even the *florid* Gothic, which was not visible n this kingdom before the fifteenth century,

* Sayers's Disquisitions, 2d edition, 1808, p. 233.

evidently existed upon the continent so early as the thirteenth, twelfth, and even the eleventh centuries. "The grand entrance," observes Dr. Sayers, "to the Cathedral of Strasburgh, founded in 1027, is formed by some magnificent pointed arches; its top and sides are also decorated by a great number of pointed niches and pinnacles most richly ornamented. Statues are placed upon it in great profusion."*

Nothing would better contribute toward establishing the origin, and age, of the different styles of military, civil, and ecclesiastical architecture in England, than a comparative view of the state of Gothic architecture in Normandy and this island, before, at, and after the conquest. To form *criteria*, indeed, for the purpose of fixing the dates of Saxon, of Norman and Anglo-Norman buildings, had occupied much of the attention of Mason, and Gray; and they planned, but never executed, a series of drawings which should ascertain with facility and accuracy the era of the erection of the whole, or parts, of every gothic structure. It was, likewise, the full intention of Warton to publish a History of Gothic Architecture in England, for which purpose he made several summer tours through various districts of the kingdom; and in the second Dissertation

* Sayers's Disquisitions, p. 235.

prefixed to his "History of English Poetry," after remarking in the text, that the Normans had brought with them the arts, and had built castles and churches on a more extensive and stately plan, he informs us, in a note, that "this point will be further illustrated in a work now preparing for the press, entitled, *Observations Critical and Historical, on Castles, Churches, Monasteries, and other Monuments of Antiquity in Various Parts of England. To which will be prefixed, the History of Architecture in England.* How much is it to be regretted, that this production, which, Mr. Price of the Bodleian Library says, was written out fairly for the press, and with directions to the printer, has not yet been discovered, and that only the *prima stamina* of the work, in a crude state, were found among his papers!

Some considerable progress, however, toward establishing the *criteria* we have alluded to, has been lately made in a very learned and ingenious paper by Dr. Sayers, entitled *Hints on English Architecture;* in which the author says, "I have endeavoured to sketch out from the writings of others, and from the observations which I have been able to make myself, a general view of those classes into which the structures, or remains of structures, in this island, may be conveniently distributed; and under each of these divisions I

have noticed, where necessary, the kinds of buildings, &c. which may be properly included in it, and *some* of the more remarkable peculiarities by which the structures of that class, or age, are commonly distinguished.*" This Essay, and the series of engravings by Mr. Britton, will be indispensable to the student of our architectural antiquities.

To the occupation of his time, by taking pupils in College, we are to attribute, about this period, the loss of two works by our critic, of considerable importance; namely, an additional volume of Observations on the best of Spenser's works, and a translation of Apollonius Rhodius; of which, the former was actually commenced. He was, likewise, solicited, at the beginning of 1754, by Colman and Thornton to assist them in the composition of the Connoisseur. "He declined," says Dr. Huntingford in a communication to Mr. Mant, "being a principal conductor; but he occasionally favoured their work, as he did the Adventurer and the World, with gratuitous assistance."† The papers, however, which he contributed to these works, if there be no mistake in the supposition of his having afforded any assistance, are wholly unknown.

* Disquisitions, p. 168, 169.

† Mant's Life of Warton, p. 41.

It was at this era of his life also that he printed, though anonymously and without any date, two small duodecimos which evince his taste both for antiquarian lore, and genuine humour, a combination not frequently to be detected. The first is entitled "A Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester, &c." and the second, "A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion; being a complete supplement to all the accounts of Oxford hitherto published;" a *jeu d'esprit* in which the burlesque is admirably supported, and the satire of the most playful and good-humoured kind.

In the year 1757, Mr. Warton was elected Professor of Poetry, in the University of Oxford, for the customary term of ten years; an office, the duties of which he discharged with great credit to himself, and great utility to his pupils. The lectures which he delivered from the chair, if we may judge of them from the only one that has been published, and which is prefixed to his edition of Theocritus, under the title "De Poesi Bucolica Græcorum Dissertatio," would be highly acceptable to the public. He contributed this year some notes to his friend Johnson's edition of Shakspeare; and in 1758 and 1759 three essays

to the Idler. In 1758 also he printed, but without his name, his Latin "Delectus," and began his edition of Theocritus.

He appeared before the world as a biographer in the year 1760, by the contribution of the Life of Sir Thomas Pope to the Biographia Britannica, an attempt which was followed in 1761 by the life and literary remains of Dr. Bathurst. To these efforts he was induced by the love which he bore his college; the former of these personages being its founder, and the latter its principal benefactor. It was impossible, perhaps, to throw much interest round the biography of characters not much celebrated either for active or literary exertion; but what was to be effected he has obtained, by amusing anecdote and collateral disquisition.

As a kind of companion to his "Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum Delectus," he published in 1766 an edition of Cephalas's Anthology, with an elegant Latin Preface; towards the conclusion of which he mentions his being ardently employed on his intended edition of Theocritus; *proxime sequeter, cui nunc omnes operas et vires intendo, Theocritus.*

On the seventh of December 1767 he took his degree of B. D. and in 1770 appeared in two

splendid volumes, 4to, his long-promised edition of Theocritus. To this unrivalled pastoral poet Mr. Warton was peculiarly attached; and, as it was his wish, on accepting the office of Poetry-Professor, to present the University with an edition of a Greek classic, he naturally fixed upon his favourite; a choice to which he was still further stimulated, by the bequest to the Bodleian Library, at that time, of many valuable manuscripts relative to his author. This edition, in which he was assisted by several of his learned contemporaries, has been, in general, highly estimated.

In 1771 our author was elected a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society; and in the October of the same year he was presented by George Henry Earl of Lichfield to the living of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire. He had now commenced his great work upon English Poetry; and in the year 1774 appeared the first volume, in quarto, under the following title: "The History of English Poetry, from the close of the eleventh to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed two Dissertations: 1. On the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe; 2. On the Introduction of Learning into England." This laborious undertaking he continued by the publication of a second volume in 1778, and by a third

in 1781; to which last he prefixed a "Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum."

It had been the intention of the Historian to have completed his plan in the compass of three volumes, 4to; but his materials growing upon him as he proceeded, the close of the third volume brought the reader no further than to the commencement of the Reign of Elizabeth, and is employed in sketching a general view and character of the poetry of her age. In 1785, however, the literary world was high in hope that the author would soon put a finishing hand to his interesting labours; for in the edition of Milton's Juvenilia which he that year presented to the public, he issued the welcome intelligence that "speedily will be published the fourth and last volume of the History of English Poetry." Five years, however, elapsed between this period and his death, and yet the public expectation remained unfulfilled. Perhaps no defalcation in literary promise has ever been more regretted than this failure of Warton. At least to the lovers of English poetry it was an almost irreparable loss; for where could they hope again to find such indefatigable research, accompanied with an equal share of similar fancy, taste, and elegance.

It appears, indeed, that the fourth volume had

been begun, and that eleven sheets of it had been actually printed; but of the manuscript part, which report had affirmed to have been considerable, there is reason to apprehend either the non-existence or the entire loss. The printed portion, which, most probably, will be adopted, as far as it goes, by some future continuator,* is occupied by the consideration of the satirical poets of the Elizabethan era; and from the opening of the fragment, which is given by Mr. Mant in his Memoirs, we find it to have been the design of the author to have arranged the poetry of this period under five classes, *Satire, Sonnet, Pastoral,* and *Miscellaneous*; *Spenser standing alone, without a class and without a rival.*

The idea of writing a History of English Poetry seems to have originated with Pope, who, attached to painting, and accustomed to the classification of its professors under their respective schools, endeavoured to introduce into Poetry a similar arrangement. The following table presents, if we may depend upon the authority of Ruffhead, the scheme which he had drawn out.

* I am happy to learn, from the literary intelligence of the day, that *Mr. Park* is engaged to fill up the *hiatus* between the close of Warton's third volume and the era of Pope. Much may be expected from such a choice!

ÆRA 1.

Rymer, 2d part, page 65, 66,
Petrarch 78. Catal. of Pro
(Poets.)

1 School of Provence.
- Chaucer's Visions, Romaunt Rose,
- Pierce Plowman, Tales from B
- Gower.

2 School of Chaucer.
- Lydgate,
- T. Occleve,
- Walt. de Mapes,
- Shelton.

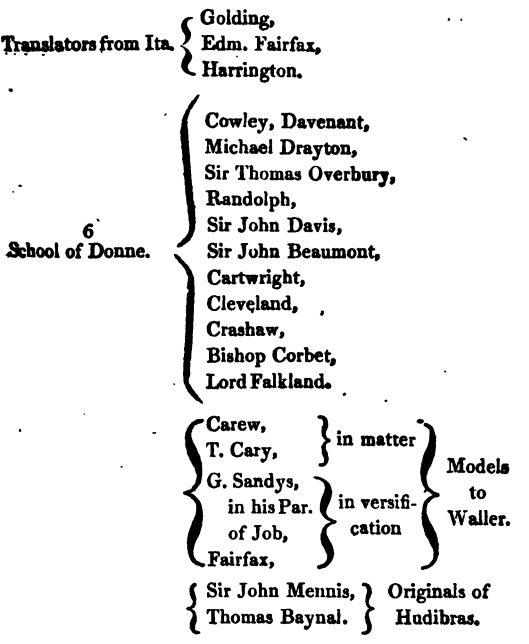
3 School of Petrarch.
- E. of Surry,
- Sir Thomas Wyat,
- Sir Philip Sydney,
- G. Gascoyn, Translator of *A* Com.

4 School of Dante.
- Mirror of Magistrates,
- Lord Buckhurst's Induction,
- Original of good Tragedy,
- Seneca (his model.)

ÆRA 2.

Spenser, Col. Clout, from the of Ariosto and Petrarch, ted from Tasso.

5 School of Spenser and from Italian Sonnets.
- W. Browne's Pastorals,
- Phineas Fletcher's Purple Alabaster,
- Piscatory Ec.
- S. Daniel,
- Sir Walter Raleigh,
- Milton's Juvenilia, Heath, Hal



With this scheme Gray was so much pleased, that, under the promise of assistance from his friend Mason, he began seriously to meditate a History of English Poetry; and so far advanced, indeed, as to have made many elaborate disquisitions for the purpose, into the origin of rhyme and metre, and to have executed also, for the same

end, his admirable imitations of Norse and
poetry. Deterred, however, from the pros
of the design, by the labour and research
ing it, and learning, likewise, that Mr.
had engaged in a similar work, he kindly c
nicated, at the request of our author,
provements which he had made on the
Pope. His letter to Warton, a literary
of much value, is thus preserved in the
man's Magazine for 1783.

" Sir,

" Our friend, Dr. Hurd, having long
sired me in your name to communic
fragments, or sketches, of a design, I once
give a History of English Poetry, you m
think me rude or negligent, when you
hesitating for so many months, before I c
with your request. And yet, believe me,
your friends have been better pleased tha
find this subject, surely neither unenter
nor unuseful, had fallen into hands so like
it justice; few have felt a higher esteem f
talents, your taste and industry. In tru
only cause of my delay has been a sort
dence, that would not let me send you an
so short, so slight, and so imperfect, as t
materials I had begun to collect, or the o
tions I had made on them. A sketch of

sion or arrangement of the subject, however, I venture to transcribe; and would wish to know, whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan. For I am told your first volume is in the press.

"INTRODUCTION.

"On the Poetry of the Galic, or Celtic, nations as far back as it can be traced.—On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration.—On the Origin of Rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account of the Latin rhyming Poetry, from its early origin down to the fifteenth century.

"PART I.

"On the school of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poetry, or Romances in verse, Allegories, Fabliaux, Syrvientes, Comedies, Farces, Canzoni, Sonnets, Balades, Madrigals, Sestines, &c. of their imitators the French; and of the first Italian school, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others.—State of Poetry in England from the Conquest, 1066, or rather from Henry

the Second's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward the Third, 1327.

"PART II.

"On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians, into our country; his character and merits at large: the different kinds in which he excelled. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

"PART III.

"Second Italian school, of Ariosto, Tasso, &c. an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric Poetry of this and the former age, introduced from Italy by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan, Lord Vaulx, &c. in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

"PART IV.

"Spenser, his character: subject of his poem, allegoric and romantic, of Provençal invention; but his manner of tracing it borrowed from the second Italian school.—Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. This school ends in Milton.—A third Italian school, full of conceit, begun in Queen Elizabeth's reign, conti-

nued under James and Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleveland, carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

"PART V.

"School of France, introduced after the Restoration—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope,—which has continued to our own times.

"You will observe that my idea was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper of Pope, of which I believe you have a copy. You will also see I had excluded Dramatic Poetry entirely; which if you have taken in, it will at least double the bulk and labour of your book. I am, Sir, with great esteem,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

Pembroke Hall, Apr. 15th, 1770. "Thomas Gray."

Another attempt has been very lately made to illustrate the annals of our poetry by a division into schools; it is from the pen of Dr. Sayers, who constitutes eight eras; thus, the *Anglo-Saxon school*, commencing with the poet Cædmon; the *Pure Norman school*, commencing with the reign of Henry the First; the *Anglo-Norman school*, commencing with the poet Lazamon; the *English school*, commencing with Chaucer; the *Italian school*, commencing with Spenser; the *French school*, commencing with Dryden; the *Greek*

school, commencing with Collins and Gray; and the *German school* of the present period.*

Warton, however, uninfluenced by the example of Pope and Gray, determined, after mature consideration, to adopt the chronological plan, and, in so doing, he has probably consulted both the entertainment and information of his readers. At least, the arguments which he has brought forward in vindication of his choice, appear to convey the strongest conviction. "To confess the real truth," says he, "upon examination and experiment, I soon discovered their mode (Pope's and Gray's) of treating my subject, plausible as it is, and brilliant in theory, to be attended with difficulties and inconveniencies, and productive of embarrassment both to the reader and the writer. Like other ingenious systems, it sacrifices much useful intelligence to the observance of arrangement; and in the place of that satisfaction, which results from a clearness and a fullness of information, seemed only to substitute the merit of disposition, and the praise of contrivance. The constraint, imposed by a mechanical attention to this distribution, appeared to me to destroy that free exertion of research, with which such a history ought to be executed, and not easily reconcileable

* Disquisitions, p. 149, &c.

with that complication, variety, and extent of materials, which it ought to comprehend.

"The method I have pursued, on one account at least, seems preferable to all others. My performance, in its present form, exhibits without transposition the gradual improvements of our poetry, at the same time that it uniformly represents the progression of our language."*

To expect, in a work so multifarious and so full of research as is the History of English Poetry, that no errors should be discoverable, would be to require more than human ability can effect. The mistakes which were, and are still capable of being, detected in this laborious production, will, by every candid mind, be referred to its true cause, the necessary imperfection of intellect, however acute. With all its faults, indeed, I hesitate not to declare it, the most curious, valuable, and interesting Literary History which this country possesses. With the diligence, judgment, and sagacity of the antiquary, the critic, and the historian, are very frequently mingled the fire and fancy of the poet; and through the whole are every where profusely scattered the most indubitable traces of genuine taste and genius.

For the illustration of ancient manners and

* History of English Poetry, vol. 1. 2d edition—Preface, p. 8.

customs, which forms so striking a feature in the History of English Poetry, Mr. Warton was, in no trifling degree, indebted to his frequent residence at Winchester. Here, during his long vacations, he spent his time with his brother, and here it was that he composed the greater part of his History, acquiring much information, with regard to antique usages and institutions, from the records preserved in the College, Church, and City of Winchester. It was in the shades of Winton also that he completed three works for the press which still remain in manuscript. The first, a *History of St. Elizabeth's College*, which formerly stood in a meadow near Winchester; the second, relates Dr. Sturges, "an elaborate and very curious work on St. Mary's Chapel in the Cathedral, quite prepared for the press; which I have seen by favour of my friend Dr. Warton;" and the third is thus mentioned in two letters of our author to Mr. Price.

"Winton, Sept. 22, 1778.

"I have borrowed from the muniment house of this college a most curious roll of W. Wykeham's house-keeping expences for the year 1394. It is 100 feet long and 12 broad, and really the most venerable and valuable record I have ever seen of this kind. I am making an abstract of it, which I believe I shall publish."

Winton, Sept. 18, 1784.

"I will bring with me Wykeham's *Rotulus Hospicii*, which you will like to see, and where some of the abbreviations are too tough for me. I am ready for publication, when they are got over. But else I shall leave them as I find them. It will be more than a *merely curious* work."*

In the year 1782, an additional piece of preferment, the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire, was given to Mr. Warton by his College; and he was, likewise, this year elected a member of the Literary Club, with many of the individuals of which he was intimately acquainted. His pen was also at this period actively employed; in May, 1782, he published his Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window; shortly afterwards, "An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley;" and towards the close of the same year, a "History of Kiddington," intended as a specimen of a parochial History of Oxfordshire.

Further honours awaited him in 1785; the Camden Professorship of History in the University of Oxford, on the resignation of Dr. Scott, and the Poet Laureateship, on the death of Mr. William Whitehead, were, during this period, conferred upon him.

* Mant's Memoirs, p. 76, 77.

Never had the office of Poet-Laureate, since the death of Dryden, been filled with equal ability. With the exception of his first official ode, his annual tributes are such as will survive as long as any lyric compositions in the language; in expression, imagery, and poetic fervour, they are not inferior to any thing that he has voluntarily written; and they have the rare merit of celebrating the virtues of the sovereign without compliment or hyperbole, with the noble independent spirit, indeed, of the true patriot and poet.

He was destined, however, like his predecessors of the laurel, to endure the shafts of ridicule and satire; for, soon after the production of his first Birth-day ode, appeared a publication under the title of "Probationary Odes for the Laureateship;" in which the editor, after assigning a fictitious ode to each of the supposed candidates has allotted to the Laureate his own composition as, in his opinion, sufficiently ludicrous for the nature of the work. It must, in justice, be allowed, that the "Probationary Odes" possess a large fund of wit and humour, and, though abounding in personal raillery, are but lightly tinged with malignity. Mr. Warton himself with the good humour incident to his character entered heartily into the spirit of the joke. "The Laureates of our country," remarks Dr. Wa

* have ever been, as Falstaff says, 'the occasion of wit in other men;' but never of more wit than was thrown away on Mr. Thomas Warton, who, of all men, felt the least, and least deserved to feel, the force of the Probationary Odes, written on his appointment to his office, and who always heartily joined in the laugh, and applauded the exquisite wit and humour that appeared in many of those original Satires. But I beg to add, that not one of those ingenious Laughers could have produced such pieces of true poetry as the Crusade, the Grave of King Arthur, the Suicide, and Ode on the Approach of Summer, by this very Laureate."*

The product of the Professorship of History was, we are sorry to say, merely an "Inaugural Lecture;" this, which has been published by Mr. Mant, exhibits so much masterly criticism, in a style of great elegance, on the genius of the Greek and Latin historians, as to excite considerable regret that he did not prosecute the course.

In the year 1785, and just previous to these promotions, he produced his edition of "Milton's Juvenile Poems," the last work of any bulk which he lived to publish.

The great excellence of this edition depends

* Warton's Pope, vol. 6. p. 328.

upon the new line of commentary which it displays. To consult coeval books, to refer the imagery of Milton to its frequent source, traditionary superstition and romantic fable, to explain his allusions, illustrate his beauties, point out his imitations, elucidate his obsolete diction, and ascertain his favourite words and phraseology, were the objects that he had in view. The Commentators who have preceded him, little versed in old English literature, were content to trace their poet in the fields of classic lore, or in the steps of Spenser and Shakspeare, not aware that he was equally conversant with numerous other English poets, contemporaries or predecessors, which have now become scarce, but which are copiously and appositely referred to by Warton, who observes, that, " comparatively, the classical annotator has here but little to do. Doctor Newton, an excellent scholar, was unacquainted with the treasures of the Gothic library.—Milton, at least in these poems, may be reckoned an old English poet; and therefore here requires that illustration, without which no old English poet can be well illustrated."*

Another novel vein of information of the most interesting kind is to be found in the commentary of our author on the *Poemata Latina* of

* Preface to his Milton, p. 24.

Milton. "These pieces," he remarks, "contain several curious circumstances of Milton's early life, situations, friendships, and connections; which are often so transiently or implicitly noticed, as to need examination and enlargement. It also seemed useful to shew, which of the ancient Roman poets were here Milton's models, and how far and in what instances they have been copied. Here a new source of criticism on Milton, and which displays him in a new light and character, was opened."*

It was the intention of Mr. Warton, had he been blessed with longer life, to have continued his labours on our great poet, by commenting on the Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes;† and the materials for this second volume were, I understand, collected and arranged. He had prepared, however, a second edition of the *Juvenilia* for the press, with many alterations and large additions, and which was published the year following his death, under the superintendence of his brother.

The health of Mr. Warton had been uncom-

* Preface, p. 24.

† The notes of Mr. Warton for his second volume, which, on the application of Mr. Dunster to Dr. Warton in 1795, were unfortunately mislaid, are, it has been said, recovered, and in the hands of Mr. Todd, who intends availing himself of them in the next edition of his Milton.

monly good until his sixty-second year, when he was seized with the gout; from which, though he partially recovered after a journey to Bath, the shock to his constitution proved irreparable. Between ten and eleven o'clock on Thursday night, May the 20th, 1790, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, in the common-room of his college, which instantly deprived him of his speech and intellects, and he expired on the following day.

On the twenty-seventh he was interred in the ante-chapel of his college, with the highest honours which the University could confer. A plain marble slab, near the grave of the President Bathurst, thus records his professional and literary vocations.

THOMAS WARTON,
S. T. B. and S. A. S.
Hujus Collegii Socius,
Ecclesiæ de Cuddington
In Com. Oxon. Rector,
Poetices iterum Prælector,
Historices Prælector Camden,
Poeta Laureatus,
Obiit 21. Die Maii,
Anno Domini 1790,
Ætat. 63.

With the following character of Mr. Warton, written by Dr. Huntingford, and communicated to Mr. Mant, I shall close this biographical

sketch of one of the most interesting of our literary ornaments.

" As in the time of his vacation and residence at Winchester he was free from all restraint of academical life, Mr. Warton's real character could no where be better known than at this place.

" Unaffected as he was in all his sentiments and manners, he was pleased with the native simplicity of the young people educated by his brother, and frequently shewed them instances of kind condescension, which endeared him to the community of Winchester scholars.

" It is said, ' Men of genius are melancholy;' *omnes ingeniosus melancholicos.* (Cic. Tusc. Disp. 1. 33.) There certainly was in our Author a serious cast of mind, which makes him speak with particular delight of ' cloysters pale,' of ' the ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles;' of ' the taper'd choir;' and ' sequestered isles of the deep dome;' yet in his general intercourse there was nothing gloomy, but every thing cheerful. Indeed, before the fastidious and disputatious he would sit reserved: but when in company with persons, who themselves were easy in their manners, ' *Nemo unquam urbanitate, nemo lepore, nemo suavitate conditior;*' as Cicero says of C. Julius *(de Cl. Orator.)*: ' No one seasoned his

discourse with more wit, humour, and pleasantry." That he could be facetious we discern in his poems; and the versatility of his genius appears in that variety, by which they are diversified.

"A sense of conscious worth will naturally arise in a mind, which, being itself endowed with superior talents, reflects on its own powers and exertions, and compares them with inferior abilities, and less active endeavours. It is, however, the part of modesty never to let that self-consciousness so operate, as to occasion disgust by an appearance of vanity and presumption. Such modesty was predominant in Mr. Warton; for he was so far from ever making an ostentatious display of his great attainments, that, on the contrary, he would much more frequently conceal than shew them.

"He was fond of seeing and frequenting public sights. Yet those were very much mistaken in their opinion of him, who from this circumstance conceived he was therefore spending his time idly. There have been few men, whose minds were always at work so much as his. He would stand indeed among spectators, and perhaps at first view be engaged for a moment by what was exhibiting: but his thoughts were soon absorbed by some subject of consideration, which was then passing within himself; and those, who were

acquainted with his looks, well knew, when his attention was turned to some literary contemplation.

"His practice was, to rise at a moderate hour; and to read and write much in the course of every day: and this practice he would continue during the greater part of his long vacation; applying himself with a degree of industry, which far exceeded what was generally imagined, and was far more intense than what was exercised by many of those, who in either their ignorance presumed, or in their envy delighted, to depreciate his excellence.

"To the Chapel of the College he punctually resorted on stated days of public service: for, in his own language, he loved

The clear slow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn;

and was strongly attached to the Church of England in all the offices of the Liturgy.

"From the whole of what was known of him at Winchester, through a period of nearly forty years, he is there recollected and beloved as a most amiable man, and considered as one of the chief literary characters of his age: equal to the best scholars in the elegant parts of classical learning; superior to the generality in literature of the modern kind; a Poet of fine fancy and

masculine style; and a Critic of deep information, sound judgment, and correct taste."*

The papers which Mr. Warton contributed to the IDLER are, Nos 33, 93, and 96. The Journal of a Senior Fellow, in the first of these essays, seems to have been intended as merely introductory to some admirable observations on the advantages to be derived, notwithstanding some occasional instances of idleness and luxury, from a college education. It must be acknowledged by every impartial reflector, that, with scarcely an exception, literature, morality, and religion still continue to be cherished and supported with greater vigour and effect in Cambridge and Oxford than elsewhere, whether the numerous other seminaries in our own island, or those of Europe at large, be drawn into comparison. The moral tendencies of the institutions, and the aids and opportunities afforded for study, in these celebrated seats of learning, are such, indeed, as, notwithstanding some partial departure from primæval simplicity, cannot be parallelled in any other quarter of the universe.

N° 93, containing the History of Sam Softly, the Sugar-baker, is said to have been sketched from a character in real life, distantly related to

* Mant's Memoirs, vol. 1. p. 95, 96, 97, 98.

Mr. Warton. It is written with humour, and exposes a somewhat novel species of affectation.

The tale of Hacho, King of Lapland, in N° 96, is a striking and interesting illustration of the debilitating mischiefs arising from a course of luxurious indulgence, especially where empire is to be maintained by personal prowess and exertion. The following passage of this little narrative, which was published in the year 1760, would seem to indicate that the author had not, at that period, embraced his system of the *Arabian Origin of Romantic Fiction:* the rites and religion of Hacho, we must recollect, were those of *Odin*. "Such was his intrepid spirit, that he ventured to pass the Lake *Vether* to the Isle of *Wizards*, where he descended alone into the dreary vault *in which a Magician had been kept bound for six ages, and read the Gothic characters inscribed on his brazen mace.*" Such machinery as the latter part of this quotation exhibits, though common in Scandinavian superstition, has been appealed to in the History of English Poetry, as a proof of the probability of the Arabic system!

JOSHUA REYNOLDS, the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, master of the Grammar-school of

Plympton, in Devonshire, was born in that town on July the 16th, 1723. Mr. Samuel Reynolds had but a slender income, and Joshua was the seventh of eleven children; he had, therefore, no assistance in his education, except what he received from his father, who instructed him in the classics. At an early age he evinced a decided propensity for the art in which he afterwards so greatly excelled, and made several imperfect efforts to delineate the objects with which he was most familiar. These attempts, which were encouraged by his father, were rendered still more frequent by the accidental perusal of "The Jesuit's Perspective," a book of which he made himself so entire a master, that he required no further instructions on the subject for the residue of his life. His love for the art was, however, carried to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the possession of Richardson's "Treatise on Painting;" from which he imbibed a taste for, and admiration of, the genius of Raffaelle, so ardent as to be cherished with unabated fondness, to the end of his life.

To an attachment so strong, his father, who was himself partial to drawing, not only made no opposition, but, perceiving that his addiction to the pursuit continued to increase, he placed him, when at the age of seventeen, under the direction of Mr. Hudson, at that time the most celebrated

portrait painter in the capital. With this gentleman, after remaining a few years, a disagreement occurred, in consequence of which he left him in 1743, and removed to Devonshire, where, it appears, he spent some considerable time in a manner not productive of much improvement in the use of his pencil.

In the year 1746, he returned to the serious prosecution of his art, and was shortly brought into notice and esteem by being employed to paint the portrait of Captain Hamilton, father of the present Marquis of Abercorn. At this period he resided partly in Devonshire, and partly in London, and was fortunate enough to acquire the patronage of Captain, afterwards Lord Keppel, who, on being appointed to a command on the Mediterranean station in 1749, kindly offered him the opportunity of visiting Italy, and gave him every accommodation which his own ship could afford.

That his time was occupied to every possible advantage, while resident in this land of art, his subsequent productions have sufficiently proved. Of his feelings on visiting the Vatican, and while contemplating the immortal creations of Raffaelle, we have a most ingenuous account from his own pen, and which reflects the highest credit on his candour:† Having spent nearly three years in

† Malone's Life of Sir Joshua, p. 14.

surveying and studying the productions of the Italian school, he returned to London in 1752, the most accomplished artist to which this country had hitherto given birth.

A whole-length portrait of his friend, Admiral Keppel, immediately announced to the public his extraordinary powers; and, setting aside, as below competition, the numerous intervening artists, a comparison was instantly drawn between the talents of the new candidate and those of Vandyck. The beauty of the colouring, the grace and spirit of the outline, the characteristic expression of each picture, in which not only the features, but the mind and manner, were embodied, excited the most warm and merited eulogium. A patronage as extensive as his abilities soon followed this display; and Mr. Reynolds attained, and supported to the last with undiminished lustre, an eminence in his art equally unprecedented and unrivalled.

Not long subsequent to his return from the continent he was highly gratified by an introduction to Dr. Johnson, which was productive of a most intimate and permanent friendship. To his acquaintance with this great and good man, indeed, he has candidly ascribed much of that originality and power of thinking so vividly displayed in his Academical Discourses. Among

the fragments of one which he meant to have delivered to the Academy on his own progress, studies, and practice in the art, has been found by Mr. Malone the following acknowledgement of this debt: "I remember," says he, "Mr. Burke, speaking of the Essays of Sir Francis Bacon, said, he thought them the best of his works. Dr. Johnson was of opinion, 'that their excellence and their value consisted in being the observations of a strong mind operating upon life; and in consequence you find there what you seldom find in other books.' It is this kind of excellence which gives a value to the performances of artists also. It is the thoughts expressed in the works of Michael Angelo, Correggio, Raffaelle, Parmegiano, and perhaps some of the old Gothic masters; and not the inventions of Pietro da Cortona, Carlo Maratti, Luca Giordano, and others that I might mention, which we seek after with avidity. From the former we learn to think originally. May I presume to introduce myself on this occasion, and even to mention, as an instance of the truth of what I have remarked, the very Discourses which I have had the honour of delivering from this place. Whatever merit they have, must be imputed, in a great measure, to the education which I may be said to have had under Dr. Johnson. I do not mean to say,

though it certainly would be to the credit of these Discourses, if I could say it with truth, that he contributed even a single sentiment to them; but he qualified my mind to think justly. No man had, like him; the faculty of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking. Perhaps other men might have equal knowledge; but few were so communicative. His great pleasure was, to talk to those who looked up to him. It was here he exhibited his wonderful powers. In mixed company, and frequently in company that *ought* to have looked up to him, many, thinking they had a character for learning to support, considered it as beneath them to enlist in the train of his auditors; and to such persons he certainly did not appear to advantage, being often impetuous and overbearing. The desire of shining in conversation was in him indeed a predominant passion; and if it must be attributed to vanity, let it at the same time be recollected, that it produced that loquaciousness from which his more intimate friends derived considerable advantage. The observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on every thing about us, I applied to our art; with what success, others must judge."*

* Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 3 vols. 8vo. Life prefixed, by Mr. Malone, vol. 1, p. 28, 29, 30, 31.

To this intimacy with Dr. Johnson we are indebted for the three papers which our artist contributed to the Idler in 1759, supposed to be his first literary productions.

The most important event, however, in the life of the object of this sketch took place in 1768, upon the establishment, by his present Majesty, of a ROYAL ACADEMY of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. Something similar had been attempted by the painters of this country in 1750, 1765, and 1767, but jarring interests and jealousy intervening frustrated the expectations of the subscribers. To the weight and dignity attending a Royal Institution, was now added the judicious choice of a President in the person of Mr. Reynolds, who, soon after his nomination, received the honour of knighthood.

The result of this preferment has been, in the highest degree, beneficial to the progress of the Fine Arts in this Island, and has laid the foundation of an English School, which bids fair to rival the most celebrated that Italy has produced. The pen, as well as the pencil, of Sir Joshua was strenuously employed in the service of the institution; for, though not required by the regulations of the Academy to deliver any address to the students, he frequently, at the distribution of the prizes, pronounced a *Discourse* upon some

branch of the art. *Fifteen* of these *Discourses* were presented to the public between January 1769, and December 1790; including, in language equally elegant and correct, more just and original observation and criticism, on Painting and its Professors, than can be obtained from any other work. To these literary efforts he added such numerous performances of the pencil, that between the years 1769 and 1790, he had sent to the Annual Exhibitions of the Academy not less than two hundred and forty-four pictures!

Though the greater part of Sir Joshua's time was dedicated to portrait-painting, a department to which he attached an interest and a charm, not previously thought compatible with its labours, he still found leisure for many historical and miscellaneous pieces, of which a catalogue has been given by Mr. Malone. The distinguished excellence of several of these has occasioned, and not unreasonably, to the lovers of the highest province of the art, much regret, that genius elevated and original as was his, should have been so much devoted to a branch confessedly so inferior as portrait.

The pathos, the expression, and sublimity of design, discoverable in his *Count Ugolino*, his *Holy Family*, his *Cardinal Beaufort*, and *Macbeth*, are such as indicate with what judgment and

effect he had studied the immortal productions of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo. Yet fully to comprehend the fertility and range of his talents, we must recollect that in many of his lighter fancy-pieces, and in the greater number of his portraits, especially those of females and children, he has displayed the grace and sweetness of Correggio combined with the rich and mellow colouring of Titian and Rembrant.

To Sir Joshua as a colourist, however, much objection has been made, on the score of instability; report affirming, that his tints, though at first uncommonly brilliant, have, in a few years, not only very generally lost their former lustre, but have altogether perished. This is, notwithstanding, a statement of much exaggeration; for, though the colours of a portrait may have occasionally faded, by far the greater part of his pictures will be found in the highest preservation; the hues not only unimpaired, but acquiring an additional richness from the hand of time. His failures, which have been so multiplied by calumny, are to be attributed to his very solicitude for improvement; his portraits being sometimes attempts, on an experimental scale, to discover and to rival the Venetian brilliancy of colouring.

In the years 1781 and 1783 our great artist

embraced the opportunity of visiting Holland and Flanders, with the view of contemplating the productions of the Dutch and Flemish Schools, and especially of studying the masterly, and in some respects almost inimitable, pictures of Rubens. How well he availed himself of the advantages to be derived from such a tour, is apparent from the judicious remarks that he had drawn up during these excursions, and which have been published by Mr. Malone; and still more so by the fact that his pictures, between the periods of 1781 and 1789, exhibit "more animation, energy, and brilliancy of colouring, than his former works."*

The pen of Sir Joshua was, about the year 1783, again powerfully employed, in the illustration of his art, by contributing to Mr. Mason's elegant and spirited version of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, a copious and most instructive commentary, from which the student has acquired much information, with regard to the mechanism as well as the theory of painting. Mr. Mason, in his Epistle to Sir Joshua, prefixed to the translation, thus gratefully acknowledges the assistance which he had derived from the taste and judgment of his friend:

* Malone's Life of Reynolds.—Works, vol. 1. p. 73.

Know, when to thee I consecrate the line,
'Tis but to thank thy genius for the ray
Which pours on Fresnoy's rules a fuller day:
Those candid strictures, those reflections new,
Refin'd by taste, yet still as nature true,
Which, blended here with his instructive strains,
Shall bid thy art inherit new domains;
Give her in Albion as in Greece to rule,
And guide (what thou hast form'd) a British School.

The last promotion which awaited Sir Joshua took place in 1784; when, on the death of Mr. Ramsay, he succeeded to his situation as Principal Painter in ordinary to his Majesty.* He had at this period risen to the highest estimation in his art; and so great was the patronage of the public, that the revenue accruing from the labours of his pencil did not amount to less than six or seven thousand per annum.

The health of Sir Joshua had been, with the exception of deafness,† and a slight paralytic affection

* To the dignities and honours which he acquired from the immediate exercise of his art, we have to add, that he held the title of Doctor of Laws in the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, and was a Fellow of the Royal Society, of the Society of Antiquaries, and a Member of the Literary Club.

† "His deafness," relates Mr. Malone, "was originally occasioned by a cold that he caught in the Vatican, by painting for a long time near a stove, by which the damp vapours of that edifice were attracted, and affected his

in 1782, uniformly good; but in July 1789 he was threatened with one of the greatest misfortunes that could occur to a painter, the loss of his sight. His left eye was, in fact, rendered totally useless by the attack; and, in order to preserve the right, he relinquished, though very reluctantly, the exercise of what was to him as much an amusement as an employment—he resolved to paint no more.

Until the latter end of 1791 he continued in vigour and good spirits, partaking cheerfully of social and literary amusements. In the October of this year, however, he was not only affected with a tumour and inflammation of the blind eye, but there was reason to apprehend a more dangerous

head. When in company with only one person, he heard very well, without the aid of a trumpet." Goldsmith, in his imaginary epitaph on Sir Joshua, has pleasantly alluded to his defect of hearing:

Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raffaelles, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

and latent complaint; his strength, his appetite, and his spirits failed; yet his physicians were not able to ascertain the seat of his disorder until within a fortnight of his death, when the symptoms became unequivocally indicative of an enlarged liver, which, after his death, was found to have attained the extraordinary weight of eleven pounds. He bore the melancholy consequences of this disease with exemplary patience and resignation, and expired, at his house in Leicester-Fields, on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-third of February, 1792. He was interred on Saturday the third of March, with the most distinguished national honours, in the vast crypt of the Cathedral of St. Paul, and near the graves of Sir Christopher Wren, and Sir Anthony Vandyck.

In his personal character and manners, Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most pleasing and amiable of men.* Cheerful, modest, unassuming, elegant in his address, accomplished in his education, great and original in his art, and highly respectable in a literary point of view, he was the centre and bond of union of a circle which embraced almost all the worth and talents of the metropolis. Among those who had the

* Dr. Johnson declared him to be "the most invulnerable man he knew; whom, if he should quarrel with him, he should find the most difficulty how to abuse."

happiness of being called his *intimate* friends, he was beloved with an ardour and sincerity which the brilliancy of his talents, the soundness of his understanding, and the sweetness of his temper, rendered permanent and unalloyed.

To his art he was attached with an enthusiasm that was extinguished only with his life, and which, by rendering his daily occupation a pleasure, proved consequently a source of the most durable felicity. "In the fifteen years," says Mr. Malone, in a paragraph which should be indelibly impressed on every mind, "during which I had the pleasure of living with our author on terms of great intimacy and friendship, he appeared to me the happiest man I have ever known. Indeed, he acknowledged to a friend in his last illness, that he had been fortunate and happy beyond the common lot of humanity. The dissipated, the needy, and the industrious, are apt to imagine, that the idle and the rich are the chosen favourites of heaven, and that they alone possess what all mankind are equally anxious to attain: but, supposing always a decent competence, the genuine source of happiness is, virtuous employment, pursued with ardour, and regulated by our own choice. Sir Joshua Reynolds was constantly employed in a lucrative profession, the study and practice of which afforded him inexhaustible

entertainment, and left him not one idle or languid hour."*

The progress which the art of painting has made in this country within the last half century, is to be attributed almost entirely to the pencil and the pen of Sir Joshua Reynolds: which of these, indeed, has contributed most effectually to the establishment of an English School, it would be difficult to decide. Their union, however, has been creative beyond the expectations of the most sanguine; and there is much reason to hope, that the disciples of so great a master, animated by his spirit and example, will support and extend his efforts, and will finally carry the productions and reputation of his school to the highest pitch of celebrity.

The three Essays which Sir Joshua composed for the IDLER are on the subject of painting; namely, *No. 76, on False Criticism on Painting; No. 79, on the Grand Style of Painting;* and *No. 82, on the True Idea of Beauty.* They contain many just observations and precepts, in a style sufficiently easy and correct. To ridicule the cant of connoisseurship, is the principal object of the first of these papers: the second discloses the lofty idea which the author had conceived, and ever retained, of the genius of Michael Angelo,

* Malone's Life of Sir Joshua, vol. 1. p. 85, 86.

whom he justly terms *the Homer of Painting;* and the third is an attempt to establish a general criterion of beauty; a subject full of difficulty, and which, if not very satisfactorily explained in this essay, is yet discussed with no small portion of ingenuity.

BENNET LANGTON, of Langton, in Lincolnshire, descended of an ancient and most respectable family, was one of the best beloved and most intimate of the friends of Dr. Johnson, whose acquaintance he solicited, from an ardent admiration of his Rambler, soon after the conclusion of that work. He was introduced to the Doctor by Mr. Levet, and, as Mr. Boswell relates, "was exceedingly surprized when the sage first appeared. He had not received the smallest intimation of his figure, dress, or manner. From perusing his writings, he fancied he should see a decent, well-drest, in short, a remarkably decorous philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bed-chamber, about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. But his conversation was so rich, so animated, and so forcible, and his

religious and political notions so congenial with those in which Langton had been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration and attachment which he ever preserved." *

Mr. Langton finished his education at Trinity College, Oxford, and was, in 1778, a Captain in the Lincolnshire Militia. During his encampment at Warley, in this year, he was visited by Johnson, who spent a week with him much to his satisfaction, and highly amused by the novelty of the scene.

To the moral and religious character of Mr. Langton, which was in every respect great and unexceptionable, Johnson has borne the noblest and the warmest testimony. Speaking of him to Mr. Boswell in 1777, he thus expresses himself: "The earth does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton;" † and in 1784, after conversing on death, and its awful consequences, he exclaimed, "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not. Sir, I could almost say, *Sit anima mea cum Langtono.*" ‡ The Doctor's affection for Mr. Langton was strongly exhibited on his death-bed; when, turning to him, he tenderly said, *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.* §

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. 1. p. 211.
† Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. 3. p. 175.
‡ Vol. 4. p. 294. § Vol. 4. p. 435.

This good man died on December the 18th, 1801. He was the contributor of one essay to the IDLER, N° 67, containing a *Scholar's Journal*. The object of this paper, which is written with a considerable portion of spirit and humour, is, to shew how impracticable it frequently proves, to adhere to a prescribed plan of study, independent of circumstances and inclination; and that it would be often better to pursue the literary attraction of the hour, provided it be not trifling or vicious, than to toil reluctantly, at a fixed period, over what presents to the imagination nothing but the image of compulsory labour. This advice, though it may occasionally be followed with advantage, is rather too favourable to indolence to be inculcated on a broad scale. Desultory study was one of the failings of Johnson; and I rather imagine, that Mr. Langton intended his paper to convey some indirect and ironical strictures on the practice of his friend.

PART IV.

ESSAY I.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PERIODICAL PAPERS WHICH WERE WRITTEN DURING AND BETWEEN THE PUBLICATION OF THE RAMBLER, ADVENTURER, AND IDLER.

IT will be the business of this Essay to enumerate the various Periodical Papers which were commenced between the *first* number of the Rambler and the last of the Idler; that is, between March the 20th, 1750, and April the 5th, 1760; a period in which, though embracing little more than *ten* years, not less than *twenty* papers, independent of the Johnsonian essays, had been candidates for public favour.

Among these will be found the *World* and the *Connoisseur;* the authors of which have had the honour, and perhaps justly, of ranking with the few who have obtained the appellation of *British Classical Essayists.* The *World* therefore, and the *Connoisseur*, will very properly demand a greater

share of attention than can be allotted to less successful attempts. The notices, however, both biographical and critical will be, as much as possible, in proportion to the merits and reputation of each work; and, as usual, it is intended that the papers of a political stamp shall, as less permanently interesting, occupy the smallest portion of our time.

1. THE INSPECTOR. This work was written by Sir John Hill, one of the most extraordinary characters of the eighteenth century. He was the son of a clergyman, and born, either at Peterborough or Spalding, about the year 1716. He was educated for the profession of medicine, and at first practised as an Apothecary in St. Martin's Lane, London; but, marrying imprudently in a pecuniary light, he found pharmacy alone not sufficiently lucrative, and possessing some botanical knowledge, he endeavoured to render it a source of emolument. He was fortunate enough to obtain, in this line, the patronage of the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Petre, who not only employed him in the care and arrangement of their own botanical gardens, but assisted him in the execution of a plan which he had formed, for collecting rare and valuable plants in various districts of the kingdom, of which he afterwards printed a catalogue by subscription. In a short

time, however, although industry was not wanting on his part, this occupation turned out as unproductive as the former, and, in an evil hour, he directed his attention to the stage, in the double capacity of actor and author. The attempts which he made in the first of these departments, at the Haymarket and Covent Garden, subjected him to much ridicule; nor were his literary efforts for the Theatre more successful; his farces, for he attempted nothing higher, were perfectly contemptible, and drew from Garrick the following poignant epigram:

> For physic and farces his equal there scarce is;
> His farces are physic, his physic a farce is:

and Churchill in his Rosciad has not spared him:

> With sleek appearance and with ambling pace,
> And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
> The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea,—
> 'Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me.'—
> For who, like him, his various powers could call
> Into so many shapes and shine in all?
> Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
> Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?
> Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
> At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?

Driven with disgrace from his assumption of the sock and buskin, he re-applied with undiminished ardour to pharmacy and natural his-

tory, provinces which ultimately filled his coffers, and enabled him to figure in a splendid, if not a very respectable light.

His first publication on returning to his professional studies was a translation, in 1746, from the Greek of Theophrastus, "On Gems;" which, being executed with ability, procured him several friends, among whom were Martin Folkes, and Henry Baker, Esquires, members of the Royal Society, and of distinguished celebrity in the philosophical world.

From this period to the year 1774 he produced an astonishing number of works, on subjects connected with natural history, and many of them of considerable bulk. The following catalogue, though by no means complete, will serve to shew, in a small compass, the fertility and indefatigable industry of this eccentric writer.

1, History of the Materia Medica, 4to. 2, Essays in natural history and philosophy, 8vo. 3, A General History of Nature, 3 vols. folio. 4, Supplement to Chambers's Dictionary, folio. 5, The British Herbal, folio. 6, Eden, or a complete Body of Gardening, folio. 7, On the Sleep of Plants, 12mo. 8, On the Nerves, 8vo. 9, The Family Practice of Physic, 8vo. 10, Outlines of a System of Vegetable Generation, 8vo. 11, On the Origin and Production of Proliferous

Flowers, 8vo. 12, Exotic Botany, folio. 13, Flora Britannica, 8vo. 14, The Vegetable System, twenty-six vols. folio. 15, Hortus Kewensis, 8vo. 16, Herbarium Britannicum, 2 vols. 8vo. 17, On the Construction of Timber, folio. 18, On the Origin and Nature of Spar, 8vo. 19, On a New Mineral Acid, 8vo. 20, Horti Malabarici, Pars Prima, 4to.

It cannot be denied, that, in many of these volumes, a considerable fund of information, especially on Botany, was communicated to the public; and though the mode in which it was conveyed was generally slovenly, and sometimes inaccurate and unscientific, our author must be allowed the merit of having greatly contributed to diffuse through the island a taste for natural history.

Had the prudence and temper of Hill been equal to his industry, his character with his contemporaries, and with posterity, would have been highly esteemed; but no sooner had he acquired a portion of affluence from his practice, and the sale of his numerous publications, than he exhibited himself as vain, presuming, and vindictive. Throwing off the decorum which, as a philosopher and physician, (for he had obtained a Degree from St. Andrew's) it was incumbent upon him to preserve, he launched out into the gay world, was

present at every place of amusement, and by his equipage, dress, conversation, and manners, aspired to the reputation of a man of fashion and intrigue. Not content, likewise, with the employment of his pen on scientific subjects, he commenced a writer of pamphlets, magazines, and novels,* which were, in general, the vehicles of scurrility and abuse. By folly such as this, he so debased his character, that when he became a candidate for admission into the Royal Society, his conduct, in the opinion of that learned body, had rendered him ineligible as a member. Indignant at this rejection, he immediately published "A Review of the Works of the Royal Society," 4to; in which he has attempted, and sometimes with success, to place their Transactions in a ludicrous light. The attack, however, so far from being prejudicial to these associated philosophers, was of essential service, by rendering them more select in their choice of papers for the press.

The usual consequence of indecent and indiscriminate satire awaited our author; for a time the profits arising from his pen were so great as, sometimes, to amount to 1500l. per annum; but,

* He was the author of the "British Magazine," and of the "Adventures of Loveill," the "History of Lady Frail," the "Adventures of George Edwards, a Creole," &c. &c.

at length, his licentious liberties involved him in such frequent controversies and quarrels, that he lost all estimation with the public, and consequently with the booksellers. In his paper wars with Smart, Woodward, Fielding, Murphy, &c. he incurred nothing but obloquy and disgrace, and it became necessary to look out for another source of income.

Fertile in expedients, and not delicate in his choice of means, he immediately entered on a novel and very lucrative course of empyricism. He published a variety of octavo pamphlets on the virtues of valerian, honey, sage, centaury, bardana, &c. announcing for sale essences, balsams, and tinctures of the articles which he had recommended; and with such success, that his revenue from this species of quackery exceeded even what he had derived from literary labour. He had been early, indeed, distinguished for a propensity to empyrical practice, and in the year 1752 he is mentioned by Mr. Murphy, in a parody on Dryden, as the successful rival of Dr. Rock.

> Three great wise Men, in the same æra born,
> Britannia's happy island did adorn:
> *Henley* in Cure of Souls display'd his skill,
> *Rock* shone in Physic, and in both *John Hill*:
> The force of *Nature* could no further go,
> To make a Third she join'd the former Two.

Towards the close of his life fortune smiled upon our adventurer with more permanency than the employment of his literary talents merited. Shortly after the advertisement of his first empyrical preparation, the place of superintendant of the royal gardens at Kew, accompanied by a very liberal salary, was given him by Lord Bute, under whose patronage he was likewise enabled to prosecute his splendid publication, called "The Vegetable System." To this establishment was added, about two years previous to his decease, a title from the King of Sweden, by whom, on receiving a present from the author of his botanical works, he was created a knight of the Polar Star.

After a life of more notoriety than respectability, Sir John died, in consequence of an attack of the gout, in November 1775.

The *Inspector*, the best of the miscellaneous writings of Hill, was originally published in the London Daily Advertiser. It commenced in the month of March 1751, and was continued regularly every morning for about two years. It is a striking proof of the unwearied assiduity of Hill, that, occupied as he was in writing voluminous productions on natural history, he could find time for the composition of a miscellaneous paper, which he agreed to publish *daily*, and which he executed without the smallest assistance.

To supply subject matter, however, for this perpetual demand, he hesitated not to introduce a large portion of scandal and virulent satire, which not only subjected him to literary retaliation, but even to corporal chastisement; having been caned, for one of his "Inspectors," in the public gardens of Ranelagh.

So conscious was he, indeed, of the worthlessness and indecorum of a large part of his essays, that in the year 1753 he printed a selection from them, in two volumes duodecimo, omitting, as he says in the Advertisement prefixed, all those "written on occasional subjects," and "also a number of others, for reasons not less obvious."

Under this form the *Inspector* includes one hundred and fifty-two numbers; many of which are written with vivacity, and a few exhibit traits of humour, character, and imagination. The most useful and interesting papers in the work are devoted to subjects of natural history, especially to microscopical observations on insects, fossils, &c. The style of this periodical paper, as might be expected from the hasty manner in which it was usually written, is often loose and slovenly, and frequently ungrammatical.*

* I must, in justice, add, that many of the poems on Natural History are written with an uncommon flow of

2. THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.—To *Henry Fielding* the Novellist we are indebted for this paper, written at a time when his health was irreparably injured, and within little more than two years of his death. It was begun in January 1752, and continued twice a week, on Tuesday and Saturday, for a twelvemonth. The folio copy, or first edition, I have not been able to obtain; and my acquaintance with these essays is derived from the edition of Fielding's Works published 1775 in twelve volumes duodecimo; the last volume of which contains not the Journal at large, but a selection from it, beginning with N° 3, dated January 11th, and terminating with N° 61, dated August 29th. Many, however, of the intervening papers are omitted, and the whole preserved in this edition amounts but to twenty-six numbers.

The *Covent-Garden Journal* was carried on under the name of "Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knt. Censor of Great-Britain," and, from the strictures of contemporary journalists, we have reason to suppose, was sufficiently correspondent with the appellation of its supposed author, being adequately seasoned with satire and personal censure. Hill, at least, in one of his Inspectors, complains bitterly of the conduct and abuse of Fielding in his assumed character of Drawcansir. "The author of Amelia," says he, "whom I have

only once seen, told me, at that accidental meeting, he held the present set of writers in the utmost contempt, and that in his new character of Drawcansir he should treat them in a most unmerciful manner. He assured me, with great civility, that he had always excepted me from the general censure; and after honouring me with some encomiums which, as I neither desired nor deserved, I shall not repeat, told me, he hoped we should always be upon good terms. From this he proceeded to mention a conduct which would be, he said, useful to both: this was the amusing our readers with a mock fight; giving blows that would not hurt, and sharing the advantage in silence.

"I hold the Public in too great respect, to trifle with it in so disingenuous a manner; and hope I shall always retain a better sense of the obligations I have to it, than to return them with such an insolent deceit. I told him, that had he published his Paper (the Covent-Garden Journal) ever so long without mentioning mine, it would never have appeared from me that any such thing had an existence; but, as he has made what he imagines a very formidable attack upon me in his last Paper, it may be understood as a concession if I am silent." *

* Inspector, N° 128.

The Papers *Selected* from the Covent-Garden Journal are altogether of the humorous kind, and several of them possess much sarcasm and point. They are such indeed, notwithstanding some occasional coarseness, as will not, either in a moral or literary light, injure the character of Fielding in the public mind.

3. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. *Arthur Murphy, Esq.* the author of this series of Essays, was born, at Cork in Ireland, in the year 1727. He was descended from a very respectable family, and was educated at the College of St. Omer, where he acquired a more than common degree of proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages. He returned to his native country at the age of eighteen, and was soon after sent to England, in order to acquire, under the direction of a near relation, a knowledge of mercantile pursuits.

The love of literature, however, especially of dramatic literature, soon turned the talents of young Murphy into a different direction. His entrance into the Literary World commenced at the early age of twenty-one, by the production of his "Gray's-Inn Journal," a paper which, as he was accustomed to say, "he had the impudence to write during the time that Johnson was publishing his Rambler." He afterwards adapted this mode of composition to political subjects.

The circumstances which first drew his attention to the tragic Muse reflect great honour on his character; he had become a security for his brother, who had sailed for the West Indies, to the amount of five hundred pounds; and on his death, which soon followed, from the insalubrity of the climate, he brought forward his first tragedy, entitled "The Orphan of China," with the view of liquidating the obligation; the attempt was successful, and from the profits of this play he discharged the debt.

From this time he became a fertile and very fortunate writer for the Theatre, producing during the course of his life not less than twenty-two dramatic pieces; of which many, such as the play that we have mentioned, the "Grecian Daughter," and the "Rival Sisters," tragedies, "All in the Wrong," "The Way to keep Him," and "Know Your Own Mind," comedies, the "Citizen," the "Apprentice," the "Upholsterer," the "Old Maid," and "Three Weeks after Marriage," farces, are much and deservedly esteemed.

Not content, however, with writing for the Stage, he unluckily cherished the ambition of figuring as an actor; a profession for which, although correct in his judgment and conception of character, Nature had not adapted him, either in person or manner. His failure, particularly in the part of Othello, subjected him to the coarse

and illiberal invective of Churchill, who, stimulated by party rancour, has, in his Rosciad, attempted to depreciate talents greatly superior to his own.

On relinquishing this pursuit he applied himself to the study of the Law; but was refused admission, both at the Temple and Gray's-Inn, merely on account of his former connection with the Stage. At Lincoln's-Inn he met with a more liberal reception; he was there admitted to the Bar, and occasionally, during the residue of his life, practised as a Barrister. He was likewise a Commissioner of Bankrupts at Guildhall.

To his celebrity as an Essayist and Dramatic Poet, we have now to add the reputation which he has acquired as a Biographer and Translator. In the year 1762 he published a very ample and interesting "Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding," prefixed to an edition of that author's works; in the year 1792 he produced, in a style and manner still superior, "An Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson;" and, a few years before his death, in 1801, he presented to the world a "Life of Garrick." In his capacity of biographer and editor of Dr. Johnson and his works, he has exhibited much judgment and taste, in union with an extensive knowledge of human life and manners.

If proof were wanting of the high classical attainments of our author, they would be satisfactorily found in his elegant and elaborate versions, both in verse and prose. Among his poetical efforts, in this department, his Imitation of the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, entitled "Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-one," and his Latin versions of Pope's temple of Fame, and Gray's Elegy, stand conspicuous for their beauty, taste, and spirit. About the year 1767, he gave to the public a well executed version of the Belisarius of Marmontel; in 1793, he produced a translation of Tacitus, in four volumes quarto; and a version of Sallust, which he had prepared for the press, has been printed, since his death, in octavo.

The attempt to naturalize the works of Tacitus has been justly considered, by the best scholars, as an achievement of great difficulty; and if Mr. Murphy has not altogether succeeded in preserving the style and manner of his author, which, terse and condensed as they are, are scarcely susceptible of transfusion, he has, however, presented the English reader with a faithful though a rather paraphrastic interpretation of a most useful and masterly historian, at the same time supplying many of the chasms which time had effected in the original.

The reader will learn with pleasure that his Majesty, with his usual munificence towards worth and genius, conferred upon Mr. Murphy, during the last three years of his life, an annual pension of two hundred pounds, which enabled him, without doubt, to enjoy the comforts due to his age and services.

Mr. Murphy died, at his apartments in Brompton-row, on June 18th, 1805, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was a most affectionate son and brother, and his manners and general conduct were pleasing, conciliating, and kind. He was the intimate associate of Johnson and Garrick, and maintained, indeed, a friendly intercourse with nearly all the first-rate literary characters of his time.

The *Gray's-Inn Journal* began its career on Saturday, October the 21st, 1752, and was continued, on the same day weekly, for two years; the 104th and last number being dated October 12th, 1754. Each paper is divided into two darts; the first containing an essay on some miscellaneous subject; and the second, under the appellation of "True Intelligence," including many ironical and humorous strictures on the various occurrences of human life. The whole was published under the assumed name of Charles Ranger, Esq. who, in imitation of the Spectator, in-

troduces himself as the member of a "Club of Originals," yet without making much use of this fictitious assemblage.

In humour, invention, and variety, the Gray's-Inn Journal is often superior to the contemporary papers of Hill and Fielding; but the early numbers are too much occupied by an useless contest with the author of the Inspector; and there is, throughout, a too copious infusion of local and temporary matter. The periodical circulation of this Journal was not inconsiderable; and in the year 1756 it was republished in two volumes 12mo, and dedicated by the author to the Honourable Robert Nugent.

4. THE PROTESTER. A miscellaneous paper, written by Mr. James Ralph, author of The Remembrancer, and published in the year 1753. It occupies one volume 8vo, but is of too little value to be entitled to more than bare notice.

5. THE WORLD. The tone and character of this production are, in many respects, essentially different from any preceding periodical paper. Relinquishing all claim to serious admonition, critical discussion, or that solemn and dignified morality which characterizes the *Rambler* and *Adventurer*, and is frequently found in the lucubrations of the *Spectator*, the authors of the *World* have confined themselves almost entirely

to ridicule and irony, as, in their opinion, best adapted to correct the follies of a dissipated age. The greater vices, therefore, which have called forth the indignant strictures of the sterner moralist, are either purposely omitted in this work, or introduced as the objects of merely sarcastic raillery.

The defence of this plan, which is certainly conducted throughout the *World* with distinguished ability, has been given to Mr. Cambridge, who, in the hundred and fourth number, has entered upon it with much spirit, weighing, though with some partiality, the advantages and disadvantages of the mode of writing which he and his associates had adopted.

"Papers of pleasantry," he remarks, "enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use than the finest writing and most virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having delight in any thing serious; but I cannot help observing, that the demand for moral essays (and the present times have produced many excellent ones) has of late fallen very short of their acknowledged merits.

"The world has always considered amusement to be the principal end of a public paper: and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that

some useful moral be inculcated, yet unless he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compositions will be useless; his readers will sleep over his unenlivened instruction, or be disgusted at his too frequently overhauling old worn-out subjects, and retailing what is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

"*Innocent* mirth and levity are more apparently the province of such an undertaking as this; but whether they are really so or not, while mankind agree to think so, the writer who shall happen to be of a different opinion, must soon find himself obliged either to lay aside his prejudices or his pen. Nor ought it to be supposed in the present times, when every general topic is exhausted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention, than by representing the manners as fast as they change, and enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, lest the habit of levity should tend to the admission of any thing contrary to the design of such a work. To this I can only say, that the greatest care has been taken in the course of these papers to weigh and consider the tendency of every sentiment and expression; and if any thing improper has obtained

a place in them, I can truly assert that it has been only owing to that inadvertency which attends a various publication, and which is so inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may seem to those who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their most particular friends.

"In writings of humour, figures are sometimes used of so delicate a nature, that it shall often happen that some people will see things in a direct contrary sense to what the author and the majority of readers understand them. To such, the most innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedness. But in the misapprehension of this figure, it is not always that the reader is to blame. A great deal of irony may seem very clear to the writer, which may not be so properly managed as to be safely trusted to the various capacities and apprehensions of all sorts of readers. In such cases the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of censure, though in reality nothing can be proved against him but want of judgment."

It appears to me, that in this defence Mr. Cambridge has taken a very erroneous estimate of the nature and scope of periodical composition. To

suppress folly by good-humoured ridicule and satire, is, indeed, one of its legitimate objects; but by no means, as Mr. Cambridge would wish us to believe, the sole effect which it should hold in view. Thus to limit the utility of the periodical essay, is to strip it of half its interest and worth, and to establish an idea of its construction in direct opposition to the best and most successful models. To mingle with the scintillations of wit and humour, the severer lessons of morality and religion, and to combine with these the product of critical taste, and the offspring of imagination, as developed in the literary essay, the oriental tale, or serious domestic narrative, has not only been the practice of the classical predecessors of the *World*, but offers the noblest and most fertile field for excellence.

The assertions, moreover, that "papers of pleasantry, enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use than the finest writing and most virtuous moral," and that "the world has always considered *amusement* to be the principal end of a public paper," experience has flatly contradicted; indeed, the acknowledged inferiority of the *World* to the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, and *Adventurer*, has arisen from this narrow conception of the purposes and execution of periodical writing, and from

the determination to admit into it neither paper of criticism, of serious morality, nor of splendid fiction. The consequence of adhering, with very few exceptions indeed, to this plan, has been, notwithstanding the number of writers, an uniformity of *manner* greater than any other paper of established merit presents; the serious strain of the *Rambler* is varied by essays on elegant literature, and fictions of uncommon beauty and grandeur; but the perpetual vein of irony and ridicule which pervades the World has no relief, and the work fails therefore to establish an interest either in the heart or imagination.

That the adoption of this continued tone of gaiety and levity was, from inattention or mistake, attended with some danger to the reader, we have the confession of the author; and that it was necessary to popularity, at least to any popularity worth acquiring, time has convinced us is a fallacy; for, though the circulation of the *World* in numbers was unprecedentedly great, owing, in a high degree, to the various titled and fashionable names that were known to assist in its composition, it is now, if we except the *Connoisseur*, less read than any of what may be termed the Classical Essayists.

A paper, indeed, *solely* confined to irony and the ridicule of fashionable folly, though suscepti-

ble of much temporary, cannot expect a very durable, fame. The *World*, however, in the line to which it is limited, has undoubtedly much merit; for though exhibiting very little either of pathos, imagination, or critical taste, it is throughout gay and sparkling, and has reproduced, with fresh grace and lustre, the philosophy of Aristippus.

The first number of the *World* was published on Thursday, January the 4th, 1753, and was continued on that day weekly for four years. It contains two hundred and nine numbers, and "A World Extraordinary," written by Mr. Walpole, and terminated on Thursday, December the 30th, 1756. Of each essay two thousand five hundred were printed, and sometimes even a greater number was demanded. It soon underwent a *second* edition, which was thrown into six volumes, the *first* dedicated to Lord Chesterfield, the *second* to the Honourable Horace Walpole, the *third* to Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. the *fourth* to the Earl of Corke, the *fifth* to Soame Jenyns, Esq. and the *sixth* to Mr. Moore. As every subsequent edition, however, has been published in only *four* volumes, the last three dedications are prefixed to the fourth volume.

Previous to entering upon our brief biography of the authors of the *World*, it may be attended with

some convenience to the reader to have t
names, and the number of papers which they
duced, arranged in a tabular form; precede
being given according to the bulk of their
spective contributions.

1. Mr. Edward Moore	61
2. The Earl of Chesterfield	24
3. Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq.	21
4. The Earl of Orford	9
5. Soame Jenyns, Esq.	5
6. J. Tilson, Esq.	5
7. Mr. Edward Lovibond	5
8. The Earl of Corke	4
9. W. Whitehead, Esq.	3
10. Richard Berenger, Esq.	3
11. Sir James Marriott	3
12. Lord Hailes	3
13. The Honourable Hamilton Boyle	2
14. Mr. Parratt	2
15. J. G. Cooper, Esq.	2
16. Rev. Thomas Cole	2
17. The Earl of Bath	1
18. William Duncombe, Esq.	1
19. Rev. John Duncombe	1
20. Mr. Francis Coventrye	1
21. Mr. Robert Dodsley	1
22. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams	1
23. Rev. Dr. William Hayward Roberts	1
24. Mr. Whitaker	1
25. Mr. Thomas Mulso	1
26. Mr. Gataker	1
27. Mr. Herring	1

28. Mr. Moyle 1
29. Mr. Burgess 1
30. Rev. Joseph Warton, D.D. 1
31. Mr. James Ridley 1
32. James Scott, D.D. 1

The essays thus acknowledged amount to one hundred and sixty-nine, while forty-one still remain unclaimed, and unappropriated even by suspicion.

EDWARD MOORE, the projector of the *World*, and the third son of the Rev. Thomas Moore, a dissenting minister of Abingdon, in Berkshire, was born in that town on the 22d of March, 1711-12. Losing his father early in life, he was instructed by his uncle, the Rev. John Moore, and still further improved in his education at a public school.

Though intended for the business of a linen-draper, and actually for some years engaged in that trade, he was happy to relinquish it for employment more congenial to his talents and inclinations. Attached to study, and ambitious of literary reputation, he attempted to engage the attention of the public by a poetic exhibition of his abilities, and, in 1744, produced his "Fables for the Female Sex," which have been allowed a rank only second to those of Gay, and by bring-

ing him forward to advantage, completely effected the end which he had in view.

From this period his progress as an author was undeviating; and as a *poet*, a *dramatist*, and an *essayist*, he continued, through life, to amuse and instruct society.

His first production for the stage was a Comedy, called *The Foundling*, which was brought forward in 1748; but though possessing much ingenuity in the plot, and much vivacity in the dialogue, it was not cordially received; nor was he more successful with his second comedy, under the title of *Gil Blas:* but in the year 1753 he was compensated by the approbation bestowed on his *Gamester*, a tragedy in prose; which, for its moral effect, as well as for the ability shewn in its execution, was welcomed with applause, both on the stage and in the closet.

These dramas, together with his Fables and miscellaneous poems, he republished by subscription in 1756; they form one volume quarto, and are dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle. He did not long survive this collected edition of his works, dying on February 28th, 1757, in consequence of a pulmonary inflammation. Mr. Moore married a Miss Hamilton, the daughter of Mr. Hamilton, table-decker to the princesses, and by her he left one son.

The conduct and the profits of the *World* were allotted to Mr. Moore; and the latter, through the friendship of Lord Lyttelton for the editor, proved no inconsiderable source of emolument. This amiable nobleman, who had been complimented with great elegance and delicacy by our author in his poem called "The Trial of Selim the Persian," finding the morals and manners of Moore unexceptionable, exerted himself in his behalf with much energy and success. Understanding that Dodsley had engaged to pay our essayist three guineas for every number of the World which he should send for publication, whether written by himself or others, he immediately procured for him numerous contributors from the first ranks of nobility and fashion, who not only communicated their assistance without pecuniary reward, but gave such *eclat* to the publication, that it speedily became, as Mr. Duncombe has expressed it, "the bow of Ulysses, in which it was the fashion for men of rank and genius to try their strength.

Of the papers of Moore, which form more than a fourth of the whole work, the characteristic is a grave and well-sustained irony, that not unfrequently displays a considerable share of original humour. The style which he has adopted, if not very correct or elegant, is, however, easy

and perspicuous, and not ill suited to the general nature of his subjects. Among his ludicrous essays I would particularly distinguish Nos. 31 and 186, descriptive of the distresses of a credulous clergyman; No. 115, on the public spirit of advertising Physicians; No. 154, on Female Curiosity; No. 173, on the prevalence of a spirit of Defamation, and No. 176, on a whimsical Respect for Health.

The serious lucubrations of our author are not numerous, and are usually of the narrative species; their moral is uniformly good, and their incidents, in general, well managed. No. 11, Happiness, an Allegory; No. 16, a Scene of Domestic Happiness; No. 52, the Story of Amanda; No. 97, the Story of the Seduction of a Young Lady, and No. 174, on the Folly of Ambition, are among the best of this class; and, though not exhibiting much novelty of plot or force of imagination, agreeably break in upon the too uniform strain of raillery and ridicule which runs through the work.

It is somewhat remarkable, that when the *World* was published in volumes, Mr. Moore actually died while the last number, which details the imaginary death of the author, was passing through the press!

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. To enter, at any length, into the events of the busy life of this celebrated nobleman would, in this place, be totally superfluous. We must, therefore, rest satisfied with a few dates, and with a few observations on his principal productions.

He was born in the year 1694, and, having finished his education in Trinity-hall, Cambridge, he entered upon his travels through the continent. On his return, he commenced his political career as a member of the House of Commons. Succeeding, however, on the death of his father in 1726, to his title and estates, he soon insinuated himself into the particular favour of George the Second, by whom he was made high steward of the household and a knight of the garter. He was advanced to the Lieutenancy of Ireland in 1745, an office which he held for about three years; and, after a life of much celebrity and activity, he expired in the year 1773.

"In public stations," remarks a periodical critic, "Lord Chesterfield's conduct ever met with deserved plaudits; in private life, his brilliant wit, his exquisite humour, and his invariable po-

liteness, rendered him the constant delight of his friends;—and in the tender domestic relations, he was not only irreproachable but exemplary. In fine, a more amiable man scarce ever graced a court, or adorned the peaceful scenes of retirement."*

How much is it to be regretted, that in enumerating the literary labours of Lord Chesterfield, *one* should be found which throws upon a character like this a stain not only deep but indelible!

The works of Lord Chesterfield may be classed as *Poems*, *Letters*, *Political Papers*, and *Periodical Essays*. Of these, the first are merely temporary effusions, the trifles of elegant leisure; the *Letters* form the bulk of our author's works, and are addressed to his natural son, and to his numerous friends; they exhibit much literary merit, and many acute observations on human life and manners; but, singular as it may appear, the tendency of those written to his son, is, but too evidently, to inculcate a system of duplicity and vice! The *Political Papers*, consisting of speeches, letters, pamphlets, characters, &c. though reflecting much credit on his Lordship's sagacity and eloquence, we shall, for obvious reasons, pass over, and hasten to notice what, in our opinion,

* Monthly Review, vol. 57, Old Series, p. 60.

are the most valuable productions of his pen, the *Periodical Essays.*

Lord Chesterfield first appeared as an Essayist in Fog's, originally called Mist's Journal, to which he contributed *three* papers. During the subsequent year (1737) he wrote *seventeen* essays of considerable merit, on subjects connected with manners and taste, for the paper entitled *Common Sense*, and in the year 1743 he composed the first and third numbers of *Old England, or the Constitutional Journal.*

It is in the *World*, however, that he appears to most advantage as a periodical essayist. From his intimacy at this period with the follies and fashions of high life; from his propriety of taste, poignancy of wit, and elegant facility of composition, he was admirably calculated for the office which he undertook; and his papers in the World are, therefore, among the very best of the collection; superior to those which Moore has written, and inferior to none that his coadjutors have produced. Of the rapidity with which his ideas flowed, and of his skill in immediately clothing them in appropriate language, Mr. Maty has recorded a singular instance. In a conversation with General Irwine, at Bath, on one of the latest published Worlds, his Lordship was requested by the General, as one best qualified for the subject,

to devote his next essay in the World to the discrimination of civility and good-breeding. This Lord Chesterfield at first begged leave to decline; but being earnestly pressed to yield, he, at length, complied, and, borrowing the General's ink and paper, immediately produced, without blotting a line, N°. 148, which, from the circumstances attending the composition, was usually distinguished by the title of *General Irwine's* paper.

The consequences which resulted from two of his Lordship's essays, Nos. 100 and 101, we have already related in the Life of Johnson. That, independent of the peculiar purpose which they were meant to answer, they possess considerable merit, cannot be denied; the first is elegantly complimentary, and the second abounds with humour. After years of continued neglect, however, on the part of Lord Chesterfield, Johnson had some reason to be offended at the period chosen for their production.

The important share which Lord Chesterfield took in the *World* had nearly been lost, from the delay that attended the introduction of the first paper which he sent to the publisher; it had been hastily perused, and laid by on account of its length; and had not Lord Lyttelton, by accidentally seeing it at Dodsley's, recognised the handwriting, and informed Moore whence it origi-

nated, no second contribution from this nobleman, to the great injury of the editor and his work, would have followed.

To the sparkling wit and delicate humour which many of the essays of his Lordship so copiously display, great praise is assuredly due; especially as, contrary to the tenor of some of his former writings, their tendency is unexceptionably pure. N° 189, on Decorum, and N° 196, on Passion, are, both in point of style and matter, truly valuable; and, as specimens of broader humour, Nos. 90 and 91, descriptive of a Drinking Club and its Members, will not easily be surpassed: the immediately subsequent number also, may be pointed out as a just and happy moralization of the preceding scenes.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE was born in London in the year 1717, and after the usual education at Eton, was, in 1734, entered as a gentleman commoner of St. John's College, Oxford. In 1737 he became a member of Lincoln's Inn, and in 1741 he was united to Miss Trenchard, grand-daughter of Sir John Trenchard, Secretary of State to King William, a lady of

great beauty, amiable manners, and high accomplishments, with whom he passed a period of full sixty years in the enjoyment of uninterrupted domestic happiness.

On his marriage, he removed to his family seat at Whitminster in Glocestershire, beautifully situated on the banks of the Severn; where, in the cultivation of science and belles lettres, and in the tasteful disposal of his grounds, he employed talents and acquirements of no ordinary kind; for his learning was profound, and his genius versatile and elegant.

About the year 1750 Mr. Cambridge received a considerable addition to an income, already independent, by the death of Mr. Owen; an acquisition which induced him to purchase a villa at Twickenham, in which, for more than thirty years, he continued to live in a style of great hospitality, and was not only the intimate friend of his illustrious neighbour Pope, but of the most distinguished characters of the metropolis, to which, from its vicinity, he was a frequent visitor.

In the year 1751, Mr. Cambridge presented the public with the first fruits of his studies in a mock-heroic poem, entitled, "The Scribleriad," in six books, 4to; a production which, with great felicity, and in a most spirited strain of poetic irony, ridicules the false taste and literature of

the age, and by exposing the follies and mistakes of vain pretenders, contributed to the amelioration of the public judgment.

The reputation which this poem conferred upon our author, as a wit, a scholar and a critic, was still further extended by the part which, in 1753, and the three subsequent years, he took in the composition of the *World*. The following anecdote relative to this paper, which is given on the authority of his son and biographer, will illustrate a striking feature in the character of Mr. Cambridge, namely, his love of repartee, and the brilliancy of his conversational wit. "A note from Mr. Moore," the conductor of the World, "requesting an essay, was put into my father's hands on a Sunday morning as he was going to church; my mother observing him rather inattentive during the sermon, whispered, 'Of what are you thinking?' he replied, '*Of the next World* my dear.'*"

The last work of any considerable size which

* "I cannot help mentioning," continues Mr. Cambridge, "another instance of the same species of pleasantry. In one of his rides late in life, he was met by His Majesty on the declivity of Richmond Hill, who, with his accustomed condescension, stopped and conversed with him; and observing that 'he did not ride so fast as he used to do,' my father replied, '*Sir, I am going down hill.*'" Life prefixed to his Works, 4to. 1803.

Mr. Cambridge produced, was " An Account of the War in India, between the English and French, on the Coast of Coromandel, from the year 1750 to 1760," 4to. This historical publication appeared in 1761, and is valuable for its accuracy and authenticity.

Besides the pieces that we have now enumerated, Mr. Cambridge was the author of a variety of small poems, epigrams, &c. &c. some of which were printed in the sixth volume of Dodsley's Collection. His last jeu d'esprit was a versification of Gibbon's account of his own life, finished with exquisite pleasantry and humour.

To his eighty-third year Mr. Cambridge continued to exercise all his mental faculties in full perfection, and even to this late period he had experienced little of the usual *bodily* infirmities of age. A defect of hearing and of sight, however, now occurred; and at length mere debility and exhaustion, unaccompanied by any symptom of disease, closed his valuable life, on the 17th of September 1802, and in his eighty-sixth year.

For the following character of this amiable man, which, from every account, appears by no means overcharged, we are indebted to a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine. " His various and extensive information," he remarks, " his pure and classical taste, his brilliant yet harmless wit, his

uncommon cheerfulness and vivacity, were acknowledged, during a long series of years, by all who had the happiness of enjoying his society, which was sought for, and highly valued, by many of the most distinguished scholars and statesmen of this country. But his talents and his acquirements make the least part of the praise belonging to him. It is chiefly for the upright manliness and independence of his mind, for his mild and benevolent disposition, his warm and unvaried affection to his family and friends, his kindness to his dependents, and for his firm faith and trust in the Christian religion, which were manifested through life by the practice of every Christian duty, and produced the most exemplary patience under the various infirmities of a tedious decline, that those who were near witnesses of his amiableness and worth will continue to cherish the memory of this excellent man, and to reflect with pleasure on his many virtues."*

Mr. Cambridge's first paper in the World is N° 50, dated December the 13th, 1753, on the various motives for visiting the capital; the immediately subsequent paper, on the multiplicity of acquaintance, is, likewise, his; and from this period he continued a pretty frequent correspondent, having contributed eleven numbers to

* Gentleman's Magazine for October 1802, p. 978.

the second volume, and seven to the third; to the fourth, however, he was much less liberal of assistance, N° 206 in that volume being the only essay of his composition.

For the friendship and literary aid of Mr. Cambridge the editor of the World was indebted to Lord Lyttelton; an obligation certainly of much value; for, though some of his essays betray marks of haste with respect to style, and were, indeed, written, it is said, almost extempore, they are, notwithstanding, rich in an original vein of wit and humour, and exhibit, also, many indications of the classical purity of his taste. Nos. 118 and 119 on Gardening, and its vicissitudes in this island, are peculiarly pleasing; and the second of these papers is a specimen of the delicate and sportive raillery so familiar to our author. Speaking in N° 118 of the prevalence of the Dutch taste in Gardening, he observes, that several of our best writers had early entertained nobler ideas on the subject; and instances Sir William Temple, who, "in his gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleasure on that at More-Park in Hertfordshire; yet after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for use, beauty, and magnificence, he rises to nobler images, and, in a kind of prophetic spirit, points out a higher style, free and unconfined." The passage here

alluded to, is certainly very remarkable; for after Sir William has been lavishing his praise on a species of gardening as formal as the most rigid architecture, he adds, " What I have said, of the best forms of Gardens is meant only of such as are in some sort regular; *for there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for ought I know, have more beauty than any of the others;* but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of Nature in the seat, or some great race of fancy and judgment in the contrivance, which may reduce many disagreeing parts into some figure which shall yet upon the whole be very agreeable. Something of this I have seen in some places, and heard more of it from others who have lived much among the Chineses."* Mr. Mason, in his " English Garden," has, likewise, noticed this aberration of Temple from the formal fashion of the times; and, after versifying what he had given in prose as the picture of a perfect garden, exclaims,

> And yet full oft
> O'er Temple's studious hour did Truth preside,
> Sprinkling her lustre o'er his classic page:
> There hear his candour own in fashion's spite,
> In spite of courtly dulness, hear it own

* Temple's Miscellanies, folio edit. vol. 1 p. 186.

"There is a grace in wild variety
"Surpassing rule and order." Temple, yes,
There is a grace; and let eternal wreaths
Adorn their brows who fixt its empire here.
Book 1. l. 483.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, the youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, was born in the year 1716. He was educated at Eton school; whence, at the customary period, he was sent to King's College, Cambridge. He early exhibited a strong predilection for elegant literature, which in the year 1739 he extended and improved by a tour upon the continent. In his travels he was accompanied by the poet Gray; but, unfortunately, during their residence in Italy, a dispute took place which separated the two friends, and Mr. Gray returned to England.

It is probable, that Mr. Walpole was intended by his father for the diplomatic department, and, had Sir Robert lived longer, would, there is reason to suppose, have been high in office. The propensities of Mr. Walpole were, however, altogether on the side of a literary life; and though he entered into parliament in 1741, and con-

tinued a member for more than twenty years, his chief and dearest pursuits were those connected with learning and the polite arts. For eloquence as a Senator he was not celebrated, and seldom indeed spoke; that this was rather the defect of inclination than of ability, is evident from the speech that he delivered in vindication of his father's conduct in 1742, which, from its energy and filial piety, made a strong impression on the house.

To the patrimony which he inherited was added an ample revenue from various public offices; in 1738 he was appointed inspector of exports and imports, a place which he afterwards exchanged for that of usher of his majesty's exchequer; and he was subsequently comptroller of the pipe, and clerk of the escheats in the exchequer. His politics were, nevertheless, those of the Whig party, to which he steadily adhered, until the enormities of the French revolution induced him to found his creed on other principles.

On relinquishing his parliamentary duties, he retired to his seat at Strawberry-hill, where, in the almost exclusive enjoyment of literary luxury, and architectural embellishment, he passed the residue of his days. The scite of this beautiful villa, which originally supported but a small

tenement, he had purchased in 1747; and it was the pleasing employment of many years to extend, improve, and convert, his cottage, for it was little more, into one of the most elegant and striking gothic mansions. His singular knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman architecture enabled him to execute his designs with, at that period, unprecedented taste and accuracy; he led the way, indeed, to the partiality, which has since been so much diffused, for structures of this species; and, as might be expected, the result of continued attention to the subject has been a still more discriminating intimacy with the different styles and orders of the civil, military, and ecclesiastical fabrics of the Saxon and Norman ages.

The productions which issued from Mr. Walpole's press, for he built one at Strawberry-hill, were not solely confined to his own writings; he printed, as presents to his friends, several works which had become extremely scarce, and spared no expense in rendering them splendid and complete.

As a literary character, that in which he will be alone known to posterity, he is to be viewed as a poet, an historian, an antiquary, a novellist, an epistolary writer, and an essayist. His merits as a miscellaneous poet are inconsiderable; it is on his efforts in the *dramatic* province of the Muses

that he founds a claim to our applause; "The Mysterious Mother" is a tragedy which, notwithstanding the unfortunate texture of its fable, makes a powerful impression on the mind, and exhibits evident marks of genius, as well as of close enquiry into the human heart. There is little doubt that, had the incidents admitted of representation, without too great a shock to the feelings, it would have become a standard play.

In his historical capacity he has displayed rather the keenness of the controversialist, and the ingenuity of the sceptic, than the requisite abilities for legitimate history. The "Historic Doubts concerning Richard the Third" have thrown, however, some new lights upon an intricate part of our annals, and have placed the person and character of the Usurper in a point of view considerably different from that in which they have been usually beheld.

To the class of antiquarian literature belong "The Anecdotes of Painting and Engraving," and "A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors;" the former, founded on the materials collected by Vertue, is conducted with peculiar taste and judgment, and has proved, in no slight degree, instrumental to the progress of these elegant arts; while the latter, by commemorating those of illustrious rank who have been remarkable for literary

genius, may have contributed to excite among our youthful nobility a more undivided attention to the liberal pursuits of learning. The "Catalogue" of Walpole has lately served as the basis of an elaborate work, on a somewhat similar, but more extended, plan, by Mr. Park. This edition, with the continuation, occupies five volumes octavo, and is embellished with a number of highly-finished portraits.

In the year 1764 our author produced the most popular of his original works, the "Castle of Otranto," a tale which has given origin to a thousand imitations. It was at first brought before the public as a translation, by William Marshall, Gent. from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto; but its favourable reception soon unmasked the real author, who, in a second edition, came forward *in propria persona*. It is said to have been written in eight evenings; but the following extract from a letter, by Mr. Walpole, dated March 9, 1765, presents us with a more probable period for its composition: "Shall I confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with gothic story); and that on the upper-

most banister of a great staircase, I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it. Add, that I was very glad to think of any thing rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drank my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning; when my hands and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph.*

The imagination and the developement of character displayed in this little romance have much merit; but the machinery is too forcibly obtruded, and too frequently employed; it even occasionally excites a ludicrous association of ideas; an effect ever fatal to the interest of a narrative of which the principal object is to excite terror.

It would appear from the care which Mr. Walpole took to preserve a complete copy of his correspondence, that he entertained a high idea of its merits; it certainly displays no small por-

* Biographical Preface to Walker's edition of the Old English Baron and Castle of Otranto, p. 13.

tion of vivacity, and is, at the same time, characteristic of its author's taste, habits, and peculiarities; but it is deficient in simplicity, and too often flippant and sarcastic.

The *nine* papers which Mr. Walpole contributed to the World do not give him a claim to any very distinguished rank as an essayist. They are chiefly ironical; and of these, N° 103 on Politeness, and N° 195 on Suicide, are the best. The character of *Boncœur* in N° 103 was designed for *Norborne Berkeley*, who, we are told in the fifth volume of our author's works, on sinking with his horse up to the middle in Woburn-park, declared that it was *only a little damp*; the sufferer also from the attack of Maclean the robber, and the story of the *Visiting Highwayman*, in the same number, were circumstances founded on fact; the former occurring to Walpole himself, and the latter to Mrs. Cavendish.

Of the style of our author, though it has been praised, both in these numbers, and in his numerous other works, we cannot speak highly in favour; it is not only occasionally inelegant, and incorrect, but even frequently, from a perpetual affectation of ease, assumes a vulgar garb; thus the indefinite nominative *one* is constantly occurring, and sometimes commences a sentence three or

four times in immediate succession; as in N° 160, "One can scarce reflect"—"One must not word"—One might even suppose."

Another and more serious objection to Mr. Walpole as an Essayist is, the pruriency of imagination which he has occasionally indulged: the paper just quoted for its defect in style is one of these; though it is but candid to state, that it was originally disapproved by its author; who, in a letter to General Conway, thus accounts for its publication: "My Lady A. flatters me extremely about my WORLD, but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In short, the good-natured town have been pleased to lend me a meaning, and call my Lord Bute *Sir Eustace*. I need not say how ill the story tallies to what they apply it; but I do vow to you, that so far from once entering into my imagination, my only apprehension was, that I should be suspected of flattery for the compliment to the princess in the former part. It is the more cruel, because you know it is just the thing in the world in which one must not defend one's self. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ last Easter, long before this history was ever mentioned, and flung by because I did not like it. I mentioned it one night to my lady Hervey, which was the occasion of its being printed."*

* Lord Orford's Works, vol. 5. p. 46.

We have hitherto mentioned the author of the "Castle of Otranto" by the name most familiar to the literary world, and by which he himself wished to be known; for it was very late in life before he was advanced to the peerage; he was, indeed, nearly seventy-four when, by the death of his nephew in 1791, he acquired the title of *Earl of Orford;* a title, however, that he rarely assumed, nor did he ever claim the privilege of his rank in the house of lords. He survived his exaltation but a few years; dying, at the age of eighty, on March 2d, 1797.

The personal conduct of this accomplished nobleman appears to have been nearly correct. Of his generosity as a patron, however, not much can be said, when we recollect the circumstances relative to poor Chatterton; if the abuse which has been poured upon his Lordship, on this account, be deemed, as it generally must be, I conceive, uncommonly virulent and overcharged, it will still be difficult, even with the most candid, to avoid applying to the part which he acted in this unhappy affair, the epithets *negligent*, *cold*, and *selfish*.

Soame Jenyns. This gentleman was the son of Sir Roger Jenyns, of Bottesham-hall, Cam-

bridgeshire, and was born on January 1st, 1704. After an education at home, under very respectable tutors, he was entered, at the age of seventeen, a fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. Being the heir to considerable property, he left the university, on the expiration of three years, to commence a life correspondent with his expectations.

In his domestic connections he was at first not fortunate; having married a relation of the name of Soame, from whom he was separated a short time previous to her death. His second lady survived him.

On his father's death he entered into public life, and in 1742 became a representative for the county of Cambridge. He commenced his career in politics as a Whig, and supporter of Sir Robert Walpole's administration; but it does not appear that he subsequently adhered to any peculiar system of politics; having generally, during a parliamentary attendance of thirty-eight years, enlisted under the banners of the existing minister. One result of this conduct was, that having been appointed in 1755 a lord of trade, he retained his situation, under every change, until the abolition of the board in 1780. With the exception of four years, during which he represented the town of Dunwich, in Suffolk, he was a member

either for the county or borough of Cambridge, as long as he sate in parliament. He was an active, and, in many respects, an useful member of the Commons, though by no means distinguished for his eloquence.

In a literary point of view he obtained a considerable degree of temporary celebrity, occasioned principally by the bold and paradoxical nature of his disquisitions. His writings, independent of a few political pamphlets, may be classed under the heads of *poetry* and *theology*. In the former capacity he continued to print a variety of pieces from the year 1728 to 1787; of these the most important, by their size, are, "The Art of Dancing," an amusement to which in his youth he was partial; and a version of Hawkins Browne's poem *De Animi Immortalitate*. To any distinguished rank as a poet he has no claim; it may be said, however, that his versification is smooth, and sometimes elegant, though deficient in vigour; and that several of his smaller productions effervesce with humour and well chosen satire.

As a writer in prose, he is entitled to more estimation, whether his matter or manner be considered. Metaphysical theology appears to have been his favourite study; and his first production in this line was published in 1757,

under the appellation of " A Free Inquiry into the Origin of Evil, in six letters," octavo; a subject, perhaps, of insuperable difficulty, and which he endeavoured, though with little success, to explain on new principles. His temerity in limiting the power of Omnipotence in the production of *physical* good and evil, and his absurd hypothesis with regard to the origin of *moral* evil, subjected him to much censure, and to a most masterly refutation from the pen of Dr. Johnson, who declared, what there is reason to think he actually felt in advanced life, that old age would shew him, that much of his book had " no other purpose than to perplex the scrupulous, and to shake the weak, to encourage impious presumption, or stimulate idle curiosity." Yet it cannot in justice be denied, that these letters contain some acute disquisitions, and a few very happy illustrations.

The metaphysical and argumentative genius of Mr. Jenyns led him into much anxious enquiry and research; it is recorded, that he was early in life tinctured with fanaticism; and that, with no uncommon transition, he became sceptical and deistical, and at last reposed in the bosom of Christianity. Deeming it a duty to make known the series of argument which led to his conviction, he published, in 1776, his " View of the in-

ternal Evidence of the Christian Religion," 12mo.; a book which has divided the suffrages of the pious, one party conceiving it friendly, and the other inimical, to genuine religion. That he was sincere in his belief, there is little doubt; but the ground which he has taken appears not tenable, and the complete opposition that he attempts to establish between faith and reason, does not seem calculated either to amend the vicious or recal the sceptic. Setting aside, however, the peculiarity of his system, the work has in it much that may be of essential service to Christians of every denomination.

The last production of Mr. Jenyns, which, under the title of "Disquisitions on various Subjects," 8vo. was published in 1782, is perfectly characteristic of its author; abounding in hypothetical and eccentric argument, occasionally mingled with acute and lively illustration. He is a defender, in this volume, of the pre-existent state of mankind; and, in conformity with the wild doctrine of his former work, asserts, that Christianity is "so adverse to all the principles of human reason, that if brought before her tribunal, it must be inevitably condemned."

To these publications of Mr. Jenyns, which were popular in their day, we have to add his contributions to the *World*. In humour, vivacity, and

wit, they are equal, if not superior, to any papers in the collection, and bring strongly to our recollection, especially in N° 153, the manner of Addison. The defence of the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration, in N° 163, is conducted with exquisite humour, and the lesson of retribution is most strikingly impressive. The observations on Good and Bad Company in N° 125, the essay on Masters and Servants in 157, and the character of Sir Harry Prigg in N° 178, are written, like the two numbers previously noticed, with great skill, and knowledge of the subject, and with a happy mixture of the grave and gay.

The style of our author, not only in these papers, but in all his prose works, is of uncommon excellence; it is truly English, both in its construction, and in its choice of words, and most valuable for its purity, perspicuity, and simplicity.

In his private character, Mr. Jenyns was highly respectable; he was social, hospitable, and charitable; strict in the performance of his moral and religious duties, and singularly engaging as a companion. He died, without issue, after a short illness, and at the advanced age of eighty-three, on the 18th of December 1787.

JAMES TILSON. Of this contributor to the *World* little more is known, than that he was for several years British Consul at Cadiz, and died there about 1760. N° 27, an ironical description of the then fashionable gaming-houses of the metropolis; N° 67, on the necessity of moral rectitude for the acquisition of Taste; Nos. 167, and 172, the Game of Happiness, an allegory, and N° 193, containing a plan for a Receptacle of Suicides, are the compositions of Mr. Tilson, and reflect much credit upon his taste and literary talents.

EDWARD LOVIBOND, the son of a gentleman of property, was born in Middlesex, and educated at the school of Kingston. He cultivated poetry as an amusement; and, ten years after his death, his brother collected and published his poems. Of the five papers which he wrote for the *World*, the first, N° 82, contains the best of his poetical pieces, under the title of "The Tears of Old May-Day." His verses, with this exception, do not arise much above mediocrity; his longest

poem, "Julia's Printed Letter," is tedious; and the "Imitation from Ossian's Poems" falls, like every other attempt of the kind, far below the prose of Macpherson; yet to "The Mulberry-Tree" we must allow much spirit, ingenuity, and pleasantry.

His numbers in the *World*, beside that which we have just mentioned, are, N° 93, on Pedantry and its opposite fault; N° 94, on the Abuses of Conversation; and Nos. 132 and 134, on Providence and its laws. The speculations of Mr. Lovibond, especially those which refute the popular opinions with respect to Providence, are among the most valuable of the few serious papers to be found in the *World*. Mr. Lovibond died in 1775, and his poems have been admitted into the late collections of the British Poets by Anderson and Park.

JOHN BOYLE, EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY, was born in 1707. He was early placed under the care of Mr. Fenton the poet, then sent to Westminster school, and finished his education at Christ-church, Oxford. He took his seat in the House of Peers in 1732, and vigorously opposed the Walpole administration. Literature,

however, was his favourite pursuit; and he gradually relinquished public affairs, for the more elegant and tranquil allurements of classical research.

His first appearance in the Literary world was in the character of editor of the dramatic works of his ancestor, Roger Earl of Orrery, which he printed in 2 vols. 8vo. 1739, with a portrait of the author. This was soon succeeded by a publication of his own, containing an imitation of two Odes of Horace, accompanied by remarks on the Roman Bard and his various translators; an elegant trifle, which yet exhibited considerable taste, and was the precursor of a much more elaborate work; for in 1751 he presented the public with a valuable and correct "Translation of the Letters of Pliny the Younger, with Observations on each Letter, and an Essay on Pliny's Life." Few versions have been better received than was this, on its first appearance; and, though it has since been superseded by the labours of Mr. Melmoth, who has absolutely rivalled his original, it may still occasionally be referred to with advantage.

During the same year which produced his Pliny, Lord Orrery published "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Swift;" the most popular of his productions, and which was addressed in a series of letters to his second son. With this

eccentric and very celebrated character his Lordship had become intimately acquainted while resident upon his estate in Ireland; and the Dean returned his attentions by the most cordial esteem. The Letters are written in a pleasing style, and, abounding in well-authenticated anecdote, and, at the same time, containing many keen strictures on the manners and conduct of the Dean, attracted much criticism and reply. The portrait, however, though sometimes deeply shaded, has been considered, by those who were best able to judge, as no unfaithful likeness.

In 1753, Lord Orrery succeeded to the earldom of Cork, and during the subsequent year he visited Italy, residing for a considerable time at Florence, the history of which, and of Tuscany, he had meditated in a series of letters; twelve indeed of these epistles were found completed, after his death, and were published in 1774.

His Lordship was twice married, and enjoyed with both his wives an uncommon share of domestic happiness. He died at his seat, at Marston in Somersetshire, in November 1762, and in the fifty-sixth year of his age, having fulfilled the duties of life with unsullied integrity, and acquired no inconsiderable fame as a scholar and a man of taste.

The papers which this amiable nobleman con-

tributed to the *World*, are not among the happiest efforts in that collection. Nos. 47 and 63, which detail the adventures of the Pumkin family, are intended as a ridicule on the practice of duelling; but the humour is extravagant, and the incidents are too improbable to produce the effect that was intended. N° 161 is descriptive of the fatal consequences in young people of a disposition too easy and compliant; and N° 185, ascribed to our author by Lord Orford, is occupied by the singular vexation of a husband on his wife's devotedness to the will of her father.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, the son of a baker at Cambridge, was born in the year 1715, and, exhibiting a strong propensity for literature, was admitted a sizar, and subsequently a scholar, of Clare-hall. He was distinguished in due time by a fellowship, and shortly afterwards became travelling tutor to two young noblemen; one result of which was, an appointment as register and secretary of the order of the Bath. He early devoted his talents to poetry, and in 1757 was created poet laureat. He will be most advantageously known to posterity as a dramatic writer; his "Roman Father" and "Creusa," tra-

gedies, and his "School for Lovers" a comedy, possessing considerable merit. He died in 1785; was succeeded in the Laureatship by Mr. Thomas Warton, and was honoured with a biographical sketch from the pen of his friend Mr. Mason.

Of the three essays which he sent to the *World*, N° 12, on the prevailing taste of Chinese Architecture, is, perhaps, the best. It is remarkable, that the rage for Gothic Architecture, which, is now so conspicuous, had been general for some time previous to the introduction of the oriental costume: "a few years ago," observes Mr. Whitehead, "every thing was Gothic; our houses, our beds, our bookcases, and our couches, were all copied from some parts or other of our old cathedrals." It may be added, however, that the architectural style of our ancestors is now copied with much more propriety and fidelity than took place in the days of Mr. Fitz-Adam, notwithstanding Horace Walpole had commenced his operations at Strawberry-hill. We have only further to relate, that N° 19, on the imbecility and obscenity of novel-writers, and No. 58, on the misfortunes attendant on male beauty, complete the compositions of this gentleman in the *World*.

RICHARD BERENGER. Of Mr. Berenger little more has been hitherto transmitted, than that he was for several years Gentleman of the Horse to his Majesty; that he published, in 1771, "The History and Art of Horsemanship," in two volumes, quarto; that he was the author of some poetical pieces in Dodsley's collection, and of some papers in the *World;* and that, in his manners and education, he was elegant and accomplished. His History of Horsemanship exhibits much research, and a mind tinctured with no small portion of ancient literature; and of his poems and essays it may be safely asserted, that they merit the encomium due to ingenuity. Mr. Berenger died about the year 1783.

No. 79, his first paper in the *World*, paints, in just colours, the too often fatal consequences, in female minds, of a strong addiction to romance-reading; No. 156 is occupied in the ridicule of a species of coxcomb, which has, more than once, since the date of this paper, infested the walks of public life, and whose object is to assume the appearance of apathy and insensibility; and No. 202 is a pleasant satire on the useless and gorgeous finery of the military dress of this

country. The canto, likewise, on the Birth-day of Shakspeare, in No. 179, has been ascribed to Mr. Berenger.

SIR JAMES MARRIOT, KNT. LL.D. the son of an attorney in Hatton-Garden, was born about the year 1731. He completed his education at Cambridge; and having been fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of the Duke of Newcastle, then Chancellor of the University, in consequence of the assistance which he gave him in the arrangement of his library, he speedily acquired the honours which his college had to bestow. In 1764 he was elected, on the death of Dr. Dickins, master of Trinity-hall; and in the same year he was appointed advocate-general to his Majesty, and had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him. Soon afterwards he received the further promotion of judge of the High Court of Admiralty, vacated by Sir George Hay. He was twice the representative for the borough of Sudbury, and occasionally spoke in defence of administration. He died at his seat at Twinsted-hall in Essex, on March the 21st, 1803, and in the seventy-third year of his age.

The publications of Sir James may be divided

into legal, poetical, and miscellaneous productions. In the first of these departments he has given to the public two works, namely, "The Case of the Dutch Prizes taken in the War before last," 1759; "The Rights and Privileges of both the Universities, and of the University of Cambridge in particular, defended, in a Charge to the Grand Jury at the Quarter Sessions of the Peace at Cambridge, Oct. 10, 1768; also an argument in the Case of the Colleges of Christ and Emanuel," printed in 1769. His poetry, consisting principally of lyric effusions, was originally circulated for private amusement, but was afterward introduced into Dodsley's Collection, and into Bell's Fugitive Poetry; it displays some pleasing and well-conceived imagery, in metre correct and polished.

His essays in the *World* are, N° 117, on the fashionable admiration of Chinese and Gothic architecture; N° 121, the Vision of Parnassus, and N° 199, on the *Genteel Mania*. Of these, the second possesses a considerable share of imagination, and is conducted with much critical propriety; it is, indeed, by far the best of the groupe, though the third has a claim to approbation for its satiric humour.

SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE, LORD HAILES, was born at Edinburgh in 1726; and, after an education at Eton school, he visited the university of Utrecht, for the purpose of studying the civil law; whence returning to Scotland in 1746, he prosecuted the study of the legal profession, and entered at the Scotch bar in 1748. Though not celebrated for either powerful or graceful elocution, his knowledge of the minutiæ of his profession was profound, and his classical acquirements were equally solid and extensive. In March 1766, being appointed a judge of the court of Session, he assumed, according to custom, the title of Lord Hailes. In this situation he has been celebrated, with justice, for his integrity, ability, and unwearied attention.

As a scholar and an author, Lord Hailes is entitled to the gratitude of his country; his works are numerous, and full of well-authenticated information, especially those which relate to national history and antiquities. He was the editor, also, of various old books and manuscripts, and a most valuable contributor to the Biographia Britannica, and many periodical publications. Of what may be termed his original composi-

tions, the principal are, "Annals of Scotland, from the Accession of Malcolm Canmore to the Accession of the House of Stuart," in two volumes 4to. 1776, 1779; a work highly spoken of by Dr. Johnson, who declares it to be "a book which will always sell; it has such a stability of dates, such a certainty of facts, and such a punctuality of citation. I never before," he adds, read Scotch history with certainty;"* "Disquisitions concerning the Antiquity of the Christian Church," 1783; and "An Enquiry into the Secondary Causes which Mr. Gibbon has assigned for the rapid Growth of Christianity," 4to, 1786, both productions which display great learning, and strong argumentative powers. It was the intention of Lord Hailes to have written a *Biographia Scoticana*, some specimens of which he actually published; but his death, which took place on November 29th, 1792, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, arrested the completion of his design.

To both the *World* and the *Mirror* Lord Hailes lent his assistance; his contributions to the latter we shall hereafter notice: in the former he was the writer of three papers, No. 140, a meditation in a library; No. 147, a classification of writers on glass windows; and No. 204,

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iii. p. 54, 55.

containing the scheme of a tax on good things. These papers are written both with humour and spirit.

THE HON. HAMILTON BOYLE, the second son of John Earl of Cork and Orrery, was born February the 23d, 1729-30. He was entered at Oxford in June 1748, and became a student of Christ Church in the subsequent December. In May 1755 he was admitted to the degree of LL. B.; and on his father's decease, in 1762, he succeeded to the title and family estates. He was created Doctor of Laws by diploma, and High Steward of the University of Oxford in 1763, and died, prematurely and unmarried, in January 1764.

This young nobleman inherited the talents of his illustrious family; he was pleasing in his manners, and highly accomplished in his mental endowments. The two essays which he has written in the *World*, are promising specimens of what might have been expected from him, had he survived some years longer. His first paper, N° 60, exposes to just ridicule the foolish and extravagant custom, at that time in full vogue, of giving vails to servants: and N° 170 is an admirable re-

proof of the ostentation so frequently attendant on public charity; a species of pride which is but too often gratified at the expence of indigent, though worthy relatives.

Mr. PARRATT. To this gentleman, the writer of a few poems in Dodsley's Collection, have been ascribed Nos. 38 and 74 in the *World*. The first contains the complaint of a husband on his wife's extravagant attachment to Chinese furniture; and the second is a ludicrous description of the manner in which the night is spent by the higher and lower orders of society, and is accompanied by an "Ode to Night," of no very prominent merit.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER was born in 1723, and resided at Thurgarton Priory, his family seat, in Nottinghamshire. He was educated at Westminster school, and in 1743 was entered a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge. On leaving the University he married Susanna, daughter of William Wrighte, Esq. with whom he long enjoyed a more than common share of conjugal felicity.

The reputation of Mr. Cooper as an author, though once considerable, has now greatly declined; poetry and criticism were the chief objects of his cultivation; and in the first of these departments he may be pronounced occasionally elegant and easy; that to obtain this praise, in his attachment to the Muses, was the summit of his ambition, appears from his own declaration in the following lines:

The vi'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.
Let the loud *Epic* sound the alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung
From some immortal ancestry,
Clad in impenetrable arms
By *Vulcan* forg'd: my lyre is strung
With softer chords; my *Muse*, more free,
Wanders through Pindus' humbler ways
In amiable simplicity:
Unstudy'd are her artless lays,
She asks no laurel for her brows;
Careless of censure or of praise,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happiness than fame,
To the proud bay prefers the rose,
Nor barters pleasure for a name.

This quotation is taken from his "Epistles to his Friends in Town, from Aristippus in Retire-

ment," with the exception of his beautiful "Song to Winifreda," the most pleasing of his poems. His other productions in verse are, "The Power of Harmony," printed in 1745, in imitation of the Pleasures of Imagination; several pieces in the Museum of Dodsley; "The Genius of Britain," addressed to Mr. Pitt, in 1756; the "Tomb of Shakspeare, a Vision;" the "Call of Aristippus, an Epistle to Mark Akenside, M.D;" a "Father's Advice to his Son;" and translations of the "King of Prussia's Epistle to Voltaire," and of the "Ver Vert" of Gresset.

The chief prose works of Mr. Cooper consist of "The Life of Socrates, collected from the Memorabilia of Xenophon, and the Dialogues of Plato, &c." 8vo. 1749, and "Letters on Taste," 8vo. 1754. The first of these publications, which, though once popular, is now little valued, involved its author in a quarrel with Warburton, in a great measure owing to the petulance and presumption of the Biographer; but the "Letters on Taste" redeemed his credit, and may be still perused with interest; they are more remarkable, however, for splendour of style and imagery than for strength of reasoning, and are occasionally tinged with the hue of affectation.

The papers which Mr. Cooper contributed to the *World*, are N° 110, on persons who live in an

extravagant style without any visible means of support; and N° 159, including a ludicrous scheme for the erection of an hospital for decayed actors: they are written with vivacity and spirit, though inferior to many other essays in the collection.

Mr. Cooper was a disciple of the Shaftsburian school, and a zealous admirer, not only of the noble founder of this sentimental philosophy, but of its well-known advocates Hutcheson and Akenside. He was, both in public and private life, useful and amiable. He died on April the 14th, 1769.

THE REV. THOMAS COLE, an assistant preacher at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was the author of N° 78 and N° 86 in the *World;* the first a pleasing parallel between female dress and the art of painting; and the second a review of the moral instruction to be derived from the cultivation of flowers.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, EARL OF BATH. With this nobleman we commence the notice of those

writers, who each contributed but a single paper to the *World*. The most prominent feature in the life of Pulteney was his steady, long, and formidable opposition to the measures of Sir Robert Walpole, on whose resignation he acquired his title of Earl of Bath, but lost his popularity. He was a writer in most of the political journals of the day, and particularly in the Craftsman. To the *World*, when in his sixty-sixth year, he contributed N° 17, descriptive of the manners and diversions of Newmarket; a paper which, if not remarkable either for its wit or style, presents a faithful picture, at least, of the folly and degradation so frequently attendant on this fashionable amusement. The Earl of Bath died, without issue, on June 8th, 1764, aged seventy-six.

WILLIAM DUNCOMBE was born in the year 1690, and at the age of sixteen was entered as a clerk in the navy office; but relinquished this employment for literature and domestic retirement in 1725. The year following he married the sister of Mr. Hughes, the poet, of whose poems he subsequently became the editor. As a man of letters, he is to be viewed as a poet, a

translator, and an essayist. The miscellaneous poetry of Mr. Duncombe is not of sufficient importance to be particularized; but, as a dramatic writer, his "Lucius Junius Brutus," though never popular, may be pronounced an effort of considerable merit. Of his translations, his Horace, in two volumes, executed with the assistance of his son, and published in 1757 and 1759, and afterwards in four volumes, in 1764, is entitled to no small praise. His essays, letters, &c. are numerous; but his contribution to the *World* is limited to N° 84, containing *Prosperity and Adversity, an Allegory;* a production alike excellent both with regard to its imagery and its moral. After a life singularly virtuous and innocent, Mr. Duncombe died in the year 1769.

THE REV. JOHN DUNCOMBE, the only son of William, was born in 1729, and finished his education in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, of which he afterwards became fellow. He entered into orders in 1753; and, through the patronage of Archbishop Herring, and his successors in the primacy, obtained sufficient church preferment to secure his independency. He married in 1761 the daughter of Joseph Highmore, Esq. and de-

voted the residue of his life to literature and social leisure. His poems, of which the "Feminead," published in 1754, is the best and most elaborate, are numerous. He composed likewise a variety of prose essays, some sermons, and some papers illustrative of Topographical Antiquities. He was the editor also of Letters by Mr. John Hughes, by the Earl of Corke, and by Archbishop Herring, forming three separate publications. He was a writer both in the *World* and Connoisseur; contributing to the former N° 36, a very rational invective on the folly of sacrificing rural pleasures to wine and cards. He was, in every respect, a truly amiable and useful man; and his death, in January 1786, was regretted by numerous friends.

FRANCIS COVENTRYE. To this Gentleman, the author of "Pompey the Little," and of some poems in Dodsley's collection, we are indebted for N° 15 of the *World*, including some just remarks on the various kinds of gardening which have prevailed in this island, and exemplifying, in the description of the villa and grounds of Squire Mushroom, the folly of imitating, on a small scale, what could only be designed for ex-

tent of domain, or peculiar disposition of ground. Mr. Coventrye was the minister of the donative of Edgware, and died in 1759. His paper displays both humour and taste, nor is the style inferior to that which is usually exhibited by the writers of the *World*.

ROBERT DODSLEY, an instance of merit emerging from great obscurity, was born in 1703. His parents being very poor, he was under the necessity of going to service; and while in the capacity of footman to a lady of fashion, he published by subscription a volume of poems, under the title of "The Muse in Livery;" this attempt, from its very singularity, drew him into notice; and writing shortly afterwards his dramatic piece called "The Toy-shop," it was shewn to Pope, who immediately saw its merit, and procured its representation on the stage in 1735. With the profits arising from this and his former production he commenced bookseller in Pall-Mall, and by industry and integrity acquired the first employment in his line. From this period, likewise, he continued to exercise his talents both as an author and editor; in the first of these provinces his "Economy of Human

Life," his "Cleone, a Tragedy," and his "Fables," form his best works; and in the second, his "Collection of Plays by old Authors," his "Collection of Poems by different eminent Hands," and his outline of the "Preceptor," reflect much credit on his judgment and research.

It is to Mr. Dodsley also that we are indebted, not only for great liberality in the conduct of the *World*, as sole proprietor, but for the very *name* by which it is known; he, during a consultation on the subject, having happily proposed its present title. He ventured likewise to add his name to the list of its writers, by the contribution of N° 32; in which, with a large share of wit and pleasantry, he has described *Criticism* as a contagious disease, and prescribed, what he imagines, an effectual remedy. After realising an ample fortune, Mr. Dodsley died of the gout in 1764.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K. B. This gentleman, the son of Mr. John Hanbury, a director of the South-Sea company, was thrice successively a representative of the county of Monmouth, and in 1744 was created a knight of the Bath. In the year 1746 he was sent ambassa-

dor to the Court of Berlin, and afterwards to that of St. Petersburgh, and died in 1759, a few months subsequent to his return from Russia. He was the author of a variety of small poems written with ease and spirit, and which are dispersed through the volumes of Dodsley and other collectors. His only prose composition which has been published, forms N° 37 of the *World*, and contains, in the history of Mary Trueman, a most striking detail, partly serious, and partly ludicrous, of the miseries of dependence. Being of unusual length, it was prefaced by the editor in these terms: "The following letter is written with so much nature and simplicity, that, rather than curtail it of its length, I have thought proper (as I once did before) to extend my paper to another half sheet;" a compliment which the narrative of Sir Charles highly merited.

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS, D. D. was educated at King's College, Cambridge; where, after the usual previous degrees, he was created Doctor of Divinity in 1773, and, in 1781, succeeded Dr. Barnard as provost of Eton College. The productions of Dr. Roberts are chiefly poetical; and of these, his "Judah Restored," in six

books, printed in two vols, 8vo. in 1775, is a respectable proof of his talents, his piety, and his genius. He died at Eton in 1791; and about three years after his decease, were published by his son, his father's "Corrections of various Passages in the English Version of the Old Testament;" a work of considerable value.

Dr. Roberts was the author of N° 45 of the *World;* a most witty and ingenious paper on the subject of posts, and, in a ludicrous point of view, inferior to none in the collection.

Mr. WHITAKER. N° 83, on the manufactory of thunder and lightning, has been ascribed to this correspondent, who was a serjeant at law, and died at Chertsey. He is remembered as a man of great humour; and the present paper certainly warrants the record, for in point of sly yet severe irony it has few rivals.

THOMAS MULSO, the son of Thomas Mulso, Esq. of Twywell, in the county of Northampton, and brother of Mrs. Chapone, was bred to the law; but declined practice on inheriting the

paternal estate. He was subsequently, however, a registrar of Peterborough, and a commissioner of bankrupts. In 1768 he published "Calistus, or the Man of Fashion, and Sophronius, or the Country Gentleman, in Dialogues;" and to the *World* he contributed N° 131, a Dream; shewing "how ill the various parts of life are generally suited to the persons who appear in them:" it contains much good-humoured satire on the presumption and folly of mankind.

Mr. GATAKER. To this gentleman, a surgeon by profession, we are indebted for N° 184, an ironical essay on the propriety of a man labouring in his vocation, founded on the phrase of Falstaff in Henry the Fourth, where he declares to the Prince of Wales, on being detected in a scheme of robbery, that "'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." The application is conducted with considerable point, and forms an excellent paper. Mr. Gataker died, surgeon to his Majesty's household, in 1768.

Mr. HERRING was the author of N° 122, a

paper descriptive of the poverty, and, in some degree, ludicrous distresses of a physician in London without practice. It is a detail which has been frequently verified, and reminds us of the fate of poor Bathurst, and of many men even of still superior ability.

Mr. MOYLE has contributed a serious and well written essay to the *World* in N° 166, on false and true honour. And to Mr. BURGESS we have to attribute N° 198, a paper of uncommon merit, on the art of getting rid of one's self.

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D. Of this elegant scholar we have already given a sketch, when noticing the Adventurer. Considering his intimacy with Moore, it is rather surprising that he did not afford his friend more extensive assistance; yet it is probable that his prior engagement with Dr. Hawkesworth occupied too much of his leisure to permit of further aid. His classical and highly cultivated talents would, no doubt, have impressed upon this collection a more durable value, had he taken an active part in its formation; we

have to regret, therefore, that N° 26, on simplicity of taste, is the only specimen which we have to record; it is scarcely necessary to say that it displays his customary judgment and erudition.

JAMES RIDLEY. As we shall have occasion shortly to introduce this gentleman as the sole author of a periodical paper, it will be only necessary, in this place, to remark that, at the age of nineteen, he contributed to the *World* N° 155, the complaint of a parish-clerk, with regard to the falsity of newspaper reports of deaths; it is a paper highly creditable to his talents.

JAMES SCOTT, D. D. a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards rector of Simonburn, was the author of several sermons, tracts, and religious poems; his contribution to the *World*, as consisting merely of an Ode to Sculpture, occupying N° 200, can, of course, give him no claim to the character of an essayist; nor will it be considered, in a poetical light, as rising much above mediocrity.

Of the anonymous papers, though employing

forty-one numbers, not more than six or seven, can be considered as holding any high rank, either in point of sentiment or composition.

6. THE CONNOISSEUR. The most singular feature in the conduct and composition of this paper, which was published under the fictitious name of Mr. Town, Critic and Censor-General, is, that the two projectors, and almost entire writers of the work, COLMAN and THORNTON, not content with the customary mode of contributing their respective numbers, united so intimately in the composition of *each* essay, and so assimilated their styles and manner, that it is now impossible for the critic to discriminate their peculiar property. It has been said, indeed, that Mr. Colman, during the latter part of his life, was no more able than his readers to distinguish his own share in the joint production.

Of this extraordinary and very intimate partnership, the authors have themselves given the following whimsical account. "Soon after the publication of our first papers, some ingenious gentleman found out, that T, O, W, N, being the letters that formed the name of TOWN, there were four authors, each of whom sheltered himself

:r a particular letter; but no paper ever
aring with an N affixed to it, they were
ged to give up this notion. But, if they had
i more able decypherers, they would have
e out, that though T, O, W, will not compose
name of TOWN, yet, by a different arrange-
t of the letters, it will form the word TWO;
:h is the grand mystery of our signatures,
couches under it the true and real number
ie Authors of the CONNOISSEUR.

Having thus declared Mr. TOWN to consist
wo separate individuals, it will perhaps be
ected, that like two tradesmen, who have
ed to dissolve their partnership, we should
:tly balance our accounts, and assign to
i his due parcel of the stock. But our
)unts are of so intricate a nature, that it
ld be impossible for us to adjust them in
: manner. We have not only joined in the
k taken together, but almost every single
er is the joint product of both: and, as we
e laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we
not pretend, that any one particular part is
sole workmanship of either. An hint has
iaps been started by one of us, improved by
other, and still further heightened by an
py coalition of sentiment in both; as fire is
ck out by a mutual collision of flint and

steel. Sometimes, like *Strada's* lovers conversing with the sympathetic needles, we have written papers together at fifty miles distance from each other: the first rough draught or loose minutes of an essay have often travelled in the stage-coach from town to country, and from country to town; and we have frequently waited for the post-man (whom we expected to bring us the precious remainder of a CONNOISSEUR) with the same anxiety, as we should wait for the half of a bank-note, without which the other half would be of no value. These our joint labours, it may easily be imagined, would have soon broke off abruptly, if either had been too fondly attached to his own little conceits, or if we had conversed together with the jealousy of a rival, or the complaisance of a formal acquaintance, who smiles at every word that is said by his companion. Nor could this work have been so long carried on, with so much cheerfulness and good-humour on both sides, if the Two had not been as closely united, as the two Students, whom the SPECTATOR mentions, as recorded by a *Terræ Filius* at *Oxford*, "to have had but one mind, one purse, one chamber, and one hat."*

The title *Connoisseur*, now generally appro-

* No. 140.

riated to a judge of the fine arts, was, by Messrs. *olman* and *Thornton*, employed in the sense of critic on the manners and minor morals of ıankind; and to this acceptation of the term the ıottò which they have chosen pointedly alludes, nd is still further opened by the subsequent araphrase as given in their first number.

> ———Non de villis domibusve alienis,
> Nec malè necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
> Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.
>
> Hor.
>
> Who better knows to build, or who to dance,
> Or this from *Italy*, or that from *France*,
> Our Connoisseur will ne'er pretend to scan,
> But point the follies of mankind to man;
> Th' important knowledge of ourselves explain;
> Which not to know, all knowledge is but vain.

The first number of the *Connoisseur* was published on Thursday, January the 31st, 1754, and ontinued weekly, on every Thursday, for nearly hree years; N° 140, the concluding essay, being ated Thursday, September the 30th, 1756. hey were collected, soon after their periodical irculation had ceased, into four volumes 12mo. nd have gone through numerous editions.

The assistance which *Colman* and *Thornton* eceived from occasional contributors was but idling; and, of the small corps of volunteers that

enlisted under their banners, only five have hitherto been revealed; namely, the *Earl of Cork*, the *Rev. John Duncombe*, *William Cowper, Esq.* *Mr. Robert Lloyd*, and *Orator Henley*.

GEORGE COLMAN, the son of Thomas Colman, Esq. British Resident at the Court of the Duke of Tuscany, and of a sister of the Countess of Bath, was born at Florence about 1733. He was educated at Westminster school, and elected to Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1751. It was during his residence at this University that, in concert with Mr. Thornton, he commenced the *Connoisseur*, which, though published in London, was printed at Oxford. Having taken his degree of M. A. in 1758, he removed to the metropolis; and being intended for the legal profession, he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was afterwards called to the bar.

It was not long, however, before he deserted the law for the more alluring pursuit of literary fame; the drama was his favourite branch; and, in 1760, he attracted the attention of the public by his "Polly Honeycombe;" which was received with such applause, that, from this period, he became a most assiduous and successful writer

for the stage. The "Jealous Wife," represented in 1761, and the "Clandestine Marriage" in 1766, fixed his reputation, as a dramatic author, on the firmest foundation; indeed, in humour, character, and plot, he has not been excelled in modern days. In 1777, he published, in four volumes, crown 8vo. the best of his dramatic works; the first volume containing the *Jealous Wife*, and the *Clandestine Marriage;* the second the *English Merchant*, a Comedy; the *Man of Business*, a Comedy; and *Man and Wife, or the Shakspeare Jubilee*, a Comedy; the third *Philaster*, a Tragedy, altered from Beaumont and Fletcher; *King Lear* from Shakspeare, and *Epicœne, or the Silent Woman*, from Ben Jonson; and the fourth, *Polly Honeycombe*, the *Musical Lady*, the *Deuce is in Him*, and the *Oxonian in Town*, Farces; the *Portrait*, a Burletta; the *Fairy Prince*, a Masque; an *Occasional Prelude;* the *Spleen, or Islington Spa*, an After-piece; and *New Brooms*, a Prelude.

This fertility in dramatic composition neither originated from narrow circumstances, nor did it preclude his attention to classical studies. On the death of Lord Bath, in 1764, he entered on the enjoyment of a handsome annuity, which, in 1767, the decease of General Pulteney considerably increased; and in 1768, he held a share in

the property of Covent-garden theatre. The year 1765 produced his "Translation of the Comedies of Terence into familiar blank verse, 4to. a work of acknowledged excellence, and which acquired him much credit as a scholar and a critic.

Having had some differences with his brother proprietors of Covent-garden Theatre, he gave up his portion of the concern, and soon after purchased the Haymarket Theatre of Foote. Thus unshackled, he gave every encouragement to genius by a liberal patronage both of poets and actors, contributing himself very frequently, by original and altered pieces, to the amusement of the town.

To his celebrity as a classical scholar, he added greatly in 1783 by a poetical version of "Horace's Art of Poetry," with a Commentary and Critical Notes. His scheme of the scope and origin of the poem, which he brings forward in opposition to the system of Dr. Hurd, is conducted with such skill and appearance of truth, as to have drawn from the Bishop of Worcester the confession that he thought Mr. Colman was right. The translation, both with regard to style and fidelity, is superior to any hitherto published.

In 1787 Mr. Colman collected his miscellaneous productions into three volumes, crown octavo,

under the title of "Prose on several occasions; accompanied with some Pieces in Verse." This is an interesting work, which, besides his Version of Horace and various poems, prefaces, &c. contains also several periodical papers, occasionally published in the St. James's Chronicle and other newspapers, and which we shall have an opportunity of noticing hereafter.

Mr. Colman died in August 1794, aged sixty-one, having, for the last four years of his life been greatly debilitated, both in body and mind, from the consequences of a paralytic stroke. He was succeeded in the management of the theatre by his son.

BONNEL THORNTON, the son of an apothecary, was born in London in the year 1724. Having passed with reputation through Westminster school, he was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1743. Here he commenced his literary career, in the first number of the "Student," dated January 31st, 1750, by an Elegy in imitation of Tibullus, which he terms "The Comforts of a Retired Life." As a specimen of Mr. Thornton's poetry, I shall present the reader with a few lines.

O may I dying view that lovely face,
And seal my parting with a fond embrace!
Then shalt thou eager catch my fleeting breath,
Then grasp my faltering hand benumb'd in death.
And when the sable train of mourning friends
In dismal pomp my breathless corpse attends,
Wilt thou not then hang madly o'er my bier,
And wash my grave with many a gushing tear?
Yes, thou wilt weep:—

In the spring of 1750 Mr. Thornton took his degree of Master of Arts, and, being intended by his father for the profession of physic, he proceeded Batchelor of that faculty in 1754. Instead, however, of cultivating the art of medicine, our author was writing *Connoisseurs*, and a variety of other pieces of a light and humorous kind; and at length, relinquishing altogether his medical studies, he dedicated himself entirely to a literary life. To the Public Advertiser, to the St. James's Chronicle, &c. he communicated an immense number of essays and poems on the topics of the day, which, from their wit and eccentricity, excited much temporary applause. He was likewise the projector of a singular species of ridicule on the Exhibition of Pictures, which he advertised under the appellation of an "Exhibition of Sign Paintings," and, in short, carried the scheme into execution under his own roof in Bow-street, Covent Garden, with considerable

success; an attempt which, probably, few beside himself would either have conceived or hazarded. Mr. Nichols, in his Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth, noticing this odd species of satire, observes, that it is "the project of a well-known gentleman, who has in several instances displayed a most uncommon vein of humour. His Burlesque Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, his labours in the Drury-lane Journal, and other papers, all possess that singular turn of imagination, so peculiar to himself. This gentleman is perhaps the only person in England (Mr. Hogarth excepted) who could have projected, or have carried tolerably into execution, this scheme of a Grand Exhibition. There is a whimsical drollery in all his plans, and a comical originality in his manner, that never fail to distinguish and recommend all his undertakings. To exercise his wit and humour in an innocent laugh, and to raise that innocent laugh in others, seems to have been his chief aim in the present spectacle. The ridicule on Exhibitions, if it must be accounted so, is pleasant without malevolence; and the general strokes on the common topics of satire are given with the most apparent good-humour."*

The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, thus alluded to by Mr. Nichols, was long a favourite with the

* Third edition, p. 3.

public, being adapted to those harmonious instruments, the salt-box, the jews-harp, the marrow bones and cleaver, the hum-strum, or hurdy-gurdy, the broom-stick, &c. Dr. Johnson was highly pleased with the humour of this production, and would frequently recite passages from it. Dr. Burney, who set it for Smart and Newbery, has, in a note to the third edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, mentioned the following circumstances relative to its performance. "It was performed at Ranelagh in masks, to a very crowded audience, as I was told; for I then resided at Norfolk. Beard sung the salt-box song, which was admirably accompanied on that instrument by Brent, the Fencing-master, and father of Miss Brent, the celebrated singer; Skeggs on the broom-stick, as bassoon; and a remarkable performer on the Jews-harp—"Buzzing twangs the iron lyre." Cleavers were cast in bell-metal for this entertainment. All the performers of the Old Woman's Oratory, employed by Foote, were, I believe, employed at Ranelagh on this occasion."*

The literary talents of Mr. Thornton were not, however, altogether wasted on light and temporary subjects; in 1766 he published, on the plan of his friend Colman, a translation in blank verse of

* Vol. 1. p. 378.

seven of the plays of Plautus, in 2 vols. octavo; of these, five, namely, *The Amphytrion*, *The Braggant Captain*, *The Treasure*, *The Miser*, and *The Shipwreck*, were executed by himself; while *The Captive* was translated by *Mr. Warner*, who afterwards completed the version of Plautus, and *The Mercator* by Mr. Colman. This attempt to naturalize Plautus did not meet with the encouragement which the translation of Terence had experienced; it is, notwithstanding, highly respectable in its execution, and accompanied with a number of valuable notes from the best commentators. The entire version was finished by Mr. Warner in 1774, and occupies five volumes 8vo.

Mr. Thornton married in 1764 Miss Sylvia Brathwaite, youngest daughter of Colonel Brathwaite; his domestic felicity was, however, soon cut short by the hand of death; for in May 1768 he sunk under a broken constitution, leaving a widow and three children. He was an elegant scholar, an amiable man, and a companion singularly pleasant and entertaining.

In the last number of the *Connoisseur* Messrs. Colman and Thornton have, in conformity to the usual custom of Essayists, attempted to give the reader a slight sketch of their persons and employments; "but," they remark, "as they

have all along appeared as a sort of *Sosias* in literature, they cannot now describe themselves any otherwise, than as one and the same person; and can only satisfy the curiosity of the public, by giving a short account of that respectable personage *Mr. Town*, considering him as of the plural, or rather (according to the Grecians) of the dual number.

"*Mr. Town* is a fair, black, middle-sized, very short man. He wears his own hair and a perriwig. He is about thirty years of age, and not more than four and twenty. He is a Student of the Law, and a Bachelor of Physic. He was bred at the University of Oxford; where having taken no less than three degrees, he looks down on many learned professors, his inferiors, &c."

In this mingled representation, the fair, short man, who wears his own hair, is four and twenty, and a Student of the Law, is meant for Colman.

We shall now proceed to notice the occasional contributors to the *Connoisseur;* and of these the most frequent is

THE EARL OF CORK, of whom we have already given a biographical outline when commenting on the *World*. From this nobleman the editors of the *Connoisseur* received N° 14, on Whisperers and Giglers among the Fair Sex; N° 17, proving the City of London to be an Univer-

sity; N° 33, on the Villas of our Tradesmen; N° 40, on two Characters among Gamesters, the *Dupe*, and the *Sharper;* and the letters signed *Goliath English*, *Reginald Fitzworm*, *Michael Thrawbridge*, *Moses Orthodox*, and *Thomas Vainall*, in Nos. 19, 102, 107, 113, and 129, treating on the neglect of Roast Beef, on the Vanity of Pedigrees, on the Lady's Diary, on a Poll-Tax, on the Heathen Deities, and on the difficulty which an Old Batchelor experiences in the disposal of his property. In all these pieces his Lordship has displayed a considerable share of sportive humour, in a style easy, flowing, and, for the most part, correct.

THE REV. JOHN DUNCOMBE. To this gentleman who has likewise been introduced as one of the Essayists in the *World*, the *Connoisseur* is indebted for Nos. 62 and 64, containing debates in the Female Parliament, and the Petition of the Dogs, a Dream; and for the letters in Nos. 46, 49, and 52. The Dream, in N° 64, was occasioned by a proposed tax upon Dogs, and exhibits some humorous petitions from these faithful animals against the intended bill.

WILLIAM COWPER. This great, this amiable, but unfortunate poet, the son of the Rev. John Cowper, D. D. rector of Great Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, was born on the 26th of November, N. S. 1731. He lost his mother when but six years old; an event which, notwithstanding his very early age, made a powerful impression upon him, and most probably led to the unhappy consequences which clouded his future life. On leaving Westminster school, where his timid temper had suffered much from the tyranny of the senior boys, he was articled for three years to Mr. Chapman, an attorney; a situation by no means accordant with his feelings, and which contributed to heighten the pressure of his constitutional melancholy. His clerkship being expired, he entered as a student at the Inner Temple, where he renewed his intimacy with his former schoolfellows at Westminster, Thornton and Colman; a friendship which induced him to assist in the composition of the *Connoisseur*.

The views of his family in the education of young Cowper were directed towards a public life; and, about the year 1763, he was appointed to the important office of Clerk of the Journals

to the House of Lords. His diffidence and timidity however were such, that, being unexpectedly called upon to attend in the House, his alarm was so great that his reason suffered in the conflict, and it became necessary to place him under the care of Dr. Cotton, of St. Alban's, by whose kind management and address he was at length restored to his wonted composure.

Religious apprehensions, however, and the dread of eternal vengeance, which had always mingled with his intellectual aberrations, occasionally haunted his mind; but having been so fortunate, in the year 1765, as to form an intimacy at Huntingdon with the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, he became an inmate of their house; and to their attachment and affectionate attentions, he was indebted for the happiest hours of his life. On the death of Mr. Unwin, which occurred about two years after Cowper's residence at Huntingdon, he retired with his widow to Olney, in Buckinghamshire, whither they had been invited by the Rev. Mr. Newton, the curate of the place; a gentleman whose theological ideas assimilating with those of Mr. Cowper, a mutual and permanent friendship was the result.

In a society thus pure, consolatory, and intellectual, our amiable poet had passed but a short period, when the death of his beloved brother,

the Rev. John Cowper, gave such a shock to his feelings, that from this event may be dated the gradual return of his despondency, which at length deepened into a state of absolute despair, that neither art nor reason could for a long period mitigate. In this dreadful situation he remained about ten years; during which Mrs. Unwin, with the most exemplary and unwearied assiduity and kindness, ministered to all his wants, and watched with undiminished hope the approach of dawning reason. This happy issue at last blessed her efforts, and to her exertions the world is probably indebted for some of the most valuable productions of human genius.

Perceiving the absolute necessity of occupying his mind, in order to prevent the return of morbid association, she induced him to compose the pieces which form the first volume of his poems, published in 1782, with a Preface by Mr. Newton. This collection was not at first received with the approbation to which it is entitled; it gradually, however, gained upon the public, and at length its great and original merits were acknowledged. The religious enthusiasm of the poet, and the structure of the versification, repelled many fastidious and superficial readers; the former was, however, soon found to be connected with a heart woe-stricken, and at the same time

sincere and amiable in the most exalted degree; and if the latter had not the uniform polish of Pope, it had infinitely more energy and variety; possessed all the vigour of Churchill, without his carelessness; and, where the subject demanded it, was peculiarly sweet, harmonious, and rich.

From the period of this publication the Muse of Cowper was, through the solicitation of his friends, seldom unemployed. To the suggestion of Lady Austin, we owe the *Task*, a poem which appeared in 1785, and, at once, carried the reputation of its author to an unprecedented height in modern English poetry. In the *Task* are to be found descriptive powers not inferior to those of Thomson, mingled with a strain of the happiest satiric humour, and interspersed with touchés of the most exquisite pathos and sublimity; while the whole inculcates, in versification of unparalleled sweetness and simplicity, the noblest lessons of morality and religion.

In the year 1791, he published by subscription, in 2 vols. 4to. a translation, in blank-verse, of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, the unremitting labour of five years. With parts of this version, however, he was so much dissatisfied, that he spent the remainder of his life in a revision of it, so copious, that it may almost be considered as a new translation. In this amended state, it is, by

many degrees, the best version of Homer which we possess; and every year, there is little doubt, will add to its value in the public estimation.

He likewise engaged with Mr. Johnson, the Bookseller, in 1792, to produce, for a splendid edition of Milton, a translation of the Latin and Italian poetry of that bard, and a commentary on his works. The edition was dropped; but the translation and a part of the commentary were executed, and have since been published in a quarto volume, edited by Mr. Hayley; they are such as do honour to the memory of the poet.

All his literary occupations, however, although they might retard, could not prevent, the recurrence of his dreadful malady. The decline of Mrs. Unwin in 1792, and her death in 1796, were shocks which again reduced the mind of Cowper to extreme dejection; and notwithstanding the affectionate and judicious attentions of Lady Hesketh, and his relation, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, he never again perfectly recovered the unclouded use of his faculties. In the year 1794, at a period when, unhappily, he was disabled from feeling the favour which was accorded him, a pension of three hundred a year was conferred upon him by his Majesty; a tribute justly due to the genius and declining years of

the poet. Exhausted by the pressure of sufferings mental and corporeal, he expired on the 27th of April, 1800; leaving to his country productions that will perpetuate his name, as long as the language in which they are written shall exist.

Of the papers which our author contributed to the *Connoisseur* three have been acknowledged on his own authority. "During his visit to Eartham," says Mr. Hayley, "he kindly pointed out to me three of his papers in the last volume of the Connoisseur.—I find other numbers of that work ascribed to him; but the three following I print as his, on his own explicit authority. N° 119. Thursday, May 6, 1756.—N° 134, Thursday, August 19, 1756.—N° 138, Thursday, Sept. 16, 1756."* The *first* of these papers is on the subject of Keeping a Secret, and contains several sketches of faithless Confidantes; the *second* gives in a letter a curious, but too faithful an, account of the present state of *Country Churches*, their *Clergy*, and their *Congregations;* and the *third* is an essay on Conversation and its abuses. These numbers are among the best in the collection, and the last of them embraces a topic which he afterwards selected as the subject of one of his most instructive poems. It is

* Life of Cowper, vol. 2, 4to. edition, p. 394.

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highly probable, that Nos. 111 and 115 were likewise written by Mr. Cowper; for in the concluding number of the *Connoisseur* they are attributed to the author of N° 119, nor will they reflect any discredit on his memory.

Of the two remaining contributors to the *Connoisseur*, Mr. ROBERT LLOYD, the friend of Churchill, can scarcely be considered in any other light than as a poetical assistant; having written the verses in N° 67; the Song in No. 72, in ridicule of the common style of song-writing; the Hare and the Tortoise, a Fable, in No. 90; and the Satyr and the Pedlar, a Fable, and an Epistle to a Friend, in No. 125; whilst his only prose composition in the work, is a letter introductory to the two last mentioned poems. He died in 1764, the victim of his extravagance and irregularities.

The very foolish and impudent letter, in No. 37, was written by ORATOR HENLEY, a buffoon whom we have already sufficiently noticed in a former part of this work.

The *Connoisseur* labours under the same defect which has been attributed to the *World;* it is too uniformly a tissue of ridicule and caricature. In this line, however, several of its papers are superior to those of the same species in the *World;* and it displays, likewise, more classical literature

than its rival. It is, on the whole, more entertaining than the *World;* but, if we except a few papers, inferior in point of composition. To the juvenility of the two chief writers in it, and to their strong attachment to satire and burlesque, we are to ascribe its occasional incorrectness of style, and its poverty of manner.

7. THE DREAMER. The author of this paper was Dr. WILLIAM KING, who was born at Stepney, in Middlesex, in 1685; he was entered at Baliol College, Oxford, July the 9th, 1701; took his degree of Doctor of Laws in 1715; and was appointed Principal of St. Mary's-Hall, in 1718.

Dr. King inherited a patrimony adequate to the supply of all his wants, and possessed a vigorous and independent mind, together with a large fund of classical learning and taste. On the dedication of the Radcliffian library, in 1749, he composed and delivered, in a style of great elegance and effect, a Latin oration in the theatre of Oxford, which was as much admired for its manly political sentiments as for the beauty of its composition. Mr. Warton, in his "Triumph of Isis," has, on this memorable occasion, paid a noble tribute to his talents and patriotism:—

> See on yon Sage how all attentive stand,
> To catch his darting eye and waving hand.

Hark! he begins with all a Tully's art
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire.
Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm.
Untaught in flow'ry diction to dispense
The lulling sound of sweet impertinence;
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize;
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise:
Bids happier days to Albion be restored;
Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, wins applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

On account of the strenuous manner in wh he supported his political tenets, he was exp to much calumny and accusation, and publis about 1755 a very satisfactory vindication of conduct, under the title of his "Apology." King was the author of numerous publicati both in Latin and English, political and liter of these, "The Toast," a satirical poem, notes, published in Ireland, and the "Temp Libertatis," in three books, are the princi He was the editor also of South's sermons. King died December 30th, 1763.

The Dreamer, which was published in 17 occupies an octavo volume of two hundred

forty pages, independent of a copious index and explanatory advertisement; it contains a series of dreams, forming an indirect satire on the abuses of religion, literature, and the learned professions. These Dreams are entitled, *The Paper Mill. The Rosicrusians, or Knights of the Rosy Cross. The Court of Judicature, or Temple of Mercury. The Temple of Health. Pallantis, or The City of Pallas; with an Account of the Onocentaurs,* and *The Temple of Hercules.* There is much ingenuity exhibited in the conception and conduct of the imagery, and the style is generally easy, elegant, and correct; but though the author enumerates himself among the periodical writers, there is nothing in the form or fashion of these Dreams which entitles him to the character of an essayist.

8. MAN. A PAPER FOR ENNOBLING THE SPECIES. The design of this work, which embraces a very wide field, is thus given by the authors in their first number.

"MAN, considered in himself as a rational creature, consisting of soul and body, shall be our subject; particularly his nobler part, the soul, as connected with the body, and thereby bearing relations to all other things. We leave to others the care of ornamenting the human person; and assume to ourselves the charge of adorning human

nature. Whatever man shares in common with other beings, we also leave to others; man himself, his natural faculties, powers, and prerogatives, being our single object. The truths which either flow directly from his nature, or may be illustrated or determined by it, shall make the contents of our papers. These truths range themselves under three principal heads. The primary one is religion; which must exactly suit our nature, prove worthy of man, and ascertain the relation he bears to the Supreme Being. This religion we shall determine; in all respects establish it on a firm basis; and defend it against all opposers, by arguments arising merely from the nature of man.

"The second principal head regards the dignity of our nature; and instructs us how we should act up to it. This will lead us into the extensive field of morality; where we shall consider virtue as an essential property of man; but vice as unmanly, and destructive of his nature.

"Our third principal head regards the lower powers or faculties of the soul, depending upon the use of our senses; and contains the hitherto little known doctrine of the sensible and the beautiful. Under this head comes all that belongs to polite learning, genius, and taste. We shall, from man's nature, deduce the laws of the beautiful,

the rules of poetry, the conduct of genius, and, occasionally, communicate some new discoveries."

The mode, however, in which the authors of this paper have carried their plan into execution, must be pronounced such as is by no means suited to the genius of the periodical essay; it is greatly too abstract and too uniformly didactic, and in no degree enlivened by wit, humour, or imagery; the style too is heavy, formal, and inelegant. It is but justice, after this censure, to declare that some of the numbers are entitled to praise for solidity of judgment, and powers of reasoning; and that the whole has an useful moral tendency.

Man was published weekly, every Wednesday, on a folio sheet, for a twelvemonth; the first number being dated Wednesday, January 1st, 1755, and the last, N° 53, December 31st, 1755. At the conclusion of the volume it is stated, that "for the future it is thought more advisable to continue the design of these papers in pocket volumes, occasionally, than in single sheets;" it does not appear, however, that the work was ever prosecuted.

9. THE MONITOR; or, BRITISH FREEHOLDER, a political paper published during the closing years of the reign of George the Second, claims

for itself the rare merit of impartiality. It was originally planned by the patriotic *Alderman Beckford*, and the first number asserts that these essays "are designed to emancipate the king from the shackles of an arbitrary administration; to expose to his, and the public view, the arts by which his ministers have abused and oppressed his people; to open those paths which lead to true glory, by establishing a mutual confidence between the king and his people. They are designed to guard my fellow citizens against the encroachments of power, which are advancing with such large, but silent strides; and to dissect the views of those zealots of party, who impudently call themselves the friends of the government, whilst they act in opposition to the principles of it; as well as of those pseudo-patriots, who, under the mask of liberty and public virtue, conceal their self-interested and ambitious designs." The *Monitor* became so popular, that it maintained an extensive circulation for nearly four years; it appeared weekly on a Saturday, commencing on August the 9th, 1755, and terminating, with the two hundred and eighth number, on July the 14th, 1759. It is written with considerable spirit and power; and the copy which now lies before me is a *third* edition, published in 1760, and forming four volumes octavo.

10. The Old Maid, a periodical paper of some merit, began its career on Saturday, November the 15th, 1755, and was continued weekly to July the 24th, 1756, on which day it was closed with N° 37. My copy, which is termed a *new edition*, revised and corrected by the editor, who assumes the name of Mary Singleton, spinster, was printed in the year 1764, and has the following advertisement immediately after the title-page. "Many friends having repeatedly desired the periodical paper called *The Old Maid*, first published in 1755 and 1756, might be collected in a volume, and published for the use of the Public, the Editor has endeavoured to make it correct.

"The papers marked L. C. were written by a late Nobleman, well known in the literary world, who marked and corrected them himself for this purpose. Those marked B. were written by the Editor, and the rest by Gentlemen whose names she is not at liberty to publish."

The *Old Maid* is conducted not without spirit and vivacity; her character is tolerably well supported, and the work is diversified by papers of criticism, narrative, and humour.

11. The Universal Visitor. To this mis-

cellany Johnson contributed some essays which have already been mentioned. The chief writers in it were Christopher Smart and Richard Rolt, occasionally assisted by David Garrick, Dr. Percy, and other literary characters. It appeared in 1756; and in Boswell's Life of Johnson, the Doctor is recorded to have spoken of it in the following terms: "Old Gardner the bookseller employed Rolt and Smart to write a monthly miscellany, called 'The Universal Visitor.' There was a formal written contract, which Allen the printer saw. They were bound to write nothing else; they were to have, I think, a third of the profits of this sixpenny pamphlet; and the contract was for ninety-nine years. I wish I had thought of giving this to Thurlow, in the cause about Literary Property. What an excellent instance would it have been of the oppression of booksellers towards poor authors!"* (smiling.) Davies, zealous for the honour of *the trade*, said, Gardner was not properly a bookseller. *Johnson.*

* "There has probably," remarks Mr. Boswell, "been some mistake as to the terms of this supposed extraordinary contract; the recital of which, from hearsay, afforded Johnson so much play for his sportive acuteness. Or if it was worded as he supposed, it is so strange that I should conclude it was a joke. Mr. Gardner, I am assured, was a worthy and a liberal man."

'Nay, Sir; he certainly was a bookseller. He had served his time regularly, was a member of the Stationers' company, kept a shop in the face of mankind, purchased copy-right, and was a *bibliopole*, Sir, in every sense. I wrote for some months in 'The Universal Visitor,' for poor Smart, while he was mad, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in 'The Universal Visitor' no longer." *

12. THE TEST, a political paper, written by Arthur Murphy, Esq. in the year 1756. This collection of essays forms a thin folio volume, and was published in support of the ministry then in being. It displays no common powers of reasoning, and the style is forcible and energetic.

13. THE PRATER. This is a paper which rises considerably above mediocrity; but of the author I am at present ignorant. He assumes the name of Nicholas Babble, Esq. and the edition in my possession is the second, in 12mo. and printed in 1757. The first number of the *Prater*

* Vol. 2, p. 351, 352.

made its appearance on Saturday, March the 23d, 1756, and was continued weekly to November the 6th, 1756, when it closed with the thirty-fifth number.

The style of the *Prater* is much superior to that of the generality of his contemporary essayists; there is a pleasing variety in the choice of subject, many *traits* of humour and character are exhibited, and a few specimens of elegant description.

14. THE PRATTLER. I have introduced the title of this paper, and in this place, not only in consequence of having seen it referred to, but from the similarity of its appellation to the preceding work, and from the probability of its being no distant successor of the *Prater*. I have hitherto been disappointed in obtaining a copy.

15. THE HERALD. A political paper published in the year 1758, and now of little value or interest.

16. THE BEE. Of the life of the author of this production, the celebrated *Oliver Goldsmith*, the limits of these essays, now rapidly approaching to a conclusion, will not admit an adequate

detail. We must therefore rest satisfied with a few observations on his periodical compositions.

The first number of the *Bee* was published on Saturday, October the 6th, 1759, and was continued weekly for a short period. In the last edition of our author's works, published in 1806, the *Bee* extends but to eight numbers, the last being dated November 24th, 1759. In the year following he contributed to the "Public Ledger" a series of essays entitled

17. THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, which, though termed "Letters," have very little claim to that appellation. They are in number one hundred and twenty-two, and were, in 1762, first collected into two volumes 12mo. From this work, and from the Bee, their author subsequently selected a few papers, and, with much additional matter, published them in 1765, in a small volume 12mo. He also, in the year 1760, engaged in another periodical work, called

18. THE GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL. In this he was assisted by the communications of various writers; but, notwithstanding all their efforts, it soon ceased to exist, dying, as Goldsmith phrased it, "of too many doctors."

The periodical writings of Dr. Goldsmith are

possessed of great, and marked, excellence. Their style is inferior to no compositions in the language; it is remarkably unaffected, easy, and elegant; whilst, at the same time, it is correct in its construction, and plastic in its powers of adaptation. Wit, humour, imagination, and pathos, by turns relieve and interest the reader of these essays, who experiences during their perusal a singular fascination, arising from the peculiar manner or naiveté of the writer.

A selection from the periodical labours of Goldsmith, including his *Essays* and a considerable portion of his *Bee* and *Citizen of the World*, should be admitted, under the title which he first adopted, namely, that of "The Bee," into the body of our Classical Essayists. Two volumes might thus be formed which, in point of style, interest, and moral tendency, would scarcely be exceeded by any in the collection.

19. THE VISITOR. The conductor and chief author of this collection was Dr. William Dodd, whose dissipated life and disgraceful death are sufficiently known to the public. The Visitor made its original appearance in the "Ledger" during the years 1760 and 1761; and, having acquired some popularity, a selection from it was

republished in two volumes 12mo. in 1764. Dodd was assisted in the composition of these papers by several of his friends, among whom were Mr. Thompson and Mr. Duncombe.

The Visitor, as it appears in volumes, consists of eighty-five numbers, of which very few rise beyond mediocrity, either in style or matter. Many of the essays are on religious subjects; but the mode in which they are treated is frequently too vague and declamatory; the tendency of the whole, however, is unexceptionably good.

20. THE SCHEMER. The author of this whimsical but entertaining paper, Mr. James Ridley, was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Gloucester Ridley. He was sent to Winchester school, and afterwards entered at New College, Oxford. Taking orders, he succeeded his father as rector of Rumford in Essex, but died in 1765, a few years after his marriage to a most amiable woman, in consequence of some disorders contracted by fatigue, whilst attending his duty as chaplain to a marching regiment at the siege of Belleisle, in 1761. How deeply he was regretted by his father, will appear from the following passage of a letter written by the Doctor to a friend, shortly after the decease of his son:

" Dear Sir,

" I am ashamed to have appeared so negligent in answering your kind remembrance of me, by a letter so long ago as the fifth of February: but it has pleased God to visit me so sorely since, that I have had no leisure to think of any thing but my sorrows, and the consequent troubles in which they have involved me. Presently after receiving your letter, I went to spend a few days in London, in the Temple, from whence I returned very ill, and three days brought on the gout. My son went ill out of London the day before I did, and, during his illness, my own confinement would not permit me to see him. About eleven days carried off as hopeful a young clergyman as an affectionate father could wish his son to be.

" So generous a heart, such an intimate knowledge of the powers and workings of nature, so serious and earnest a desire to serve God and mankind, with a cheerful spirit and address in conveying his instructions, make his loss as great to the world as it is to me. Some specimens he has left behind him, in the humorous papers of the *Schemer;* and he lived just long enough to finish a monthly work, in which he engaged a year before his death, publishing his last number

of the Tales of the Genii the first of February, in which month he died."

Beside the "Tales of the Genii," a work which possesses great powers of imagination, and a considerable command of language, he was the author of a novel entitled "The History of James Lovegrove, Esq."

The *Schemer* was originally published in the London Chronicle, at various periods, for more than two years; and in 1763 it was reprinted in one volume 12mo, with the following title-page: "The Schemer, or Universal Satirist; by that great Philosopher *Helter Van Scelter*." The author, in his Address to the Public, has thus declared the motives which induced him to undertake a work of so singular a cast. "The celebrated, though trifling Letter of *Maupertuis*," he remarks, "to the king of Prussia, justly raised the indignation of every true friend to arts and sciences who perused it. It was to ridicule his motley performance, that a Letter to *Jacob Henriques* from a Dutch philosopher, on the possibility of impossibilities, was inserted in the *London Chronicle*, the plan of which Letter was an imitation of *Maupertuis*. Many ridiculous projects were planned for the purpose, each having some relation to those offered by the German philosopher; but these arose so very fast, that

the author found it necessary to enlarge his plan, and therefore endeavoured to drop the title of a Letter, (as in that case a greater connection was requisite) and substitute that of a Periodical Paper, called *The Schemer.*"

Three Letters, therefore, all that were written on the first plan, were prefixed to the Schemer, when republished; and the first number of the periodical design commences at page 38, and is dated May 13th, 1760; while the thirty-third, and last, bears the date of December 28th, 1762; and is succeeded by an *Appendix*, containing the original Letter of *Maupertuis*. The object of the *Schemer* is, to ridicule the glaring follies of mankind, in the various departments of Literature, Philosophy, and Politics: he is peculiarly severe upon the political essayists; and though the work is rather coarse in its imagery and diction, it displays much genuine wit, and forcibly excites the risible emotions.

PART IV.

ESSAY II.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PERIODICAL PAPERS WHICH HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED BETWEEN THE CLOSE OF THE IDLER AND THE PRESENT PERIOD.

So numerous have been the periodical papers from the year 1760, to the beginning of the nineteenth century, that, in order to include an account of them in this and the subsequent essay, it will be necessary to drop all biographical detail, and confine our notices, in a great degree, to historical and critical memoranda relative to each work.

At the commencement of the present reign, the public was inundated with a swarm of political essayists, for and against the measures of Lord Bute, who, in 1762, was generally supposed to hold the reins of government. On these papers, which are now capable of exciting little interest,

we shall be very brief in our remarks; the first that claims our attention is

1. THE AUDITOR, a paper written by Arthur Murphy, Esq. who, in concert with Dr. Smollett, undertook the defence of Lord Bute's administration; it was begun in 1762, and, like most of the productions of Mr. Murphy, is conducted with ability.

2. THE BRITON, the offspring of Dr. Smollett, supported the same party; it first appeared on the 29th of May, 1762, and was continued until February 12th, 1763; in point of composition it is inferior to the Auditor.

3. THE NORTH BRITON. This once celebrated paper issued from the press immediately after the publication of the first number of the *Briton*, and taking the opposite side in politics, annihilated a friendship which had existed for many years between the author, Mr. Wilkes, and Smollett. To N° 45 of this collection, we are indebted for the verdict which pronounced the illegality of general warrants; a result that elevated Wilkes, for some time, to the highest pitch of popularity. When Wilkes was compelled to relinquish the direction of the *North Briton*, it

was conducted to its final termination by Mr. James Brooke, a gentleman intimately acquainted with the literary characters of his age, and who died, at the advanced period of eighty, in November 1807.

These *party* papers, the most eminent in their day, were accompanied and followed by several others, of which to mention the titles only will suffice, namely,

4. THE PATRIOT.
5. THE ENGLISHMAN.
6. THE MODERATOR.
7. THE ADVISER.
8. THE CONTRAST.
9. THE FREE INQUIRER.

Mr. Ridley, in ridicule of this pertinacious host of politicians and projectors, has introduced into one of his *Schemers*, dated July 8th, 1762, the following proposal for twenty additional essays of the kind. "As I perceive a great alteration in the good people of England since the publication of the *Briton*, the *North Briton*, the *Patriot*, the *Auditor*, the *Englishman*, the *Moderator*, &c. and find that honesty, decency, and religion, are every where exalted and encouraged through the influences of these political writers, I intend to encrease the advantages of this kingdom by

sending into the press a few more wise and political essays. I shall therefore first, to try the experiment, only publish twenty, viz. the *Speaker*, the *Answerer*, the *Rejoinder*, the *Replier*, the *Continuer*, the *Annexer*, the *Objector*, the *Dauber*, the *Complimenter*, the *Flatterer*, the *Growler*, the *Puffer*, the *Maligner*; and that my pupils may be pleased in all parts, the *Taffy*, the *Teague*, the *Sawney*, the *Planter*, the *India-man*, the *Farmer*, and the *Londoner*." *

This number of the *Schemer* and the two subsequent are actually occupied by specimens of the opening papers of these *supposed* essayists. I shall copy the first.

The Speaker, N° 1.

" It is full time, I think, in this whirlwind of periodical authors, that I began to speak. For what tongue can be silent, what lips unopened, what mouth shut, and what teeth but must wag, when all the world is in an uproar.—Speak I will, though I know not what to say; speak I must, for the words burn within me, and strive for utterance; and I shall either commend or abuse some one or other just as I may be hired or paid; wherefore any person wanting one to speak for him in any matter of business, love, politics, or religion, may come to me; for I can instruct

* Schemer, p. 190.

them to whine, either at the foot of a mistress, or in a tub of enthusiasm; or to speak politics in a coffee-house, or nonsense on a bench, or before a bench."

Relinquishing the field of temporary politics, let us now return to subjects of a more miscellaneous and interesting nature.

10. THE INVESTIGATOR. The volume to which this title is affixed, contains only four essays, which were published at distant periods, but thrown together in the year 1762. They embrace rather copious dissertations on *Ridicule*, on *Elizabeth Canning*, on *Naturalization*; and on *Taste*, and were written by Mr. Ramsay, the painter, the son of Allan Ramsay, the Scotch poet. Their primary object is, to shew the utility and necessity of experimental reasoning in philological and moral enquiries. The first and fourth of these tracts are the most elaborately composed, and that on Taste is conducted in the form of dialogue; but the theory of poetry which he has attempted to support is cold, limitary, and inconclusive.

11. THE GENIUS. This paper, the production of George Colman, Esq. was originally published in the St. James's Chronicle; it was printed

at irregular periods, and extends but to fifteen numbers, the first dated Thursday, June the 11th, 1761; and the last, Saturday, January the 9th, 1762. In point both of style and matter, it is perhaps superior to the *Connoisseur*, and therefore the abruptness of its termination forms a subject of regret.

12. TERRÆ-FILIUS, another periodical paper by the author of the *Genius*, which he published daily during the *Encænia*, at Oxford, in 1763, in honour of the Peace; the first number appearing on July the 5th, and the fourth and last on July the 8th. This *jeu d'esprit* is seasoned with a considerable portion of wit and pleasantry.

13. THE BABLER. Two volumes of essays written by Mr. Hugh Kelly; a selection, published in 1767, from papers which he had contributed, during the years 1763, 1764, 1765, and 1766, to Owen's Weekly Chronicle. In its selected state, the *Babler* consists of one hundred and twenty-three numbers, the general character of which may be given by the term *respectable*. The subjects are well varied; the moral is, for the most part, good; and the style, though not perfectly correct, or much polished, is easy and perspicuous. Among the critical papers, of

which, however, there are not more than eight or ten, the observations on Dryden's Guiscard and Sigismonda in N° 68, and the reflections on Literature, in N° 122, are the best; the critique on Gray's Elegy, which occupies N° 55, is, with the exception of the remark on the last stanza, captious and trifling. Mr. Kelly died in 1777, at the early age of thirty-eight: he was a rapid and voluminous writer; and "soon after his death," says the author of his life in the General Biographical Dictionary, "one of his own comedies, A Word to the Wise, which had been acted but once, being driven from the stage by a mob, because our author sometimes wrote in defence of government, was performed for the benefit of his distressed wife and his infant family. On this occasion, *Dr. Samuel Johnson*, whose charity is wont to assume a variety of shapes, produced a new prologue. It is almost needless to add, that his lines were heard with the most respectful attention, and dismissed with the loudest applause."*

14. THE MEDLEY. Of this work the intention only can be praised; it is a thin octavo, consisting of "thirty-one essays, on various subjects, presented by the author to one of the Governesses

* Vol. 12. p. 698.—Edition of 1784.

of the Lying-In Hospital, in Newcastle, to be printed for the Benefit of that Charity." It was accordingly published, by subscription, at Newcastle, in 1766; and, the object for which it was written being unequivocally excellent, the number of subscribers was very considerable. I wish the execution had done more justice to the motives of the writer; but, with respect both to style and matter, it falls much below mediocrity.

15. THE WHISPERER; a violent party paper, written in opposition to the Government, under Lord North's administration. The first number appeared on Saturday, February the 17th, 1770; and the hundredth, the last with a number affixed, on January the 11th, 1772. There were four numbers extraordinary.

16. THE SCOTCHMAN. This paper, which embraces the same side in politics as the preceding work, commenced immediately on the decease of the Whisperer, the first number being dated January the 21st, 1772; it was continued every Friday, and, with the Whisperer, is remarkable for little beyond the zeal with which it ran its course.

17. THE FREEHOLDER. This collection of po-

litical essays, was published in Ireland in the year 1772, and in the opinion of Mr. Campbell, "has claims upon the favour of every Briton whose heart is not dead to the feelings which the voice of GENUINE FREEDOM is calculated to inspire." It is the production of Hugh Boyd, Esq.

18. THE BATCHELOR, a title given to a series of essays published in Dublin, of which the best were reprinted in two volumes duodecimo by Becket, of London. The edition in my possession is called the second, with additions, and is dated in the title page 1773. The work, which is carried on under the assumed name of Jeoffry Wagstaffe, consists of forty-seven miscellaneous essays, and an Appendix including twenty-one numbers on political subjects. There is a large portion of wit and humour in this curious production; and N° 46, containing a political Epistle to Gorges Edmond Howard, Esq. with notes explanatory, critical, and historical, by George Faulkner, Esq. and Alderman, is a keen and most laughable satire on the last-mentioned gentleman, whose notoriety as a consequential printer and bookseller, was, at that time, great.

19. THE TEMPLAR. The essays under this title were written by the celebrated Bibliographer, Mr. Samuel Paterson, who was, perhaps, never ex-

celled in the art of arranging and digesting catalogues. The *Templar* did not extend beyond fourteen numbers, of which the last was published in December 1773; it was chiefly designed as an attack upon the newspapers for advertising ecclesiastical offices, and places of trust under government. Mr. Paterson, at the period of his death, which took place on the 29th of October, 1802, in his seventy-seventh year, was on the point of commencing a volume to be called "Memoirs of the Vicissitudes of Literature in England during the latter half of the Eighteenth Century;" a work which, from his minute knowledge of literary history, must have been highly interesting to the republic of letters.

20. THE GENTLEMAN. A *third* short-lived attempt by Mr. Colman to render our common Newspapers the Vehicle of rational amusement. The *Gentleman* was originally published in the London Packet; and commencing its very transitory existence on Friday, July 10th, 1775, suddenly expired at the close of the sixth number on December the 4th of the same year. There is reason to think, from the specimens before us, that had the *Genius* and the *Gentleman* been continued, they would have reflected more credit on the talents of Mr. Colman than even the *Connoisseur*, which too frequently indicates the juveni-

lity of its conductors. The following observations from the third number of the *Gentleman*, on the diction of Johnson, and the genius of the English language, are so strikingly just, and so well expressed, that few will regret their introduction here; more especially as style has been throughout these essays a primary object of attention.

"If an author arises, whose deep learning, and large imagination, struggling for expression equal to his conceptions, tempt him to lengthen his periods, and swell his phraseology; if an intimate familiarity with the combinations of a dead language now and then betray him into too wide a deviation from the vernacular idiom; such a writer will have the mortification to see the beauties of his style, distorted by aukward imitation, and his errors (if in him they are errors) made ridiculous by aggravation. The language that, in his masterhand, like a well-tuned instrument, "discourses most eloquent musick," under their management utters nothing but discord. The rattling of their periods and tumidity of their phrases, like the noise of a drum or swell of a bladder, are but symptoms of their wind and emptiness.

"Ornament of diction, says Quintilian, though the greatest of beauties, is only graceful, when it follows as it were of itself, not when it is pur-

sued. Of all ornaments, a foreign structure of period, as it is the most prejudicial to the genius of our language, appears the most studied and unnatural. An adopted word is but a partial and trifling innovation, and is often happily incorporated, when care is taken to naturalize the foreigner, by giving a national air to the turn of the phrase. Every language, more especially the English, has its idioms, which we should not register, with Grammarians and Lexicographers, among its irregularities, but, with Poets and Orators, number among its beauties. To extirpate idiom from our tongue, would be like rooting up the old oaks, that are the glory and ornament of our country; or, to vary the allusion, to square the language of our ancient writers to the rigid rules of Roman or even French Syntax, would extinguish the genius of our Tongue, and give the whole a foreign air, like the labours of a tasteless improver, exchanging the luxuriance of nature, in our gardens, for clipt yews, strait walks, and formal parterres."*

21. Essays, Moral and Literary. These essays, the well-known production of the *Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D. D.* first appeared anonymously in the year 1777, in a small volume octavo, and, meeting with a favourable reception,

* Colman's prose on several occasions, Vol. 1. p. 181, 182.

were soon republished with the addition of a second volume, and with the affixture of the author's name. In the preface to the third edition, the origin of the work is thus detailed. "Many of the papers in the first edition of the first volume were written at College as voluntary exercises, for the sake of improvement. They had all of them an undoubted right to the epithet juvenile. Most of them were composed before he had taken his Batchelor's degree at the university. When they had accumulated to a number sufficient to make a volume, he deliberated whether he should commit them to the flames, or send them up to London as an adventure, without a name. Perhaps it was vanity, perhaps it was rashness, and perhaps a laudable motive, which determined him to transmit them as a gratuitous present to a Publisher. They were sent anonymously from Oxford to London, were published anonymously, nor did the Publisher know either the writer's name or person during several months subsequent to the publication. Praise was however bestowed upon them from various and respectable quarters; and praise, operating like the warm sunshine on the ice, gradually relaxed his resolutions of concealment."

Few productions have been more popular, or more deservedly so, than these instructive essays;

they have passed through sixteen editions, occupying two volumes; until the last edition, which is divided into three, and contains one hundred and seventy-five papers, being four less than were included in the immediately preceding impression.

The subjects on which Dr. Knox has expatiated in these volumes, are numerous and well chosen; and they uniformly possess a direct tendency either to improve the head or amend the heart. The style is elegant and perspicuous, occasionally assuming the high tone and structure of the Johnsonian period.

To persons of every description, but especially to young persons, the essays of our author are invaluable; their first praise is, that they recommend, in a most fascinating manner, all that is good and great; and secondly, they are in a high degree calculated to form the taste, and to excite a spirit of literary enthusiasm.

22. THE MIRROR. This very elegant and pleasing paper, which has deservedly obtained a place among our *classical* essayists, made its appearance in Edinburgh on the 23d of January, 1779, and was continued pretty constantly every Tuesday and Saturday, to May the 27th, 1780, on which day it concluded with the hundred and

tenth number. It has since been repeatedly printed in three volumes duodecimo, and in two volumes octavo.

In the closing essay of the *Mirror* its chief writer and conductor has favoured us with the following detail of its origin. "The idea of publishing a *periodical paper* in *Edinburgh* took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumstances of connexion brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and, soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication; the writers of it were naturally associated; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

"It was not, however, without diffidence that such a resolution was taken. From that, and

several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that, at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted."

The gentleman thus disclosed to the publisher, was *Mr. Henry Mackenzie*, at that time well known to the literary world as the author of "The Man of Feeling." The society to which he alludes, in the quotation just given, consisted, beside himself, of *Mr. George Home*, a Clerk of the Court of Session; and of *Mr. W. Craig*, *Mr. Alexander Abercromby*, *Mr. M'Leod Bannatyne*, *Mr. R. Cullen*, and *Mr. George Ogilvy*, Advocates; all of whom, with the exception of Mr. Ogilvy, were contributors to the *Mirror*.

To these, who might be termed the regular members for contribution, were added several most valuable correspondents; namely, *Mr. Richardson*, Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow; *Lord Hailes*; *Mr. Frazer Tytler*, Professor of History in the College of Edinburgh; *Dr. Beattie*, the author of the *Minstrel*; *Mr. David Hume*, nephew to the Historian; *Mr. Gordon*, Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland; and *Mr. William Strahan*, Printer to his Majesty. Two papers, Nos. 22, and 95, were communicated by

persons *unknown;* and parts, likewise, of Nos. 9, 79, and 89, have not hitherto been claimed.

To Mr. Mackenzie, the most distinguished, and also the most copious, writer in the Mirror, we are indebted for thirty-nine entire papers; viz. Nos. 2, 5, 7, 11, 12, 14, 16, 23, 25, 30, 32, 34, 38, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 49, 53, 54, 61, 64, 72, 78, 80, 81, 84, 91, 92, 93, 99, 100, 101, 105, 107, 108, 109, and 110. He gave considerable assistance, moreover, to the contents of Nos. 17, 21, 29, 55, 56, 85, 89, 96, 102, and 103.

Of these contributions by the author of "The Man of Feeling," the most interesting are those which excite the emotions of pity through the medium of narrative. Few modern writers have been more fortunate than Mr. Mackenzie, in their appeals to the heart; and his fictions in the *Mirror* hold a conspicuous rank among the best efforts in pathetic composition. The Story of Le Roche, in Nos. 42, 43, and 44; that of Nancy Collins, in N° 49; of Maria, in N°. 72; and of Louisa Venoni, in Nos. 108 and 109, are related with great simplicity and effect; the style is clear, sweet, and unaffected; and the characters are sketched with so much delicacy and adherence to Nature, with touches so powerful in awakening the softer passions, that they have called forth the tears of thousands.

In *humorous delineation*, also, Mr. Mackenzie has presented us with various specimens; among the number, we may point out, as peculiarly happy, N° 7, on the Importance of Names in writing; Nos. 12, 25, and 53, descriptive of the Family of the Homespuns; and Nos. 34 and 41, on the characters of Mr. Bearskin and Mr. Blubber.

To *critical discussion* the authors of the *Mirror* appear to have been little attached; seven or eight papers are all which are discoverable in this department; and of these Mr. Mackenzie has contributed two in Nos. 99 and 100, containing an ingenious, and, in many respects, a just criticism on the character and tragedy of Hamlet.

The writer next to Mr. Mackenzie, in the bulk of his communications, is *Mr. Craig;* he has written sixteen entire papers, Nos. 3, 10, 19, 20, 26, 31, 36, 47, 55, 60, 63, 69, 77, 83, 88, 106, and has assisted in the composition of Nos. 42, 85, and 94. Mr. Craig excels in the Drawing of Characters, on which subject he has given us an essay in N° 31. His portraits of *Fleetwood* and *Umphraville*, in Nos. 10, and 19, are very happily delineated; and he has favoured us with several spirited sketches in the same style, in Nos. 47, 55, 63, 69, 88, and 106. A very ele-

gant and interesting paper, on the character and genius of Michael Bruce, occupies No. 36, and suggests to the reader a most pleasing idea of the benevolent tendency of Mr. Craig's mind.

From the pen of *Mr. Abercromby*, the *Mirror* has received *eleven* essays on life, education, and manners; they include Nos. 4, 9, 18, 45, 51, 57, 65, 68, 87, 90, and 104; and of these the two most impressive are N° 87, on Superstition and the Fear of Death; and N° 90, on the Calamities incident to extreme old Age.

Six papers, Nos. 1, 15, 39, 67, 70, and 71, are ascribed to *Mr. Home;* No. 39, on the Danger, incident to Men of fine Feelings, of quarrelling with the World; and the Story of Antonio, in Nos. 70, and 71, possess considerable merit.

With *Mr. Bannatyne*, who has written five papers in the Mirror, Nos. 6, 28, 33, 58, and 76, appears to have originated the character of Mr. Umphraville; at least, N° 6 introduces him to the reader's notice, and the portrait receives additional finishing in Nos. 28, and 76.

To *Mr. Cullen* we are indebted for three very valuable essays; N° 13, Remarks on the Poems of Ossian; N° 27, on the silent Expression of Sorrow; and N° 48, on the question, whether, in the pleasure derived from the art of painting, the Artist or Connoisseur has an advantage over

the common spectator? Much just feeling and correct taste are exhibited in these papers.

In enumerating the papers written by the *Correspondents* of the *Mirror*, we shall commence with Professor *Richardson*, a gentleman of established reputation in the critical and poetical world. From his stores the *Mirror* has been enriched with five essays, Nos. 8, 24, 29, 66, and 96. Two of these, Nos. 24 and 66, are accurate and elegant pieces of criticism, on the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton; and on the love-scene between Richard and Lady Anne, in Shakespeare's Richard the Third. The style of Mr. Richardson is peculiarly correct, and nearly, if not altogether, free from scoticisms.

The essays of *Lord Hailes*, occupying Nos. 62, 75, 86, 97, 98, and part of 46, are entirely devoted to subjects of humour; and, together with considerable knowledge of human life, exhibit no mean powers in the display of what is ludicrous in character and conduct.

For the two papers on Dreaming, in Nos. 73 and 74, we are indebted to *Dr. Beattie;* they are entertaining, but inconclusive. In a letter to the Duchess of Gordon, the Dr. speaking of these essays, remarks, " I had no ambition to view myself in any of these folio looking-glasses (the Mirrors;) but, as the publisher had sent me a set

from the beginning, and told me that he would have no returns but in kind; and, as I had never refused the terms, I thought myself bound in a sort of debt of honour, which I endeavoured to pay with some detached thoughts 'On Dreaming.' It is a subject which I ought to understand as well as other people; for I believe I have dreamed as much, both sleeping and waking, as most men of my age. Your Grace will observe, that the subject is not concluded, as I have not yet got time to transcribe the last part. The foolish gasconade at the top of the first, is an addition by the printer." *

The *last part*, thus alluded to, was added to the seventy-fourth number, when the *Mirror* was republished in volumes.

To *Mr. D. Hume* are ascribed N° 50, on the ruin brought on Genius and Talents by Indolence and Inactivity; and N° 103, containing a ludicrous account from Simon Softly of his law-suit with Sir Ralph Holdencourt.

Of the *four* remaining Correspondents of the *Mirror*, *three* contributed a single paper each; to *Mr. Tytler*, for instance, is attributed N° 59, on Lounging; to *Mr. Alexander Craig*, N° 52, including a humorous proposal for improving agriculture; and to *Baron Gordon*, N° 82, on

* Forbes's Life of Beattie, vol. 2. p. 232, 233.

Sign-posts. The first of these gentlemen likewise assisted in writing Nos. 17 and 79; the second was the author of a letter in N° 89; and the third composed the epistle signed *Moderatus* in N° 102. To Mr. Strahan an acknowledgment is due for a pleasing letter on the improvements of Edinburgh in N° 94.

Sir William Forbes, when noticing the Mirror-Club, in his Appendix to the Life of Dr. Beattie, observes, that "the names of the authors of each paper, show of what distinguished characters this literary society consisted: and it is not a little remarkable, that of these essayists, no fewer than six either are, or have been, Judges of the supreme courts of law in Scotland."* The persons thus alluded to are, Lord Abercromby, Lord Craig, Lord Cullen, Lord Hailes, Mr. Baron Gordon, and Tytler Lord Woodhouselee.

The *Mirror*, though inferior to the *Spectator* in variety and humour; to the *Rambler* in dignity and ethic precept; and to the *Adventurer* in the field of splendid fiction; yet supports a character which has justly rendered it a favourite with the public. There is, owing in a great measure to the genius of Mr. Mackenzie, a pathetic charm, a tender strain of morality, thrown over its pages, which greatly interests; nor is it, by any means,

* Vol: 3. p. 290.

sterile or defective in the delineation of character. These qualifications are to me, by many degrees, more pleasing and permanently impressive, than the eternal wit and irony which pervade the *World* and *Connoisseur*. When we affirm, therefore, that *sweetness*, *delicacy*, and *pathos*, are the distinguishing features of the *Mirror*, we doubt not, from the imperishable nature of these ingredients, that it is formed to delight a distant posterity.

23. THE DETECTOR. The first number of this political paper was published in 1780, and was promised "to be continued occasionally during the Session of Parliament." It was printed in octavo, at the price of sixpence each number; but, meeting with little encouragement, was soon relinquished. The perusal of the first essay, the only one which I have seen, is not calculated to excite any regret that the work was not supported.

24. THE WHIG. This series of papers was written by the late Hugh Boyd, and, together with the *Freeholder*, very ably assisted in maintaining the cause of constitutional liberty. *The Whig* appeared in Almon's London Courant in the year 1780.

25. THE ENGLISHMAN. A miscellaneous paper, that was published about the year 1783, but of which I have not been able to procure a copy.

26. THE NEW SPECTATOR. On this attempt to amuse and instruct the public not much praise can be bestowed. The plan on which it is constructed is broken into too many divisions, and of these the greater part is occupied by trifling and temporary matter. Each number is swelled to eight folio pages, containing an essay on some miscellaneous subject, selected poetry, Bulia, a political romance, the sage opinions of John Bull, with an account of the Theatres, Masquerades, &c. &c. The essay commencing every number is the only portion of the *New Spectator* which copies the legitimate model; and this, though written with a laudable attention to moral improvement, does not, in a literary point of view, rise above mediocrity. The first number of the *New Spectator* was published, on Tuesday, February the 3d, 1784, and continued weekly on the same day. My copy, which is a thin folio, includes but twenty-two numbers, the last being dated June the 29th, 1784. Whether the work was extended beyond this period, I am not able to ascertain. Some of the selected poetry is well chosen; but much of the matter which fills this

farrago, possesses a tendency not very accordant with the monitory style of the introductory essays.

27. THE LOUNGER. The papers which compose this work may be considered as a continuation of the Mirror; they are written, with the exception of only three or four essays, by the members and correspondents of the Mirror-club, and they partake of the character and merits of their prototype. The first number of the *Lounger* appeared on Saturday, February the 5th, 1785; and it was published weekly on that day for nearly two years, the last essay, N° 101, being dated January the 6th, 1787.

To the experienced pen of Mr. Mackenzie this series of essays is even still more indebted than was the former; fifty-four entire numbers of the *Lounger* are the composition of this gentleman, and he assisted in the construction of eight more. The entire papers are, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 15, 17, 20, 22, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 38, 40, 41, 45, 48, 50, 51, 54, 56, 58, 61, 62, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 72, 75, 76, 78, 80, 82, 83, 84, 87, 89, 90, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, and 101; those in which he assisted, Nos. 8, 25, 42, 44, 53, 55, 74, and 85.

In humour, pathos, and delineation of charac-

ter, the essays of Mr. Mackenzie in the *Lounger*, are not inferior to those which he contributed to the Mirror. N° 15, descriptive of the *Phusalophagos*, or Toad-eater; Nos. 17, 36, 56, and 62, depicting the family of the Mushrooms; N° 45, containing the narrative of Jeremiah Dy-soon; N° 78, on the restless activity of Mr. Bustle; N° 98, the Visit of John Homespun to —— Lodge; and N° 99, on Animal Magnetism, exhibit some well-conceived and successful attempts in the walks of ridicule, irony, and broad humour.

To these papers, which, to excel in their peculiar department, must display a large portion of strong-marked *character*, we have to add, that the portrait of Colonel Caustic, in Nos. 4, 6, 31, 32, 33, and 40, is powerfully coloured and sustained. It is to be wished, however, that the delineation had been given upon a larger scale, and had involved more *minutiæ;* for, beyond the fortieth paper, we meet with little relative to a personage, with whom we had already become so familiarized and engaged, as to hope and expect that he would accompany us through the work. Superior to this, however, or to any other portrait, even in the Mirror, is the picture of a *Country Dowager*, in N° 87 of the *Lounger*, which with respect to costume, accuracy, and high-finishing, to pleasing and picturesque effect, is almost unparalleled.

In the province of *pathetic narration*, the *Lounger* has not been enriched with so many specimens from our author's pen, as are found in the Mirror; the story however, of *Albert Bane*, in N° 61, and especially the history of *Father Nicholas*, in Nos. 82, 83, and 84, excite a lively and impressive interest, and instil that tender melancholy so friendly to the cause of piety and moral rectitude. The didactic papers too, which blend a fascinating pathos with ethic instruction, a combination very frequent in the essays of Mr. Mackenzie, will be thought not inferior to those which emanated from the same mind in the Mirror: as instances of this happy union, I would refer to N° 48, on the sentiment and the moral of *Time;* and to N° 93, on the tender indulgence of melancholy in the season of autumn.

The pages devoted to *criticism* in the *Lounger* are much more numerous than those which were allotted to the same province in the Mirror; and to those Mr. Mackenzie has contributed a large portion. Besides incidental observations occasionally annexed to the critical strictures of his correspondents, he has, in N° 20, presented us with a dissertation on Novel Writing; in Nos. 27 and 28, with an examination of the moral effects of Tragedy; in N° 50, with observations on the moral effect of Comedy; in Nos. 68 and 69, with

Critical Remarks on the character of Falstaff; and in N° 97, with an Essay on the Genius and Writings of Robert Burns. These all display considerable knowledge of the human heart, and of the business of the world, acute feelings, and good taste.

Among the other members of this literary club, *Mr. Craig* stands foremost as a contributor; he has written fifteen essays; namely, Nos. 9, 18, 21, 26, 35, 37, 43, 49, 52, 57, 71, 77, 86, 88, and 91. Many just observations on life and manners, and some useful lessons, are scattered through these papers; and the author has shewn his critical powers to advantage in an essay on the introduction of ancient Mythology in Modern Poetry, in N° 37; by observations on Comedy, in N° 49; and by a history of the different species of Misanthropy, as illustrated from the characters of Hamlet, Jaques, and Timon of Athens.

Nine papers in the *Lounger*, Nos. 3, 10, 14, 23, 30, 47, 74, 81, and 92, owe their existence to *Mr. Abercromby*. Of these, N° 14, adds some strokes to the picture of Colonel Caustic, which had been commenced by Mr. Mackenzie; and N° 30, is a letter from a member of the Mirror-club, relating some particulars of that society. This epistle, of which one object was to induce

the public to suppose that the *Mirror* and the *Lounger* were unconnected, and that the authors of the two works were not the same, relates some curious particulars relative to the Mirror, and to the reception of this species of periodical composition in Scotland. Addressing the supposed author of the Lounger, as one on whom the whole labour of the work, single and alone, rested: he observes, "You, Sir, started with many advantages which we did not possess. The public are now taught to know, that it is possible to carry on a periodical work of this kind in Edinburgh; and that, if tolerably executed, it will be read, and will hold its place with other works of the same kind. But when we boldly gave the Mirror to the world, a very different notion prevailed. It was supposed that no such work could be conducted with any propriety on this side of the Tweed. Accordingly, the Mirror was received with the most perfect indifference in our own country; and during the publication, it was indebted for any little reputation it received in Scotland, to the notice that happened to be taken of it by some persons of rank and of taste in England. Nay, Sir, strange as you may think it, it is certainly true, that, narrow as Edinburgh is, there were men who consider themselves as men of letters, who never read a number

of it while it was going on.——The supercilious, who despised the paper because they did not know by whom it was written, talked of it as a catch-penny performance, carried on by a set of needy and obscure scribblers. Those who entertained a more favourable opinion of it were apt to fall into an opposite mistake; and to suppose that the Mirror was the production of all the men of letters in Scotland. This last opinion is not yet entirely exploded, and perhaps has rather gained ground from the favourable reception of the Mirror since its publication in volumes. The last time I was in London, I happened to step into Mr. Cadell's shop, and while I was amusing myself in turning over the prints in Cook's last Voyage, Lord B—— came in, and taking up a volume of the Mirror, asked Mr. Cadell, who were the authors of it. Cadell, who did not suspect that I knew any more of the matter than the Great Mogul, answered, 'That he could not really mention particular names; but he believed that *all* the *literati* of Scotland were concerned in it.' Lord B—— walked off, satisfied that this was truly the case; and about a week after I heard him say at Lord M——'s levee, that he was well assured the Mirror was the joint production of all the men of letters in Scotland.

"I will now, Sir, tell you in confidence, that, one of our number excepted, whose writings have long been read with admiration and delight, and whose exquisite pencil every reader of taste and discernment must distinguish in the Mirror, there was not one of our Club who ever published a single sentence, or in all likelihood ever would have done it, had it not been for the accidental publication of the Mirror."

To *Mr. Cullen*, the *Lounger* is under obligation for *three* papers; N° 5, on the composition of History; N° 12, a ludicrous paper on the possibility of ascertaining the characters of a company from the appearance of their Hats; and N° 73, on Sculpture. The first and third of these essays contain several just and well-expressed remarks, indicative of a mind attached to literary research, and attentive to the progress of art; while the second excites a smile at the idea of associating character with the form and cut of a hat; it is the vehicle, however, of some keen and well-directed satire.

With *Mr. M'Leod Bannatyn*, who wrote Nos. 13 and 39, the contributions of the *Members* close; and, turning to the list of *Correspondents*, we find it less numerous and productive than in the Mirror, though including two names which had not appeared in that paper; viz. *Dr. Henry*,

the Historian, and Mr. Greenfield, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. To the former are ascribed Nos. 11 and 60, two papers of considerable humour; the first, relating to the Life of *Sir Thomas Lounger;* the second, including a proposal for a periodical paper exclusively devoted to the female sex. To the latter, it appears, we are indebted for N° 59, on the pains and penalties of Idleness; and for an Ode to a Lady in N° 85.

Of the *Correspondents* of the Mirror, the only one who has contributed materially to the structure of the *Lounger*, is *Mr. Fraser Tytler*, who has furnished Nos. 7, 19, 24, 44, 63, 70, and 79, papers which abound with traits of humour and of character. *Mr. Tytler*, author of the Vindication of Queen Mary, has added one essay, in N° 16, on the Defects of Female Education; *Mr. D. Hume*, two letters in Nos. 25, and 55; and *Professor Richardson*, a pleasing critique, in N° 42, on the Poetry of Hamilton of Bangour.

The *Lounger* has been considered by some critics as inferior to its predecessor: this does not appear to me to be the case; it cannot, indeed, boast of a narrative so pathetic as that of La Roche, or Venoni, in the Mirror; but it does not yield in any other requisite, either of character, humour, moral instruction, or popular

criticism. On the contrary, I think it may be easily proved, that a larger proportion of good papers is to be found in the pages of the *Lounger*. They have both, however, contributed very highly to the purposes of edification and amusement, to the best and noblest objects of the genuine periodical essay.

28. THE OBSERVER. Of this very valuable paper, the composition of *Mr. Cumberland*, it will be necessary, in the first place, to relate what the author has himself thought proper to say of its origin, progress, and character. In the Memoirs of his own Life he has favoured us with the following account: "I first printed two octavos (of the *Observer*) experimentally at our press in Tunbridge Wells; the execution was so incorrect, that I stopped the impression as soon as I had engaged my friend, Mr. Charles Dilly, to undertake the reprinting of it. He gave it a form and shape fit to meet the public eye, and the sale was encouraging. I added to the collection very largely, and it appeared in a new edition of five volumes: when these were out of print, I made a fresh arrangement of the essays, and, incorporating my entire translation of *The Clouds*, we edited the work thus modelled in six volumes; and these being now attached to the

great edition of the British Essayists, I consider the Observer as fairly enrolled amongst the standard classics of our native language. This work, therefore, has obtained for itself an inheritance; it is fairly off my hands, and what I have to say about it will be confined to a few simple facts; I had no acknowledgments to make in my concluding essay, for I had received no aid or assistance from any man living. Every page and paragraph, except what is avowed quotation, I am singly responsible for.

"I have been suspected of taking stories out of Spanish authors, and weaving them into some of these essays as my own, without acknowledging the plagiarism. One of my reviewers instances the story of *Nicolas Pedrosa*, and roundly asserts, that, from internal evidence, it must be of Spanish construction, and from these assumed premises leaves me to abide the odium of the inference. To this I answer, with the most solemn appeal to truth and honour, that I am indebted to no author whatever, Spanish or other, for a single hint, idea, or suggestion of an incident, in the story of Pedrosa, nor in that of the Misanthrope, nor in any other which the work contains. In the narrative of the Portuguese, who was brought before the Inquisition, what I say of it as being matter of tradition, which I collected

he spot, is a mere fiction to give an air of ibility and horror to the tale: the whole, out exception of a syllable, is absolute and e invention.

I take credit to myself for the character of ıham Abrahams; I wrote it upon principle, ging it high time that something should be for a persecuted race; I seconded my ap- to the charity of mankind, by the character ieva, which I copied from this of Abrahams. public prints gave the Jews credit for their bility in acknowledging my well-intended ces: my friends gave me joy of honorary nts, and some even accused me of ingrati- for not making public my thanks for their ificence. I will speak plainly on this point; most heartily wish they had flattered me with token, however small, of which I might said *this is a tribute to my philanthropy*, and ered it down to my children, as my beloved r did to me his badge of favour from the citi- of Dublin; but not a word from the lips, not e did I ever receive from the pen of any Jew, gh I have found myself in company with r of their nation; and in this perhaps the gen- n are quite right, whilst I had formed ex- tions that were quite wrong; for if I have said iem only what they deserve, why should I be

thanked for it? But if I have said more, much more, than they deserve, can they do a wiser thing than hold their tongues?

"I think it cannot be supposed but that the composition of 'the Observer' must have been a work of time and labour; I trust there is internal evidence of that, particularly in that portion of it, which professes to review the literary age of Greece, and gives a history of the Athenian stage. That series of papers will, I hope, remain as a monument of my industry in collecting materials, and of my correctness in disposing them; and when I lay to my heart the consolation I derive from the honours now bestowed upon me, at the close of my career, by one, who is only in the first outset of his, what have I not to augur for myself, when he who starts with such auspicious promise has been pleased to take my fame in hand, and link it to his own? If any of my readers are yet to seek for the author to whom I allude; the *Comicorum Graecorum fragmenta quædam* will lead *them* to his name, and *him* to their respect.

"If I cannot resist the gratification of inserting the paragraph, (page 7,) which places my dim lamp between those brilliant stars of classic lustre, Richard Bentley and Richard Porson, am I to be set down as a conceited vain old man?

Let it be so! I can't help it, and in truth I don't much care about it. Though the following extract may be the weakest thing that Mr. Robert Walpole, of Trinity College, Cambridge; ever has written, or ever shall write, it will outlive the strongest thing that can be said against it, and I will therefore arrest and incorporate it, as follows: *Aliunde quoque haud exiguum ornamentum huic volumini accepit, siquidem Cumberlandius noster amicè benevolèque permisit, ut versiones suas quorundam fragmentorum, exquisitas sane illas, miráque elegantiâ conditas et commendatas huc transferrem."* *

Forty numbers of the *Observer* in an octavo volume, and printed at Tunbridge Wells, were published in London in 1785; this collection being well received, both by the public and the critics, it was reprinted by Dilly, the succeeding year, in three volumes, crown 8vo, with such numerous additions, as augmented the numbers to ninety-three. In 1788, a fourth volume was given; and in 1790, the fifth and last. Of this arrangement in five volumes, a new impression was published in 1791, which is the edition in my possession, extending to one hundred and fifty-three essays. The Observer, in six volumes, appeared in 1798; in 1803, it was incorporated with the British

* Vol. ii. p. 199, et seq.

Essayists; and in 1808, it was reprinted in three volumes 12mo.

The essays which compose these interesting volumes, may be classed under the appellations of *Literary*, *Critical*, and *Narrative; Humorous*, *Moral*, and *Religious*.

To the *Literary* papers, which amount to about forty in number, we are indebted for the most original feature in the work. These include, together with some account of the civil history of Greece, a compressed and connected detail of Grecian poetry, from the earliest era to the death of Menander. The research has been particularly directed to the remains of the Greek Dramatists, and more especially to the writers of the *Old*, the *Middle*, and the *New Comedy*. Of these, the fragments, which the desolating hand of Time has spared, have been translated with uncommon felicity, by Mr. Cumberland; and merit the eulogium which Mr. Walpole has so happily expressed. The easy and flowing metrical style of Fletcher and Massinger furnished Mr. Cumberland with an appropriate model for his versions, which he has imitated with fidelity and spirit. The patience and persevering labour required for the due execution of this task, may be estimated from the declaration of the *Observer*, that it was his ambition to give the world

"a complete collection of the beauties of the Greek stage, in our own language, from the remains of more than fifty comic poets."*

The papers strictly *Critical*, in the *Observer*, amount to *seventeen*, of which *eleven* are devoted to the consideration of dramatic character and conduct. Among these, the contrast between the characters of Macbeth and Richard; the parallel between Æschylus and Shakspeare; the observations on Falstaff and his group; and the comparative review of Rowe's Fair Penitent with the Fatal Dowry of Massinger; are peculiarly interesting and conclusive. The essay on style, in N° 133, contains many just remarks on the diction of *Addison* and *Johnson*; with the judicious recommendation of the former as the safer model for the student. The character of Mr. Cumberland's own style, indeed, partakes much more of the elegant and idiomatic simplicity of Addison, than of the elaborate, though splendid, composition of Johnson; with the exception of a few phrases, which are too flat and colloquial, it is easy, fluent, and correct.

Of the *Narrative* portion of the *Observer*, which occupies no small share of the work, it is impossible not to speak highly. Powerful invention, strong delineation of character, and ad-

* Vol. iv. p. 119, edition of 1791.

herence to costume, distinguish the greater part of our author's fictions. The stories of Abdullah and Zarima; of Chaubert, the Misanthrope; of the Portuguese Gentleman who died by the rack, of Ned Drowsy, and of Nicolas Pedrosa, may be instanced as fully supporting the opinion that we have advanced; the last two more especially abound in the richest traits both of pathos and humour.

There are many papers, likewise, in the *Observer*, which may more exclusively be termed *Humorous;* such as the Letters from Mr. Jedediah Fish, in Nos. 45 and 69; the Letter from Rusticus, in N° 80; the Letter from Posthumous, in N° 92; the characters of Simon Sapling and Billy Simper, in Nos. 129, 131, and 132; the adventures of Kit Cracker, in N° 134; and the Letter from Tom Tortoise, in N° 149. These, and others of a similar kind, very agreeably relieve the literary and didactic portion of the work; and, at the same time, exhibit a knowledge of the world, its follies, and eccentricities.

It may be affirmed of this periodical paper, very highly to its credit, that almost every part of it, either directly or indirectly, possesses a *Moral* tendency; a considerable number of essays is avowedly appropriated to subjects of this

kind, subjects calculated to improve the manners, and meliorate the heart; and even in those which are set apart for literary and critical enquiry, great care has been taken to render them, in almost every instance, subservient to the best purposes of virtue and instruction.

Nor should we fail to notice that some papers of great value, strong in argument, and curious in research, are devoted to *Religious* topics. The comparison of Pythagoras with Christ, in N° 12; the defence of our Saviour's Miracles, in N° 13; the morality of Christianity, as compared with that of natural religion, in N° 83; and an argument for the evidences of the Christian religion, in N° 93; together with three papers in volume the fourth, in answer to the cavils and objections of David Levi, are of this kind, and impress us with a deep sense of the piety of their author.

The *Observer*, though the sole labour of an individual, is yet rich in *variety*, both of subject and manner; in this respect, indeed, as well as in literary interest, and in fertility of invention, it may be classed with the *Spectator* and *Adventurer;* if inferior to the latter in grandeur of fiction, or to the former in delicate irony and dramatic unity of design, it is wealthier in its literary fund than either, equally moral in its

views, and as abundant in the creation of incident. I consider it, therefore, with the exception of the papers just mentioned, as superior, *in its powers of attraction*, to every other periodical composition.

29. THE MICROCOSM. A collection, principally written by four young gentlemen of *Eton College*; namely, *Mr. John Smith*, *Mr. George Canning*, *Mr. Robert Smith*, and *Mr. John Frere*. They commenced their publication on Monday, November the 6th, 1786, assuming the feigned name and character of *Gregory Griffin*, and continued the work weekly to July the 30th, 1787, on which day the *Microcosm* was concluded with the fortieth number. The occasional assistance of other Etonians was given to this paper in the persons of *Lord Henry Spencer*, *Mr. Way*, *Mr. Littlehales*, *Mr. Joseph Mellish*, and *Mr. Capel Lofft*, and a few essays are attributed to unknown Correspondents.

The *Microcosm*, though the composition chiefly of very young men, betrays few marks of juvenility; it is an effort, indeed, which reflects high honour, not only on the individuals who engaged in it, but on the school which produced, at such an early age, specimens so respectable of genius and literature. It consists, like its predecessors, of

disquisitions on men, manners, and literature, interspersed with sketches of character and strokes of satire and humour. The papers of Mr. Canning, especially Nos. 11, 12, 30, and 39, display much skill in the province of wit and burlesque composition; while Nos. 9, 10, 16, 27, and 28, on Poetry, on Genius, on Language, and on Translation, the productions of the Smiths, and Mr. Frere, evince critical powers of rapid growth and firm expansion.

The first letter in N° 36, signed "An Etonian," and the contribution of Mr. Lofft, contains an unanswerable defence of the style of Addison, as distinguished by the appellation of the *Middle Style;* it concludes with the following eloquent eulogium on the genius and writings of this celebrated essayist: "Addison is deservedly honoured as a Teacher of Moral Wisdom, of rational religion, in every interesting, every engaging form, which attractive Fiction can lend, or the simple Elegance of Truth, present. Of the true, the graceful, and the virtuously conciliating in domestic life, he was not less a Teacher; with a persuasive ease, a delicacy, a pathetic mildness, whose influence can never be entirely without effect on the heart of any of his readers. I would appeal to his VISIONS OF MIRZA; to his *Allegory* on the origin of the connection between PAIN and

PLEASURE, extended to a noble conclusion from the idea hinted by *Socrates;* to his Essay on RELIGION and on PRAYER, for the higher instances; to his character of *Ruricola* and the *Cornelii;* to the serious and sentimental part of his inimitable portrait of the good *Old Knight;* and a variety of his other compositions, adapted to all the social offices between individuals, for the rest. Nor, as a Critic, can he ever be meanly valued: whether we regard his merit of introducing MILTON to popular notice, more extensively than would otherwise have been effected, even by the approbation of SOMERS; or his Essays on the PLEASURES of IMAGINATION, to which modern refinement of investigation may yet find itself much obliged, and modern elegance of style may be challenged to no easy competition. ——I hope that many retain their veneration to a name to which our language, our taste, our manners, are singularly indebted; and who, first of our English writers, presented Virtue to our view, introduced by Cheerfulness, and attended by the Graces."

The encouragement given to the circulation of the *Microcosm*, in numbers, soon reproduced it in a collected form; it appeared, in 1787, in one volume octavo; and in the year 1790, was reprinted in two volumes duodecimo.

30. THE PHAROS. These Essays are from the pen of a Lady, the author of Constance, a Novel, in four volumes; and were published twice a week, every Tuesday and Saturday, for about half a year; the first being dated November the 7th, 1786; and the fiftieth and last, on April the 28th, 1787. They were collected, as soon as completed, in two volumes, duodecimo.

The title, which the fair writer has chosen for her work, requiring, from its singularity, some explanation, she has given it, with much ingenuity, in the following manner: "The Pharos, every one knows, is nothing more nor less than a light-house, whose benefits are chiefly calculated for the service of the sailor: its flame is intended to warn him from the shoal and the rock; and thus, by [with] his super-added knowledge, it proves a guide to safe anchorage, or contributes to the safety of his voyage. In life, a friendly monitor of this kind is no less useful: few, who compare the world to a sea, feign it a pacific ocean: it is by its best friends acknowledged not only exposed to the storms, but likewise to every danger of the deep: whirlpools, quicksands, promontories, and shallows, perpetually oppose the voyager's way; and miserable indeed is he if deprived of light and warning.

" In one particular I confess my work resembles not a Pharos. It is not placed in a conspicuous situation: consequently, the orbit of its rays will be much confined. But let this be no discouragement: it pretends to illuminate no boundless ocean, but its light may be seen timely enough to avoid every danger it intimates. It will instruct all who, in a steady endeavour after safety, appeal to its power; for however partially it may direct its flame, or however dimly it may burn, still shall be visible to the mariner this important monition, that he can no longer hope for security than while he sails by the chart of scripture, and the compass of reason, towards that new undiscovered country, where all his labours shall end, and a final remuneration awaits him.

" But as in one particular I own my Pharos deficient, so in another I hope it will excel its archetype: its light shall be to none terrific. I cannot promise it will ever blaze into admirable brightness, nor that I can always preserve more than a lambent flame; but a friend of mine, a very ingenious artist, has promised occasionally to amuse the beholders with a few coruscations, which, if well-timed and applied, may obliterate, or obtain toleration for, any natural defects in my edifice.

"The method by which I shall endeavour to serve those who resort to my light for counsel, will not be always the same. In some cases it may be most useful to render the dangerous body luminous: in others, I may do more good by directing a few rays to the shipwrecked vessel or mariner. To him or his vessel will always be found attached a scroll containing the history of his fate, an attentive perusal of which is all the impost I exact. Sometimes I shall warn, by pointing out the errors of other voyagers, who still vainly beat the waves; and sometimes shall endeavour to make manifest to those I guide, that no nautical skill, nor the best applied exertion, can aid them if they steer towards an inhibited port."*

The manner in which the intentions of the writer of the *Pharos* are carried into execution, must be pronounced creditable to her abilities. The collection every where displays a strict adherence to the cause of virtue and morality; and it is enlivened by frequent touches of character, and by various details of incident. The style is clear, and usually correct; and the subjects which she has selected for discussion are, in general, such as include the business of life, and especially of female life, and manners

* Vol. i. p. 4, 5, 6, 7

31. THE BUSY BODY. A paper of little merit, the first number of which appeared on January the 2d, 1787, and was suffered to exist until February the 26th, 1787; at which period, having been published thrice a week, twenty-five numbers had come forth; and these, in the year 1789, were reprinted in two volumes duodecimo.

The author, in his second number, has declared, that "the *Busy Body* would be very sorry if the public expected any of the Spectator, Tatler, Mirror, &c. in his works; to be sure he must now and then write upon *old* subjects, but hopes in a *new* manner." The manner, indeed, is somewhat new; but, I am sorry to say, that it is altogether worthless.

32. THE OLLA PODRIDA. The public is indebted to Mr. Thomas Monro, A.B. of St. M. Magdalen College, Oxford, for the origin and conduct of this paper. It consists of forty-four essays, published weekly; the first, dated March the 17th, 1787, and the last, January the 12th, 1788. Of these, *twenty* appear to have been written by Mr. Monro himself, and the remaining twenty-four are thus appropriated: *nine* to Dr. Horne, the late Bishop of Norwich; *five* to the Rev. Mr. Kett, of Trinity College, Oxford;

three to Mr. Berkeley, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and *one paper each* to the following gentlemen; the Rev. Mr. Graves, of Claverton; Mr. Headley, of Norwich; Francis Grose, Esq; the Rev. Joseph Pott; Mr. Hammond, of Merton College; and the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Mavor. We have to add, that N° 10, is the production of an anonymous writer; that *one* letter is ascribed to Mr. Agutter, of Magdalen College; and *three* to Mr. Leycester, of Merton College.

That the dish, thus prepared for the public, should possess a rich and poignant flavour, might be expected, from the literary cooks engaged in hashing it up; it is indeed, to drop the metaphor, a production of superior merit, and entitled to more notice than it has hitherto obtained. Many of the papers of Mr. Monro are written with a considerable portion of vivacity and good sense; the contributions of Dr. Horne are uniformly excellent; and the Vicar's Tale, by Mr. Berkeley, in Nos. 32, 37, and 38, is well told, and both for its pathos and powers of description, deserves much praise. N° 16, also, by Mr. Headley, on the conduct of modern Tragedy; and N° 39, by Mr. Kett, on Epitaph-Writing, are rendered interesting by their literary taste.

Among the essays of Bishop Horne, is an ad-

mirable apology for the character of Dr. Johnson; which, as possessing so much truth, being so eloquently written, and, at the same time, being the best defence hitherto published, of a man, who has necessarily occupied so much of our attention, I shall, in a great degree, transcribe.

" Johnson, it is said, was superstitious; but who shall exactly ascertain to us, what superstition is? The Romanist is charged with it by the Church-of-England man; the Churchman by the Presbyterian; the Presbyterian by the Independent; all by the Deist; and the Deist by the Atheist. With some, it is superstition to pray; with others, to receive the sacrament; with others, to believe in God. In some minds it springs from the most amiable disposition in the world: ' a pious awe, and fear to have offended;' a wish rather to do too much than too little. Such a disposition one loves, and wishes always to find in a friend; and it cannot be disagreeable in the sight of him who made us. It argues a sensibility of heart, a tenderness of conscience, and the fear of God. Let him, who finds it not in himself, beware, lest, in flying from superstition, he fall into irreligion and prophaneness.

" That persons of eminent talents and attainments in literature, have been often complained

of as—dogmatical, boisterous, and inattentive to the rules of good breeding, is well known. But let us not expect every thing from every man. There was no occasion that Johnson should teach us to dance, to make bows, or turn compliments. He could teach us better things. To reject wisdom, because the person of him who communicates it is uncouth, and his manners are inelegant;—what is it, but to throw away a pine-apple, and assign for a reason the roughness of its coat?

"That Johnson was generous and charitable, none can deny. But he was not always judicious in the selection of his objects: distress was a sufficient recommendation, and he did not scrutinize into the failings of the distressed. May it be always my lot to have such a benefactor! Some are so nice in a scrutiny of this kind, that they can never find any proper objects of their benevolence, and are necessitated to save their money. It should, doubtless, be distributed in the best manner we are able to distribute it; but what would become of us all, if he, on whose bounty all depend, should be extreme to mark that which is done amiss?'

"It is hard to judge any man, without a due consideration of all circumstances. Here were stupendous abilities, and suitable attainments,

but then here were hereditary disorders of body and mind reciprocally aggravating each other; a scrophulous frame, and a melancholy temper; here was a life, the greater part of which passed in making provision for the day, under the pressure of poverty and sickness, sorrow and anguish. So far to gain the ascendant over these, as to do what Johnson did, required very great strength of mind indeed. Who can say, that, in a like situation, he should long have possessed, or been able to exert it?

"From the mixture of power and weakness in the composition of this wonderful man, the scholar should learn humility. It was designed to correct that pride which great parts and great learning are apt to produce in their possessor. In him it had the desired effect. For though consciousness of superiority might sometimes induce him to carry it high with man (and even this was much abated in the latter part of life,) his devotions have shewn to the whole world, how humbly he walked at all times with his God.

"His example may likewise encourage those of timid and gloomy dispositions not to despond, when they reflect, that the vigour of such an intellect could not preserve its possessor from the depredations of melancholy. They will cease

to be surprized and alarmed at the degree of their own sufferings: they will resolve to bear, with patience and resignation, the malady to which they find a Johnson subject, as well as themselves: and if they want words, in which to ask relief from him who can alone give it, the God of mercy, and father of all comfort, language affords no finer than those in which his prayers are conceived. Child of sorrow, whoever thou art, use them; and be thankful, that the man existed, by whose means thou hast them to use.

" His eminence and his fame must of course have excited envy and malice: but let envy and malice look at his infirmities and his charities, and they will melt into pity and love.

" That he should not be conscious of the abilities with which Providence had blessed him, was impossible. He felt his own powers; he felt what he was capable of having performed; and he saw how little, comparatively speaking, he had performed. Hence his apprehensions on the near prospect of the account to be made, viewed through the medium of constitutional and morbid melancholy, which often excluded from his sight the bright beams of divine mercy. May those beams ever shine upon us! But let them not cause us to forget, that talents have

been bestowed, of which an account must be rendered; and that the fate of the 'unprofitable servant' may justly beget apprehensions in the stoutest mind. The indolent man, who is without such apprehensions, has never yet considered the subject as he ought. For one person who fears death too much, there are a thousand who do not fear it enough, nor have thought in earnest about it. Let us only put in practice the duty of self-examination; let us inquire into the success we have experienced in our war against the passions, or even against undue indulgence of the common appetites, eating, drinking, and sleeping: we shall soon perceive how much more easy it is to form resolutions than to execute them; and shall no longer find occasion, perhaps, to wonder at the weakness of Johnson.

"The little stories of his oddities and his infirmities in common life, will, after a while, be overlooked and forgotten; but his writings will live for ever, still more and more studied and admired, while Britons shall continue to be characterized by a love of elegance and sublimity, of good sense and virtue. The sincerity of his repentance, the steadfastness of his faith, and the fervour of his charity, forbid us to doubt, that his sun set in clouds, to rise without them: and

of this let us always be mindful, that every one who is made better by his books, will add a wreath to his crown."*

A second edition of the *Olla Podrida*, without either index or table of contents, was published in 1788, in one volume octavo; but it has not since revisited the press.

33. THE TRIFLER. In emulation of the literary efforts of the Etonian students, this periodical collection professes to have emanated from Saint Peter's College, Westminster, and to have been written solely by its scholars. Considered in this light, as the production of the Westminster youth, it evidences strongly in favour of their good sense and of their proficiency in elegant literature. Under the assumed character of Timothy Touchstone, the first paper of the *Trifler* came out on May the 31st, 1788, a number issuing from the press every Saturday; for forty-three weeks, until its closure on March the 21st, 1789; the Triflers were afterwards thrown into an octavo volume.

The *Trifler* differs little from its predecessors in the choice of subject; satires on the follies and foibles of mankind; criticism, poetry, narrative, parody, and burlesque, fill its motley pages;

* Olla Podrida, No. 13.

and had not the juvenility of the authors been formally announced, several of the essays might have passed for the compositions of mature age and experience. The poetry, which abounds in the prior half of the volume, is inferior to the prose; and, of this, the portion to which the signatures S and N are annexed, appears to be the best. N° 12, on the Influence of Liberty on Genius; N° 19, on Chivalry; N° 32, on Sunday Schools; N° 36, containing a Letter from Duke Humphrey; and, N° 41, on the Art of Life, may be pointed out as excelling the rest both in style and manner.

The composition of this paper has been attributed, though I know not upon what authority, to Mr. Oliphant and Mr. Allen, of Trinity College, Cambridge; and to the Hon. W. Aston and Mr. Taunton, students of Christ-Church, Oxford, who are said to have been, when writers in the *Trifler*, under the age of twenty.

34. VARIETY. *Variety* consists of thirty-three essays, which were intended to have been published *weekly* in the year 1787; but the authors being informed, "that the times were so much altered since the *World* and *Connoisseur* made their appearance *weekly*, about *thirty* years ago, that any attempt to revive such mode

of publications, must now prove unsuccessful, since every essay would be hash'd, or minc'd, if not served up entire, in the daily papers, like a Maintenon Cutlet, as the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, have been cut into Scotch collops,"* resolved to present the public with their collected labours in the form of a duodecimo, which made its appearance in 1788.

Variety, great part of which has been lately acknowledged by Mr. Repton, is written with no small portion of spirit, wit, and ingenuity; the Distresses of a modest Man, in N° 22, though the subject be rather stale, cannot be read without laughter; the tale of the Friar and his Dog, in Nos. 30, 31, and 32, is well told, and supports a strong interest in the mind; and several of the papers on moral topics, especially N° 6, on Happiness; N° 12, on Gratitude and Ingratitude; and Nos. 13 and 14, on the comparative quantity of Misery and Happiness in Life, discover many traits of just and original thinking. The character of Mr. Hewet, in N° 12, late Rector of Baconsthorpe and Bodham, in Norfolk, does honour to human nature. It must not be concealed, however, that some parts of *Variety* are greatly defective, both in judgment and taste; the ridicule on Sunday Schools, in N° 7, to

* Preface, p. 5, and 6.

speak in the mildest terms, is very ill placed; the metaphysical essay on the Deity, in N° 17, is superficial and inconsequent; and the eulogium on Richardson, in Nos. 25 and 26, is so highly extravagant, that among the catalogue of his excellencies, he is praised for the *beauty of his style*.

35. THE REFLECTOR. The author of this collection seems to have thought that the Tatler and Spectator were too polished and refined for plain readers, and that a more subdued style and manner were necessary for the purpose which he chiefly held in view, that of rural instruction. "Steele and Addison," he observes, "to their immortal honour, were the first who brought philosophy from schools and colleges, to visit the dressing-room and parlour: and our author, with a well-meant gallantry, has woed her to take a trip with him towards the farm-house and the cottage."* There appears, however, to be a great mistake in this supposition; for to those minds which are not sufficiently cultivated to improve by the study of the Spectator, the pages of the *Reflector* will be, most assuredly, addressed in vain.

Though the morality and the ethics of this

* Preface, p. 5 and 6.

essayist be generally correct, there is a monotony in his manner, and a mediocrity in his execution, which give an air of common-place to the whole. The business of the female world, love, marriage, &c. &c. occupy a great portion of his attention; and some valuable advice, though given in no very original garb, may be culled by his fair readers. N° 2, of the second volume, on Cruelty, I would select as a favourable specimen of the work, which includes fifty essays, printed in two volumes, duodecimo, in the year 1788. Want of strength, and deficiency of literary resource, are, notwithstanding the avowed design of the collection, the great failings of the *Reflector*.

36. WINTER EVENINGS. A production of Dr. Knox, which, if not so popular as his "Essays," yet possesses very considerable merit. It was originally published anonymously in 1788, in three volumes duodecimo, divided into nine books, and these subdivided into chapters. A second edition was reprinted in two volumes octavo; and a third, in 1795, in two, duodecimo; of these copies, the first and third are before me; the latter being stripped of its division into books and chapters, and thrown into the form of *Evenings* or *Essays*.

In his introductory essay, Dr. Knox, commenting on the title which he had chosen for his work, observes, "Books enable the imagination to create a summer in the midst of frost and snow; and, with the assistance of culinary fire, whose comfortable warmth supplies, round the parlour hearth, the absence of the sun, I believe the Winter is considered by few, as less pleasurable, upon the whole, than the season of soft breezes and solar effulgence.

"The student shuts the door, while the chill wind whistles round his room, and the rain beats upon the tiles and pavements, stirs his fire, snuffs his candle, throws himself into his elbow chair, and defies the elements. If he chuses to transport himself to warm climates, to regions delightful as the vale of Tempé, or even to riot in all the enchanting scenes of Elysium, he has only to take a volume from his book-case, and with every comfort of ease and safety at home, he can richly feast his capacious imagination.

"For myself, I must acknowledge, that, though I have no objection to cards in moderation, I have, at the same time, no taste for them. They appear to me too dull and unideal to afford a thinking man, who values his leisure, an adequate return of amusement for the time they engross. In a rural retirement, what could I do

ı the winter evenings, when no society interıpted, but read or write? I have done both in vicissitude pleasant to myself, and as my inlination or my ideas of propriety suggested. n these employments I have found my time pass way, not only innocently, but pleasantly; and ıost of these lucubrations are literally what heir title insinuates, the produce of the *Winter Evenings.*"

It has been objected to the first edition of the Winter Evenings, that it was too scholastic and logmatic in its tone; faults which still, in some legree, adhere to the later impressions, though considerably enlarged and corrected. The style, ikewise, is neither so polished nor so pleasing as that of the "Essays;" yet these lucubrations exhibit great variety of subject, with much instruction and much entertainment, and the literary papers are both numerous and interesting.

37. THE LOITERER. The representation of academical life, to which this paper is principally devoted, would appear too narrow a sphere for the labours of the periodical essayist; and, indeed, had not the authors of the *Loiterer* occasionally deviated from their avowed plan, the sources of amusement would soon have been exhausted. Their claim to originality, however, is

in their own opinion, founded on the basis of this restrictive design, of which, in their last number, they have given the subsequent account. "It is indeed a little remarkable," they observe, "that though several works of this kind have been written and published at Oxford, none since the time of Terræ Filius have drawn their sources principally from academical life.

"The Author of the Connoisseur, in a few scattered Papers, has rather pointed the way, than traced the path. Under this idea the present work was begun; and the original Undertakers of it discovered, or fancied that they discovered, a field open before them, as yet unbeaten by the footsteps of any of their predecessors; and it was imagined that the circles of Oxford would furnish some portraits and some scenes, the peculiar features of which, if happily caught, and accurately discriminated, might be not uninteresting to the public eye. In pursuance of this plan, our first volume is almost entirely confined to such subjects as must naturally present themselves to an inhabitant of this place. In the second, it was thought necessary, for various reasons, to enlarge the circle of our subjects, still however without losing sight of the original plan; and the whole is offered to the World, as a rough, but not entirely inaccurate

sketch of the character, the manners, and the amusements of Oxford, at the close of the eighteenth century."

The conductor of, and the chief contributor to the *Loiterer*, is *Mr. James Austen*, M. A. of St. John's College, Oxford. He was assisted, however, by a small society of friends, among whom he has mentioned the names of the Rev. W. B. Portal, and Mr. H. T. Austen. The *Loiterer* commenced on Saturday, January 31st, 1789, was published weekly on that day, and terminated with the sixtieth number, on March the 20th, 1790, in which year it was reprinted in two volumes octavo. It is but justice to say, that, notwithstanding its locality of plan, the *Loiterer* is written with a great share of ability, vivacity, and humour.

PART IV.

ESSAY III.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PERIODICAL PAPERS WHICH HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED BETWEEN THE CLOSE OF THE IDLER, AND THE PRESENT PERIOD.

IN the preceding Essay, we have given a brief account of the periodical papers which were published during a term of nearly *thirty* years, from the year 1760 to the year 1790; in which lapse of time thirty-seven works of this description have been ushered into the world; and of these, six may be mentioned as possessing peculiar excellence; namely, *Knox's Essays*, *The Mirror*, *The Lounger*, *The Observer*, *The Olla Podrida*, and *Winter Evenings*.

The period that remains to be noticed, though comprehending but *nineteen* years, will be found still more productive in this walk of literature; which, notwithstanding the multitude of its cul-

tivators, appears yet capable of affording both novelty and interest.

Among the host of Essays about to occupy our attention, the Reader will perceive, that two productions, the offspring of America and the East-Indies, have been admitted; these, as written in the language of Great Britain, and having been either reprinted, or circulated in this country, it was deemed advisable not to overlook.

38. THE SPECULATOR. This paper, the composition of myself and of a gentleman, whose name, were I permitted to divulge it, would do honour to any branch of literature or science, was published in the year 1790. A number appeared every Saturday and Tuesday; the first, dated March the 27th, 1790; and the twenty-sixth, and last, June the 22d, 1790.

The *Speculator* was brought forward in an octavo volume, immediately on the conclusion of N° 26, and experienced both from the public and the critics a very favourable reception. Of the numbers attributable to myself, and which are distinguished by the initial signature N, I shall only say that, after mature revision, and considerable enlargement, they have been inserted in the "Literary Hours." For the papers marked S and H, I am indebted to my friend

and coadjutor; and of these I can, independent of my partiality for their author, declare that, as specimens of pure and nervous composition, and of sound and interesting criticism, they possess the most decided merit.

The introductory number, signed H, presents the reader with a sketch of the habits and frame of mind of the *Speculator*, and closes with the following account of the plan which he has adopted for the conduct of his work. "Life and letters will be the objects of his attention. To those who, stationed amidst the bustle of the world, can watch the fleeting influence of fashion on the ever-changing scene of manners, the task is left to catch the shifting colours as they appear, and instruct the world, by faithful pictures of the nicer features of the times. Lineaments of life more broad and general, an outline more free and comprehensive of those motives which influence the characters of men, are more adapted to the pencil of a retired Speculator. Variety will not be wanting; the precept, which is tedious in a formal essay, may acquire attractions in a tale, and the sober charms of truth be divested of their austerity by the graces of innocent fiction. Much of the plan will be literary; in this part criticism and the finer arts are meant to occupy a considerable place; and the regula-

rity and dryness of discussion will occasionally be relieved, by the introduction of various pieces of original poetry. In a work of this nature novelty is ever demanded; among the critical essays, a series will be presented to the public, which will at least have that advantage. The later periods of the polite literature of Germany, present the spectacle of a literary harvest, which, though rich and ample, had hitherto excited few labourers. As in our language no regular criticism has appeared on a subject so original as the present state of the Belles Lettres in Germany; sketches of particular parts of their more elegant literature will be attempted in the course of the present work; and some translations offered, to convey an idea, however slight, of that spirit to which description alone is seldom adequate in poetical productions."

In carrying the critical part of this scheme, therefore, into execution, *seven* essays, with the signatures S and H, are appropriated to the discussion of German Literature, and more particularly of the German Drama. Very spirited translations from the "Clavigo" of Goethe, and the "Cabal and Love" of Schiller, are introduced in Nos. 13, 20, and 21; and one entire paper, N° 19, which appears to me a model of energetic composition, is devoted to the consi-

deration of the Genius of Schiller. For a proof of the warmth and vigour of style with which this paper is written, I appeal to the following passages:—

"Imagery the most vivid and daring, situations singular and impressive, the *verbum ardens* pushed almost to rashness, a structure of language full of nerve, rich and dignified, mark every page of the writings of Schiller. Like our own Shakspeare, he sometimes delights and affects, even while he violates every rule, and leaves far behind him the decorum of the scene and the strictness of propriety; satisfied to bid the human heart glow with the fire of communicated passion, or the imagination expand to the grandeur of conception.

"The spirit of Schiller is marked and peculiar: he is the Æschylus of the German drama. He seems, by a native impulse, to have felt his daring pencil directed to those scenes of horror and affright, from the contemplation of which, minds less energetic have shrunk in dismay. Fiery and unfettered, his genius has delighted to seek the loftier and more inaccessible regions of tragic poetry; to expand, as in its native element, amidst the shock and tempest of the fiercer passions, which convulse the soul and lay desolate the breast of man; descending little to the

lower provinces of dramatic effect, or the minutiæ of the scene. In the hands of Schiller, the strings of the human heart are struck with a boldness approaching to temerity. On the milder passions, by which, in the scenes of other dramatists, the soul is gently moved, and the bosom taught to vibrate with soft and delicious sorrow, he has disdained to fix his hold. It is not the tear, which in the tender distress, the languishments of disappointed passions, suffuses the melting eye of sensibility, that his poetic fictions are to call forth; but the gust of heartfelt anguish, sympathizing with the last worst strokes of man's misery, shuddering at the view of calamity hopeless and irremediable. It is to astonish, to terrify, to shake the soul, that in the construction of his dramas the grander efforts of his genius are directed. In the agonies of despairing love, in situations where man is bowed to the grave with irretrievable woe, in the dreadful councils of banditti, and the horror of conspiracies and plots, he has sought for scenes alone congenial to the wildness of his fancy."

At the period when these essays were written, our knowledge of the elegant literature of Germany was very partial and confined; and this portion of the *Speculator* contributed, in no small degree, to turn the attention of the British

literati to the sublime, the beautiful, the terrific fictions of Klopstock, of Wieland, and of Schiller. That incidently much trash has been thrown before the public eye, through the medium of translations from the German, cannot be denied; but this will soon sink into oblivion, and gratitude alone be felt for a more intimate acquaintance with the awful or the lovely imagery of the *Messias* and the *Oberon*.

39. THE BEE. A paper, consisting of essays, philosophical, philological, and miscellaneous, conducted by James Anderson, LL. D. and published weekly at Edinburgh. The first number appeared on Wednesday, December the 22d, 1790, and was regularly continued until *eighteen* volumes, small octavo, were completed; when, owing to the difficulties which the Dr. experienced in managing the mechanism of the concern, and in obtaining the subscriptions, it was relinquished.

The numbers of the *Bee*, each containing forty pages, were, for the accommodation of its different readers, printed on three kinds of paper, *coarse*, *common*, and *fine*, and published at a very low price; the best copies, even when sent to any part of Britain, not exceeding four shillings per volume. Premiums, consisting of gold and silver

medals, were offered for the best Lives, Essays, Poems, and Translations, and every inducement was held forth by the Editor that might secure the assistance of able and respectable contributors.

The *Bee*, as might be imagined from the known abilities of its projector, includes a large quantity of very useful and interesting matter, and not unfrequently clothed in an easy and elegant style. Its politics, however, (though, we must observe, inserted contrary to the wishes and even positive injunctions of Dr. Anderson,) were, at one time, so violent and intemperate, as to injure considerably the sale, and to involve the Editor in much trouble and temporary odium.

The first number of the *Bee* commences with "Cursory Hints and Anecdotes of the late Doctor William Cullen, of Edinburgh," written by Dr. Anderson; and which are prefaced by the declaration, that "a life of Doctor Cullen, with a full account of his writings, was preparing for the press by a masterly hand, on the authenticity of whose information the public may rely;" a work, which, we regret to say, has not hitherto made its appearance.

40. THE GRUMBLER. The essays thus entitled, are the production of the late celebrated antiquary, *Francis Grose, Esq.* and were origi-

nally published in the newspaper called the *English Chronicle*, during part of the year 1791, the year, indeed, in which the worthy author closed a valuable and useful life. They were almost immediately reprinted, after his decease, in a duodecimo volume; in the preface to which, it is said, "that these essays were addressed to the editor of a periodical paper, his intimate friend. They form only a small part of a work, for which the ingenious author had been collecting and preparing materials for several years; the progress of which was suspended by his entire attention being devoted to pursuits of greater interest and importance, and the completion finally prevented by his death."

Sixteen essays, under the title of the *Grumbler*, were all that were published in the author's lifetime, and that were included in the republication just noticed; but in 1793, appeared an octavo volume, ascribed to Mr. Grose, and denominated *The Olio*, in which six more essays were appended to the Grumbler. The Olio was reprinted in 1796, with the essays again amounting to twenty-two.

The Grumbler, as may, indeed, be concluded from the title, is one who has habituated himself to vent his spleen on the vices and follies of the times; and these sketches, for they are little

more, support with some spirit and humour the character under which they are written. N° 11, containing a "sketch of some worn-out characters of the last age," strikes me as the best in the work.

41. THE PATRIOT. A small collection of political essays, published in one of the daily newspapers in Dublin, in the year 1791, and reprinted by Debrett, of London, in a thin octavo, in 1792. The object of these papers is, to prove the necessity of preserving an accurate balance of power in the British constitution. The writer appears to be a friend to the interests of the people; but his arguments are not very logically deduced, and his style is too ornamented and epigrammatic for the nature of the subject.

42. THE PATRIOT. Though assuming the same title, this production is greatly superior to its predecessor. It consists of essays which were published every other Tuesday, in London, on moral, political, and philosophical topics, written, or selected by a society of gentlemen, with the view of disseminating, among all ranks of people, a general knowledge of politics and its collateral sciences. The primary object of the undertaking, however, is, to excite a conviction of

the high importance of a more equal representation of the people in parliament; a task which the *Patriot* has executed with no small share of energy, moderation, and sound argument. The first volume, containing thirteen essays, was printed in 1792, and a second, including a like number, closed the series in 1793.

43. THE CRISIS. Of this volume, consisting of forty-one essays, *Lord Mountmorres* is the author. *The Crisis* originally appeared in a London newspaper, during the years 1792 and 1793, and was afterwards reprinted in 1794, in octavo. As a patriot and philosopher, Lord Mountmorres was highly esteemed, and the objects of his labours in the *Crisis* accord with the character which he maintained. They are chiefly political, commercial, and statistical, and are, in general, directed by considerable ability, and the most philanthropic views. Toleration, Public Credit, the Emancipation of the Irish Catholics, and the French Revolution, are among the leading subjects of this paper.

44. FARRAGO. To a series of Essays, on Moral, Philosophical, Political, and Historical subjects, accompanied by various translations and abridgments, and printed in the year 1792, this

title has been given by an anonymous writer; and the work, which occupies two volumes octavo, is published for the benefit of the society for the discharge and relief of persons imprisoned for small debts. It is only, however, with a portion of the first volume that we are at present interested; containing twenty essays, on *Shakspeare*, *Boxing*, *Friendship*, *Governments*, *Civilized and Savage States*, *Public Executions*, *Commerce*, *Politics and Politicians*, *Religion*, *Politeness*, *Ennui*, *Biography*, *Marriage and Gallantry*, *Truth*, *Kings*, *Language*, *Ingratitude*, *Reveries*, *Prudence and Fortune*, *Sensibility and Benevolence*. These, if they do not exhibit much originality of thought, are written with elegance and perspicuity, and with a large share of liberality and good sense.

The essay on Biography closes with the following observations on Dr. Johnson and his Biographers: "The writers of Dr. Johnson's life have undergone great obloquy, from those who are very partial to his vast endowments, but surely with unmerited rigour; the excess of respect in Mr. Boswell was all but adoration, and certainly from the purest motives; he was content to exhibit himself as a mite, that he might set off the gigantic appearance of his friend.

"Mrs. Piozzi, with no less application of dis-

cernment, and perhaps without the interference of malice, has strengthened the features of the picture by her manner of colouring, in laying on the shades; but Dr. Johnson's character is not hurt by either, nor are his great abilities disparaged beyond the common lot of men, exhibited in all points of view to the eyes of severe criticism; it was a saying of the great Condé, that no man was a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre.

> Nam nemo sine vitiis nascitur ut æquum
> Est, cum sua compenses vitiis bona.
>
> If in the best some faults are easily found,
> Let with due praise his virtues be renown'd.

"Those who have seen Dr. Johnson, as the writer of this has, in the full career of happiness, which was in the conversation of those who revered him, and to whom he was ever ready to impart his knowledge with the utmost complacency of humour, must confess, that they never left his company without improvement, admiration, and delight: those who knew him most intimately, had it both from observation and his own confession, that his life was such a continual torment from mental disease, that to get his mind within his power, was the effort of the most difficult of all struggles: against attacks

that nearly bereaved him of his senses; the total deprivation of which, he often feared would be his fate. But who is there among the good and wise, that think it any diminution of Dr. Johnson's fame, that he was not always great; when he reflects on the vigour of that mind, which under such dreadful embarrassments, emitted those radiant flashes, resembling the effulgence of lightning, whose splendour is the more dazzling, when it bursts from the collision of the blackest clouds. To his infirmity of mind, the candid will impute the inefficacy of his fervent piety to yield him that consolation, which a like practice ensures to others; and pardon those peccadilloes, which, like the spots in the sun, affect not the lustre of that luminary, and in no wise prevent the salutary operation of his other great qualities."*

45. THE LOOKER-ON. For this elegant and instructive work, we are indebted to *William Roberts*, A. M. late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. It is professedly written on the Addisonian plan; to which, in the introduction, under the assumed character of the Rev. Simon Olive-Branch, A. M., the supposed author of the *Looker-On*, Mr. Roberts has paid

* Vol. i. p. 109, 110, 111, 112.

due tribute and attention. His observations, indeed, on the Spectator as a model, and on the mode in which it should be imitated, form a just and correct picture of the best and most legitimate form in which periodical composition has yet appeared.

"Rules insensibly form themselves," he observes, upon his (the Spectator's) model, and the design of the great projector must lead all subsequent attempts. It is the description indeed of a liberal, as distinguished from a servile imitation, that it is studious only of the principle and spirit of its model; and without straining the resemblance to a mechanical conformity, raises a likeness not discernible in the detail, but stamped upon the generality of the whole; not existing in outward admeasurement and correspondence of feature, but furtively produced from a latent consentaneity of genius and character. Ignorance of these rules, or inability to follow them, has been one of the causes of the common failure of attempts to copy the graces and urbanity of the Spectator.

"The delicacy of Addison's morality, the vivacity of his comments, and, above all, the spirit of his plan, are the just objects of judicious imitation; and he will most egregiously have failed, who aims only at forcing into his

work a few of the principal ingredients of the Spectator, without having sounded the secret of those happy combinations of language, and that easy controul of imagery and illustration, which finish and adorn the admonitions, the raillery, and the reasonings of that master-production. Many of our late periodical writers, disdaining to imitate another's plan, have struck out a course in which no plan has been disclosed. They have miscarried, I think, in their attempts. A mere succession of essays, not connected by any common design, and conspiring to no general effect, is accordingly all that they have produced; and for want of that characteristic colouring, which in some instances has made this sort of publication the history of the mind of a thoughtful individual, whose character, insinuated through the work, has fixed the regard of the reader, there is a total failure of that collateral interest which carries one forward from subject to subject, with a super-added curiosity and delight. Something to organize the parts into correspondence, and to constitute a whole; some common attraction to a general design; touches of moral painting that produce a sort of portrait of the writer, and clothe him with a conciliating parental character; a varied intertexture of narration and anecdote; and a polished freedom of

general raillery; are, I think, among the essential requisites of this kind of composition; and a loose compilation of essays, having no cement or lining of this sort, must consequently fail of producing all this satisfaction in the reader's mind.

"Thus much has been said on the requisites and perfections of a periodical paper, because it appears to have been treated too much as a branch of composition to which no rules were applicable, as dispensing with all order and design, and implying nothing more than a succession of detached essays. Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Wimble, and the short-faced Silent Man, are not characters necessary to a periodical paper; but they serve as illustrations of the principles and perfections alluded to; and true taste will condescend to imitation, and choose rather to proceed in the track already marked out by original excellence, than proudly to take a new course, that justifies its departure from models, by no hope or promise of compensation to the reader."*

In conformity with the rules thus promulgated, has the *Looker-On* been constructed; the Rev. Simon Olive-Branch and his Mother are characters which are seldom lost sight of, and excite a strong interest in the reader, from the

* Introduction to the Looker-On, p. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

minute, yet powerful manner in which they are drawn and supported, and from the frequent recurrence of their agency. The former is the perpetual president of a Club, the members of which are contrasted with skill, and their opinions and personal conduct described with great humour; whilst the latter, in regulating the business and debates of a Female Society, has added a large portion of variety and sprightliness to the lucubrations of her son. Thus, through the medium of these characters and their respective circles, is the required unity and integrity of the work preserved, and a dramatic cast imparted to the whole.

If we descend to further particulars, we may remark, that the *style* of the *Looker-On*, especially in the earlier papers, is uncommonly pure, perspicuous, and sweet; emulating very successfully the graceful, and simply-elegant periods of his great exempler, Addison. In the *narrative* department, the story of Eugenio, occupying Nos. 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, and 50, is highly pleasing and pathetic; and the correspondence between him and his Amelia, dispersed through the volumes, and including some very interesting pieces of poetry, gratefully relieve the severer and more didactic tone of the work. To this purpose, likewise, very powerfully tend many

papers of ironical and satirical *humour*, conducted with much pleasantry and art, and subserving the best and most legitimate ends of society.

It is to be regretted, that the desponding light in which Mr. Roberts viewed the literature of his time, has very much confined his excursions into the province of *criticism* and *belles lettres*: there are few papers of this description in the Looker-On; and the reasons assigned in the Introduction for the deficiency, will now excite a smile, especially when we recollect the number of valuable publications, both in science and elegant literature, which have appeared since the year 1792. "The papers," he remarks, "which are bestowed on the subjects of literature, are generally of a desponding cast; they lament the sensible decay of learning and taste among us; and lament it the more, because our country is, perhaps, arrived at that period of its course, when the example of history hardly suffers us to hope that the age of genius will return;" and again toward the conclusion, "Poetry is banished from our island, as effectually as if Plato had moulded its institutions."* It has been observed, and I think justly, that a period of warfare, in which the energies of a nation are roused and called forth, is by no means un-

* P. 25 and 38.

friendly to literature; and the experience of this country, for the last fifteen years, is decidedly in favour of the assertion.

Ethics, *morality*, and *religion*, form a considerable, and a most valuable part of the *Looker-On*; the two former are inculcated, either directly or indirectly, in almost every part of the collection, and are rendered alluring by the frequent introduction of tales, apologues, and fables; while to the subject of religion are appropriated a series of papers, illustrating, in a very striking manner, its analogies with the course and constitution of nature.

The assistance which Mr. Roberts has received in the prosecution of his task, has not been, in quantity, considerable. About half a dozen papers, communicated by the Rev. James Beresford; a couple, by Mr. Chalmers, of Throgmorton-street; and some pathetic pieces of poetry, by Mrs. Opie, form, together with three or four anonymous contributions, the entire sum of his obligations.

The first number of the *Looker-On* was published on Saturday, March the 10th, 1792; and the ninety-second and last, on Saturday, February the 1st, 1794: an essay appearing every Saturday and Tuesday, until the 26th number, when the frequency of publication was reduced

to a paper once a week. In 1794, the *Looker-On* was reprinted in three volumes, duodecimo; in 1797, it attained to a fourth edition, in four volumes, duodecimo; and it has lately been incorporated with the second edition of Mr. Chalmers's British Essayists.

46. THE COUNTRY SPECTATOR. An attempt, by no means unsuccessful, to render the characters and occurrences of a provincial town the basis of a periodical paper. The *Country Spectator* issued from the press of Messrs. Mozley and Co. of Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire; and, in the concluding essay, is acknowledged to be the production of Mr. *T. F. Middleton*. It consists of *thirty-three* numbers, published weekly; of which the first appeared on Tuesday, October 9th, 1792, and the last on May 21st, 1793, when they were collected in an octavo volume. A few extracts from the introductory number will sufficiently explain the nature and scope of the design.

"Of the numerous class of writers," remarks Mr. Middleton, "who have undertaken to furnish instruction or amusement in periodical Essays, no one has, hitherto, I believe, made the *country* the subject of his speculations: their talents seem to have been uniformly directed to the delineation

of such scenes, as the *Town* exhibits; the diversions, the fashions or the follies most prevalent in the Capital, having been the almost unvaried theme of every Essayist. *Addison*, the father of periodical writing, generally collected the remarks which are the substance of his papers, in the taverns and coffee-houses of London, most frequented in his day; and though he has sometimes taken a trip into the country on a visit to Sir *Roger;* yet so busily was he employed in observing the peculiarities of the Baronet, that he paid little regard to rural life, unless as it tended to illustrate the character of his host. The sublime philosophy of the *Rambler* cannot properly be said to have pourtrayed the manners of the times; it has seldom touched on subjects so transient and fugitive, but has displayed the more fixed and invariable operations of the human heart: if, however, its Author has occasionally condescended to trifle, a walk in the *Strand*, rather than a residence in the country, has supplied hints to his Muse. Criticism and oriental tales form the prominent features of the *Adventurer:* the modes of elegant life are the favourite topics of the *World:* and the Triumvirate of Wits, to whom the lovers of delicate raillery and refined humour are indebted for the *Connoisseur*, have sufficiently expressed the design of *their* lucubra-

tions, by assuming to themselves the name of *Town:* in short, every Essayist has either confined himself to the City and the Court, or has touched on Country life, rather as a collateral, than as a distinct, subject.

"Scarcely a British town now exists, which is not distinguished by some literary establishment, formed with a view to a reciprocation of amusement among its members, or a wider diffusion of knowledge through the neighbouring district: and yet that species of entertainment, which sends forth observations on men and manners, through the channel of a periodical Essay, has not hitherto been adopted by Country *literati.*

"My purpose is to convey, through the medium of a *Weekly Essay*, such remarks on Country life, as fill the little sphere of my own observation; and though it would hardly be possible, for a considerable length of time to furnish speculations, of which the subjects are limited, yet I will rarely suffer my Muse to ramble towards the South, or, at least, I will take care, that the manners of the Town shall be subordinate to the more immediate objects of my discussion: and as my predecessors have sometimes led their Readers from the hurry of London into fields and groves, so will I, as occasion requires,

introduce my friends to the Royal Theatres, the Park, or the Palace.

"Criticism and poetry, tales and allegories, will, of necessity, be the same, whether they fall from the pen of a Town or a Country Spectator; but whenever I am led into disquisitions, which derive their complexion from the place in which they are written, I promise my readers, that *they* shall uniformly have the preference; the Country shall be my theme, as often as it shall present me with any peculiarities, or as often as a friendly Country Correspondent will supply me with a hint.

"It was the boast of the illustrious Addison, that he had brought philosophy from schools and colleges, to be a companion at the tea-table. If it should appear, that the projector of this undertaking has brought rational entertainment from London tea-tables to those of the Country, his ambition will be amply gratified; he will reflect with satisfaction on this employment of his leisure in early life, when maturer years shall have confirmed his judgment, and when Age shall have brought back to his recollection the moments that are fled."

In the execution of this plan, Mr. Middleton was occasionally, though not frequently, assisted by a few of his friends; Nos. 6, 9, and 18, con-

taining letters from *Querulous Moody*, on the Danger of rambling from Home, were written by the Rev. D. H. Urquhart, the translator of Anacreon; Nos. 10, and 20, on Country Churches, and on London Visitors in the Country, are the contributions of the Rev. G. Smith, of Sheffield; N° 15, was communicated by James Stovin, Esq. of Boreas Hill, Yorkshire; and two letters, and part of N° 14, are the composition of Mr. A. Stovin, of Gainsborough.

The Country Spectator is dedicated to the inhabitants of the town of Gainsborough; but though written with considerable spirit and ability, and in an easy and perspicuous style, it appears to have terminated abruptly, for want of encouragement. The History of the Country Curate, in Nos. 16, 21, and 28, has the aspect of being founded on fact.

47. The Indian Observer. A periodical paper projected and conducted by the late *Hugh Boyd, Esq.* and published weekly at Madras, in a newspaper, entitled the *Hircarrah*. It was continued for a twelvemonth, commencing on September 9th, 1793, and terminating, with the *fifty-third* number, on September 9th, 1794. The *Indian Observer* was reprinted in London, by subscription, in 1798, in octavo, under the care

of Lawrence Dundas Campbell, Esq. who has prefixed a Life of Mr. Boyd, and annexed some Miscellaneous Poems of his own.

The *Indian Observer* is chiefly occupied by European literature and manners, with the exception of six letters, signed *Ignotus*, and some extracts from the *Institutes of Menu*, and from the Preface to that ancient Sanscrit Code, by Sir William Jones. Mr. Boyd was assisted in the composition of the *Indian Observer*, independent of the communications of *Ignotus*, by his biographer, Mr. Campbell, and by another intimate friend, whose signature is the initial T. The collection exhibits talent, whether we regard its style or its matter; but the seven essays, signed T, and the same number by Mr. Campbell, form, by many degrees, the most valuable portion of the work.

As it is a part of the design of these volumes, to acquaint my readers with the opinions of the Periodical Essayists on the merits of their predecessors, I have seized every occasion of quoting their own words on the subject; and I, therefore, now add to the list the critique of Mr. Boyd, as given in his introductory number, and which will, at the same time, serve as a specimen of his diction.

"While the eagle eye of the *Spectator* had

looked vice into shame, his keen and brilliant ray had penetrated and dispelled the clouds of false taste, follies, and affectation; and with a new informing light, had displayed, in their genuine lustre, the charms of genius, virtue, and piety. The *Tatler* told every thing to every body; and told it so well and so truly, that the hearer was allured to listen, and delighted to laugh; till warmed into praise by the justice of the ridicule, he was surprised by its application, at the winding-up of the moral tale—*de te fabula narratur*. The *Guardian* watched with anxious attention against every mischief, and for every good, that might arrive to his fair wards; and knowing that happiness is the crown of virtue, he also knew that the immortal wreath receives still new charms, when adjusted by the gentler duties and graces of life: he extended his solicitude to the manners as well as to the morals; and he presented to the queen of female virtues, as the fairest and safest handmaids, elegance and decorum. The *World* displayed its knowledge, and diffused the precept of its best science, in a manner so agreeably varied, as to prove that the conductors of that literary planet, for its day of influence, were well qualified to discriminate the parallaxes of pleasure and propriety in the school of fashion; to catch and correct the fluctuating manners in

that changeable scene; to prove, by a happy mixture of the most pleasing with the most useful doctrine, that the true orbit of the man of pleasure is within the eccentricities of extravagance, and the sphere of honour has ever virtue for its centre.

"Such, through successive brilliant periods, were the concentrated and continued efforts of the talents of some of the brightest names of English literature; when one champion singly and boldly stepped forward in the lists, where the difficult prize of fame had hitherto been contended for by the united powers of many. The *Rambler* appeared; confident in his strength, and constant in the cause of truth. His genius, nervous, original, and intrepid, at once attacked the substance and the root of every vice, in whatever form or colour it could appear.—And although lighter follies might elude his giant grasp, no cardinal crime could find protection, in the power or corruption of wealth, from the inflexible censure of his moral justice. His acute research discriminates, with unerring exactness, the different merits too often confounded in the ethical balance; his resistless reasoning, in the inculcation of the various duties of life, though sometimes apparently too abstracted and refined, is drawn

from the simplest and purest sources; and comes home, in Lord Bacon's phrase, 'To the business and bosoms of men.' But, above all, in his sublime discussions of the most sacred truths, as no style can be too lofty, nor conceptions too grand, for such a subject; so has the great master never exerted the powers of his great genius with more signal success. Impiety shrinks beneath his rebuke; the atheist trembles and repents; the dying sinner catches a gleam of revealed hope; and all acknowledge the just dispensations of eternal wisdom."*

48. THE RANGER. The papers collected under this title are the productions of the *Hon. M. Hawke*, and *Sir R. Vincent, Bart.* They were written at a very early period of life; and, this circumstance being duly considered, they reflect the highest credit on their views and attainments. "All the papers of the *Ranger*," say the authors, in their concluding number, "excepting those letters and numbers acknowledged above, (viz. four letters, nine entire numbers, an Ode on Warwick Castle, and parts of Nos. 17, and 18,) have been written by the two persons whose names appear affixed to the dedication; and

* Mr. Boyd is one, among many, to whom the Letters of Junius have been ascribed.

whose ages, taken conjointly, do not amount to *thirty-three years.*"

The *Ranger* occupied the attention of these accomplished young men during their relaxation from school employment; the numbers composing it were printed weekly, though with occasional interruptions, at Brentford; the first paper bears the date of January 1st, 1794, and the fortieth and last, that of March 21st, 1795. When published in two volumes, duodecimo, in 1795, they were dedicated to the Rev. T. S. Atwood, M. A. of Hammersmith, the friend and tutor of these juvenile Essayists.

From writers, thus young, it would be absurd to expect any depth of information relative to men and manners; but in the provinces of morality and imagination there is much to applaud and little to censure; the Adventures of Emma, in Nos. 23, 24, 25, and 26, are peculiarly interesting and well-told; and the style of the whole work is correct and elegant.

49. The Cabinet. Politics form the leading subject of this work, which was written and published by a Society of Gentlemen at Norwich. It was commenced in October 1794, and before the close of 1795 was extended to three

volumes, duodecimo, including one hundred and thirty-two different topics.

Brought forward at a period of tumult and alarm, when the public mind was heated almost to madness by the fury of contending parties, and the effervescence of political speculation, the authors of the *Cabinet* boldly, but somewhat intemperately, rush forward to stem the torrent of corruption, and to support the cause, as they conceived, of expiring freedom. "Their object," they declare, "was, by encouraging a spirit of free and dispassionate inquiry, and by provoking a liberal investigation into the nature and object of civil government, to remind their fellow-citizens at once of their duties and their rights, and to impress them with this sentiment, That whilst it is their duty to repel, with becoming energy, the encroachments of arbitrary power, they are alike bound to submit to those salutary restraints that are common to every form of government, and which must, of necessity, exist in the most perfect model of social institution."*

As far as they have adhered to this design, they have merited the thanks of every good citizen and friend of constitutional liberty; but,

* Preface, p. 4 and 5.

the deviations from the path thus chalked out are not unfrequent; and on the unqualified censure and vehement tone which they have occasionally adopted, they will now probably reflect with some regret, since the series of events which has taken place since their pages were written, must have altered considerably, not their adherence to genuine freedom, I trust, but many of their opinions relative to persons and measures, both at home and abroad.

The *Cabinet*, however, is not exclusively appropriated to political disquisition; poetry, criticism, and incident, diversify its volumes; and there are several excellent essays on general polity and manners: the papers, for instance, *on the Influence of some human Institutions on Happiness; on the Connection of the Arts and Sciences with Liberty; on the Advantages of a liberal Education to Persons in Commercial Life;* and *on the Simplicity of Ancient Manners, &c. &c.* Of the poetry of the *Cabinet* many beautiful specimens might be adduced; I shall particularise three, as peculiarly pleasing; the *Poeme on Martilmasse Day; Allen Brooke of Windermere;* and the *Ode to Eolus's Harp.* In the departments of criticism and narration, the *Observations on the* "Robbers" *of Schiller*, and *The Nun* and *Love and Patriotism*, challenge our approbation. It

should be mentioned, likewise, that the History of the late War, to the evacuation of Holland by the British troops, in 1795, and Sketches of the Lives and Characters of Hampden and Machiavel, are prominent features of the *Cabinet*.

Of this periodical paper we may, indeed, justly record, that its literary merit is great; and that, in its political capacity, where enthusiasm has not overstepped the limits of moderation, its argument is cogent, and its tendency good.

50. THE SYLPH. Under the character of the Sylph *Ariel*, who, in a vision to Mr. Longman, communicates his intentions of periodically warning and admonishing the world, the author of this work has produced a very pleasing and instructive collection of essays.

The *Sylph* was at first published twice a week, on Tuesday and Saturday, as far as the seventeenth number; and, during the residue of its course, only once a week, on the Saturday. The first number was printed on September 22d, 1795, and the fortieth, and concluding paper, on April 30th, 1796; shortly after which, the Sylph appeared in an octavo volume, which was entitled Volume the First.

Observations on the follies and frailties, the

crimes and passions of mankind, which are here subjected to the jurisdiction of Courts established on the authority of *Ariel*, form the greater part of the lucubrations of the Sylph. These topics are treated, according to their relative importance to society, in a gay or serious manner; the former possessing vivacity, and the latter inculcating the higher duties with considerable effect.

Of the essays, assuming the tone of solemn admonition, I would particularly point out, as of superior merit, N° 8, *on Self-Love and Selfishness;* N° 11, *on Humility and Mutual Forbearance;* N° 15, *on Duplicity;* N° 20, *on Poverty;* N° 22, *on the Love of Fame;* and N° 25, *on Filial Piety.* Fiction, likewise, is successfully called in to decorate the precepts of Wisdom; and *The Tablets,* an Eastern Tale, occupying Nos. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, and part of 35, may be recommended, as a very interesting and instructive allegory. It should be added, that the style, in which the Sylph is written has a just title to the appellations correct and polished. With such claims on public support, I am somewhat surprised that a *second* volume should not have been ushered into light.

51. THE REAPER. The papers composing

this work were chiefly written by the late Mr. Maude, of Wensley-dale, and were originally published in the York Chronicle; the first number appearing on Thursday, January 7th, 1796; and N° 31, which completed the series, on Thursday, June 22d, 1797.

The *Reaper* was reprinted, though never published, in an octavo volume, in 1798; when one of the essays in the Chronicle was omitted, and some of them thrown together, so as to reduce the number to twenty-six. This re-impression was intended by Mr. Maude as the first part of a projected edition of his works, which would have occupied two volumes octavo; but death prevented the completion of his design.

The first three papers of the *Reaper*, in its octavo form, are political; the rest, with the exception of Nos. 20, and 21, which are likewise on political subjects, are miscellaneous. N° 6, contains some just and pointed observations on the vice of Gaming; N° 7, is occupied in drawing the character of Mr. J. Smeaton, the architect of the Eddistone Light-house, a man of a vast mechanical genius, and of great moral worth; N° 9, details some remarks on the writings and genius of Sterne; and N° 10, is employed in giving a sketch of a very eccentric character, the Rev. Benjamin Smith, half nephew

of Sir Isaac Newton. N° 12, is a dissertation on the progress and utility of Geography; N° 13, expatiates on the errors and superstitions in Natural History; N° 14, is elucidatory of some popular superstitions; and N° 15, is on Titles, Mottoes, Punctuation, and Alliteration. The subjects of N° 15, were suggested by a Correspondent; and the author, in reply to his animadversions, remarks; "He finds fault with our paper being called *The Reaper;* now as all modern and heathen names, from DAN to BEERSHEBA, have been already occupied, there was scarce another title that stood disengaged. The variety that has appeared would stagger belief; for *since the days of the Spectator, down to this hour, we recount thirty-seven periodical publications.**

"The title of *Reaper* gives that literary latitude, that we may rove the fields of fancy or fact, at will; and were we to have our choice of all the names that have preceded, we should probably adopt our own. We have not the most distant vanity to mean in execution. We think the title accommodating and appropriate; but the Hyæna is partial to its own offspring." †

* How very small a portion this number, mentioned by Mr. Maude, forms of the series published before 1796, these volumes have already sufficiently evinced.

† P. 114—117.

N° 16, on the Sagacity of Brutes, contains several amusing anecdotes; and N° 17, exhibits some remarks on Genius and its varieties; and on the character of Emerson, the mathematician. N° 18, is on the Ingenuity and Powers of Blind Persons; N° 19, on the variety observed in the endurance of Corporal Pain; N° 22, on Precedency; N° 24, on the Natural History of the Cameleopard; N° 25, on the Natural History of the Mammoth; and N° 26, concludes the work with Biographical Remarks on Sir Isaac Newton. The initial signatures to these papers are, A, E, I, U, and O; but there are some without any annexed letter.*

52. THE ENQUIRER. A periodical paper still unfinished, and still proceeding. It has been given to the world through the medium of the Monthly Magazine; and twenty-seven numbers have, at irregular, and sometimes very distant, periods, been hitherto published. The first number appeared in the Magazine for February, 1796; and the twenty-seventh in the same Miscellany for April, 1809.

* I have been the more particular in enumerating the contents of this volume, as it is not now to be purchased; the copy which I have used, was obtained, as a loan, through the medium of a friend.

The *Enquirer* is evidently the production of men of highly respectable talents, accustomed to composition, and alike qualified to discuss a subject in the abstruse departments of literature, or in the more fascinating province of Belles Lettres. Education, politics, criticism, literary antiquities, moral philosophy, and theology, are all embraced in the excursive researches of the *Enquirer*; and, notwithstanding the narrow limits usually prescribed to a periodical essay, are often treated with considerable fulness and elaboration.

The original conductors of the *Enquirer* appear to have relinquished it with N° 25, published so long ago, in the Monthly Magazine, as August 1801; its resumption, in the same interesting vehicle, is dated December 1808. Among the literary papers I cannot omit mentioning one as singularly curious, N° 19, (February 1800,) *on the Patria of Romance, of Rime, and of Chivalry.* The style of the *Enquirer* is, in general, remarkable for its correctness and perspicuity.

53. THE PEEPER. The most interesting part of this collection, which includes *thirty-four* essays, forming a duodecimo volume, is derived from its Biographical Sketches of Anne Ayscough, John Henderson, A. B. and the Rev

Samuel Badcock, in Nos. 30, 32, and 34. With the exception of N° 27, *on the Corruption of the English Language by the Introduction of Foreign Words and Phrases*, the residue of the work is employed on moral and religious subjects.

The *Peeper* is the production of John Watkins, LL. D.; it was published in 1796, and is dedicated to Miss Hannah More. In noticing the titles of his predecessors, the author modestly says, " I conceive that, with very great propriety, I can venture to lay hold of the lowly title of the *Peeper;* a title that luckily has been rejected by all Essayists, as unbecoming of their dignity and importance. Now, fortunately, they could not have left one more suitable to the humble wight who has here taken it up, both because I am actually very short-sighted, and, therefore, am under the necessity of using glasses; and also because my situation in the world is so obscure, that I can only content myself with *peeping* at what is curious, new, or entertaining."*

The general tone of the *Peeper*, is too uniformly grave and sermonising for the constitution of a periodical paper, to which variety, vivacity, imagination, and wit, are essential; he is steadily, however, the friend of piety and moral rectitude; and though occasionally, on the subject of re-

* No. 1. p. 3.

ligion, rather too dogmatic, his pages will not fail to instruct the youthful mind. The style, if not elegant, is neat and clear.

54. THE LYNX. A paper, partly political, published weekly by Symonds, in 1796. I know not how long it continued to exist; but its literary merit is inconsiderable.

55. THE WATCHMAN. This little miscellany, which merited a better fate, was printed at Bristol, though published in London. The first number came out in March 1796, and was continued weekly to the close of the tenth number, when it ceased to appear. The *Watchman* is the production of Mr. Coleridge, well known to the public for the sublimity and originality of his poetical effusions.

56. THE QUIZ. Under this singular appellation we have a small volume of essays, of which not much can be said in favour either of the matter or the style. The first number was printed in November 1796, and a paper appeared once a fortnight, until a sufficient quantity had been produced to fill a duodecimo, which was published in 1797. The *Quiz* is said, in the title page, to have been written by a Society of

Gentlemen; but it is in all respects a jejune and flimsy production.

57. THE PHILANTHROPE. A very valuable and elegant series of Essays, which was published in April 1797, in a crown octavo, and, in the title-page, said to be *after the manner of a Periodical Paper.* "Letters," observes the author in an Advertisement prefixed to the work, "have sometimes been published that never were dispatched; dramatic performances that were never exhibited on any theatre; speeches that were never spoken; and even sermons that were never preached. In like manner, Essays, and Views of Human Nature, may be offered to the public, after the manner of Periodical Papers, though they were not originally published with such peculiarity of form, or at different times."

The Philanthrope consists of thirty-five essays, the diction of which possesses great amenity, perspicuity and spirit; the morality also of this little work is pure, the criticism acute, the poetry above mediocrity, and the tales interesting. As specimens of the taste which pervades the critical part of the Philanthrope, I must be permitted, in justice to the author, to quote the following passages.

"Masters in the imitative arts proceed in this

manner: they deliver only a part of their thought, and leave the rest to be completed by the fancy of those to whom their works are addressed. Longinus, in a brilliant passage in his valuable fragment, has remarked this part of their conduct, and with suitable approbation. Here, however, there is room for difference. One person may have a much greater facility in tracing such association, or in catching such allusions, than another. Or the same person, at different times, may be in a favourable mood for such fanciful operation. But the pleasure we receive is according to the object suggested: so that when our imaginations cannot follow the artist, we cannot feel nor discern the whole of his excellence. Powerful imagination does not always imply an accurate and delicate taste; but taste cannot exist without some imagination.

"The difference between the expression and suggestion of thoughts, may be illustrated by the following passage in Virgil:

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

And see! from village tops the smoke ascend,
And falling shades from western hills extend.

"These two lines give a picture of evening. It contains only two particulars, yet it suggests a delightful landscape. We have the recent smoke

of the cottage: and fancy immediately supplies the return of the cottager; the busy house-wife; and the blazing hearth:

> Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,
> And falling shades from western hills extend.

"Only the mountains and lengthened shadows are mentioned: but they suggest the splendour of a setting sun; a tranquil sky; the quiet and pensive shade of the valley."*

"Persons of unquestioned taste have sometimes, with singular felicity of application, employed as inscriptions, passages selected from classical authors. At Hagley, after walking through shady recesses, and lofty groves, where the view is a good deal confined, and where the sentiments excited are pensive, or even tinged with melancholy, you are carried up gradually, and almost imperceptibly, to an eminence. You emerge from the shade into clear and open sunshine. Instead of a very limited view, you have before you a wide and extensive prospect. As far as the eye can extend, you see a cultivated and populous country; woods, corn-fields, meadows, towns, churches, and even palaces, are scattered in gay and luxuriant profusion before you. The whole is bounded, and sometimes diversified, by distant and lofty mountains. In

* No. 7, p. 45, 46.

ontemplating this gorgeous landscape the mind
elated, and feels exultation. But while you
re gazing with astonishment at the magnificent
rospect, an inscription attracts your notice; and
ou read from Milton,

> These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
> All-mighty! thine this universal frame
> Thus wondrous fair!—

" When the mood subsides, the mood almost of
cstasy, into which a heart even of ordinary sen-
ibility is apt to be thrown upon such an occa-
ion, it is impossible not to think of Lyttelton, the
reat, the virtuous, and the pious Lyttelton: we
read, as it were, on consecrated ground; we
hink of the intercourse which he might have
ield in these sacred recesses with enlightened and
ongenial spirits; and we regard him in our
ecret thoughts with reverential esteem."*

58. THE MEDLEY. Of this periodical paper
he first number was likewise printed in April
797; but, owing to its insignificancy, it soon
eased to attract attention.

59. THE REPORTER. A political periodical
ssay which began its career in October 1797; it
s written with considerable powers, both of dic-

* No. 32, p. 257, 258.

tion and argument, as far as I am enabled to judge from an inspection only of the first number: to what extent it was carried I am ignorant.

60. THE FRIEND. This, and the following paper, entitled,

61. THE INVESTIGATOR, were published, I believe, nearly at the same time with the *Reporter*. I have not, however, been able to procure either of them, and can only add that, judging from the periodical criticism of the day, they must be deemed of little value.

62. THE FOUR AGES. The dissertation which has given a title to this volume, and which is an attempt to invert the common order of the Ages, as enumerated by Ovid, occupies not more than one sixth part of its contents, the remainder consisting of short essays; and as the author, in an advertisement prefixed to his work, declares that "the greatest part of these essays should be considered as Sketches for a *Periodical Paper*, which was once intended for publication, and that they are, in consequence, upon familiar subjects, and treated as such," I have thought it necessary to introduce some notice of them in this catalogue of periodical essays.

The late Mr. William Jackson, of Exeter, celebrated for his musical talents, and the author of a well-known and very ingenious work, under the title of *Thirty Letters*, is the writer of these *Sketches*, which are *forty* in number, and are, both in point of style and matter, highly interesting. Ethics, criticism, biography, and fictitious narrative, form the chief part of the topics which he has chosen; these are written with great vivacity, and, setting aside a few eccentricities of opinion, display no small portion of judgment and ingenuity. Of the tales, the *Ghost*, the *Use of Accumulation*, and *the Cup-bearer*, are the most striking; and the Biographical Sketches of Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, are truly characteristic, and touched with uncommon vigour and spirit. *The Four Ages and Essays* were published in an octavo volume in 1798.

63. LITERARY HOURS. Of this collection of essays, critical, narrative, and poetical, I consider myself as precluded from saying more than that the first edition was published in royal octavo in 1798; the second, in two volumes octavo in 1800; and the third, in three volumes octavo in 1804. With the encouragement which a liberal public has afforded the work, the author has every reason to be satisfied.

64. LITERARY LEISURE. The first number of this very pleasing paper was published on Thursday, September 26th, 1799, and an essay was repeated weekly on the same day to Thursday, December 18th, 1800, when the series finished with N° 60. In 1802, *Literary Leisure* re-appeared, in a collected state, and forms two volumes 8vo.

Much variety and entertainment, combined with no small portion of practical precept and moral reflection, are to be found in the pages of this work. It is rich in the decorations of imagination, full and frequent in its criticism, and thickly interspersed with poetry, of which a large share is elegant and interesting: there is occasionally, likewise, a seasoning of wit, humour, and irony. The Persian Tale of *Nourassin*, and the Story of *Seraphina*, may be instanced as successful attempts in the province of fancy; while the History of *Philip Dellwyn*, and the Stories of *Cecilia* and *Theodora*, are entitled to equal praise for their moral and pathetic tendency. The style of the whole work is easy, spirited, and correct.

The concluding paper closes with a vision, which, as immediately applicable to, and illustrative of, the subject of our labours, it would be almost unpardonable to omit. *Mr. Solomon Saun-*

ter, the name assumed by the author of *Literary Leisure*, is taking an affectionate, and somewhat pensive, leave of his readers; his very ink flowing reluctantly from his pen."

"When I had written the last sentence," he proceeds, "I leaned back in my chair; and whilst my bosom heaved with sighs, sleep stole insensibly upon me, and I suddenly found myself transported into realms of fairy splendour. I was standing in the midst of an extensive lawn, surrounded with groves of every flowering shrub, and bordered with hedges of laurel. Silver rivulets purled through beds of flowers of the brightest colours, and shady arbours were hung with festoons of jasmine and honey-suckle: nothing could be more romantic, more inviting than the scene; and as I gazed around, I perceived that the lawn was terminated by a building, of which the lower part was of the Corinthian order, and the upper story was ornamented with the light spires and fanciful fretwork of Gothic architecture. As I stood lost in wonder, a being of sylph-like form, clad in a mantle of silver tissue, with two purple wings fluttering from each shoulder, touched me with a branch of laurel, and enquired whether I wished for an explanation of the scene before me. Gladly I accepted the offer of this airy being, who informed me that

I was in the paradise of authors, and that in the edifice which fronted me, I should find a great deal of good company, who would receive me with gladness; 'for,' added he, 'in this happy region the pride, malevolence, and envy of which that irritable tribe on earth have been so pointedly accused, have no place: each, content with his own fame, willingly hears the praises of another, and even adds his own tribute.'

"Fired with this description, I besought my youthful guide to introduce me to this delightful company; and no sooner were the folding-doors thrown open for my reception, than I distinguished a group of friends, who instantly caught my attention. I made up to them, and addressing one of them, who had a very peculiar physiognomy, ventured to salute him by the name of *The Spectator*, presuming on the singular shortness of his face. He received me with open arms, and immediately introduced me to *Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.* who was walking arm in arm with the venerable *Nestor Ironside*. This admirable *trio* welcomed me with that grace and urbanity which ought always to distinguish the manners of superior personages; and pointing to a round table at a distance, where a very gay party were playing at Pope Joan for almonds and raisins, informed me, that they had only risen from the card-table to receive me, and

that with my permission they would introduce me to the circle. Two members, with the greatest courtesy, made room for me to be seated between them, whom I soon discovered to be the witty *Adam Fitz-Adam*, and the facetious *Gregory Griffin*. Just beyond the last-mentioned personage sat the jocular *Mr. Town;* nor did the graver *Rambler*, the elegant *Adventurer*, the perspicuous *Mirror*, nor the easy *Lounger*, refuse to join in our harmless pastime; though not with all the facile sportiveness with which the august elder *trio* partook of the mirth of the table.

" To be received in so friendly a manner by such illustrious personages, gave my bosom a glow of delight; and so great was their politeness; that, after a deal or two, the interest of the game visibly gave way to their desire of conversing with me. They condescended to say that it was yet too soon for me to think of taking up my abode in that region, and pointed out numberless subjects which had escaped my pen, embellishing their discourse with many well-turned compliments; which I repaid as gracefully as I was able, by acknowledging my infinite obligations to many of them, and hoping in future to profit still more by the acquaintance of some whose friendship I had less assiduously cultivated, particularly the ingenious *Adam Fitz-Adam, Esq.* Nor would this

implied promise to resume my pen have satisfied these zealous friends, had not the inharmonious screech of the watchman, 'past twelve o'clock,' in one moment tumbled the airy edifice from its foundation, and condensed the spirits of my late companions into their calf-skin bindings. On awaking, I reflected that, among other remarks, those illustrious persons had observed that I had not been at all given to dreaming; and I therefore determined to set down the particulars of the aforesaid vision, in order to atone for such defect."*

65. THE PORT FOLIO. Having given some account of an English Periodical Paper published in the East Indies, I have chosen the present article as a specimen of the periodical literature of our transatlantic brethren in America.

The *Port Folio* is a Literary Miscellany, each number of which occupies eight pages, large quarto; it began its career at Philadelphia, on Saturday, January 3d, 1801, and was supported for at least two years, my copy extending to two volumes 4to, each volume containing fifty-two weekly numbers, the last dated January 15th, 1803.

Upon a plan so extended, the *Port Folio* neces-

* Vol. ii. p. 354, 355, 356, 357.

sarily includes a variety of topics, and is accordingly divided into *poetry*, *criticism*, *politics*, *travels*, the *drama*, *miscellanies*, *literary intelligence*, &c. &c. It is also the vehicle of several series of papers more immediately constructed after the design of the legitimate periodical essay; these are entitled *The Lay-Preacher*, *The Farrago*, *The Wandering Jew*, *An Author's Evenings*, *The Rural Wanderer*, *The American Lounger*, and *The American Observer:* among which it may be affirmed, that the fifth and sixth rise superior to the rest, and possess no inconsiderable share of merit. It must, in truth, be said of the labours of *Oliver Oldschool, Esq.* the supposed author of the *Port Folio*, that they are rich in variety and allurement, and that their general tendency is highly useful and praise-worthy.

66. THE PROJECTOR. A paper which has been regularly published in the Gentleman's Magazine since January 1802. It has now reached the ninety-sixth number; and, from the choice of subjects hitherto adopted, it is probable that there will be no dearth of materials for a farther extension.*

* Since this was written, the Projector has finished his Lucubrations with No. 102. Report attributes this excellent paper to Mr. Alexander Chalmers.

The *Projector* is a paper of distinguished merit; it has very successfully seized upon the reigning follies and vices of the day; and has displayed, in their exposure, a large fund of wit, humour, and delicate irony. The style is lively, perspicuous, and correct; the moral tendency uniformly good; and the exhibition of talent such as will, I have no doubt, secure for it an estimable rank in some future edition of the British Classical Essayists.

67. THE ADVISER. In this work, the first number of which appeared in November, 1802, there is much to blame, and much to praise. Many of the essays are loaded with personal invective, and are consequently highly illiberal; not only individuals are attacked, but much unqualified censure is thrown upon professions and public institutions. On the other hand, there are to be found in this singular production, several papers of great excellence, both in a moral and literary view; and as it is a much more pleasing task to dwell upon beauties than defects, I shall restrict myself to the pointing out a few of the former.

The *Adviser* occupies four volumes 12mo, and includes one hundred and forty-one essays. In volume the first, N° 9, descriptive of the Fall of

Foyers, does justice to one of the most sublime and romantic scenes in Scotland; and N° 37, in vol. 2d, containing a Night-scene on the Road to Fort Augustus, a picture from the same pencil, concludes with an incident which chills the very blood, and is wrought up with great effect. The papers with the signature A. C. on *Imagination*, on *Melancholy*, *Music*, *Poetry*, and *Painting*, are elegant and pleasing; the narrative essays in vol. 4th, commencing with N° 116, and concluding with N° 121, are truly moral and patriotic; and the four numbers on the character of Dr. Johnson, at the close of vol. 3d, are written with great energy of diction, and with great force of mind. The author, after attempting to prove that the sources of Johnson's excellencies and defects took their rise from *defect of vision*, from *bodily distemper*, and from *faulty education*, finishes his disquisition with the following eloquent eulogy on his moral and literary character:

"Let it not be imagined, that what I have said was with the desire to depreciate the merit, or to detract ought from the deserts of this venerable and dignified character; whose colossal and gigantic powers of mind were only equalled by the goodness of his heart, and the philanthropy of his disposition. All that the most lively sensibility could give, and all that a rapid and vigorous

association could impart, he possessed. That his intellect was of the very highest cast, his numerous and various writings shew; they have erected to him a monument, against which time itself can exert no destructive power, which will stand unhurt amidst the lapse of ages, and the wreck of nations; they have planted unto him a laurel, whose branches shall thicken, and whose verdure shall bloom, long as the mountains shall rest upon their foundations, and the moon continue to give her light. But he has done more; he has taught, by his words, and has evinced by his life, the necessity and the excellence of obeying the voice of religion, and of morality. All the days of his existence were spent in giving 'ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth;' in leading mankind from the error of its ways, and pointing out the path to happiness and peace. And how, and where, did he perform these benefits to his fellow-creatures?

'Not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers; but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.'

"It, surely, is not the least of his merits, that he bestowed such incalculable advantages on mankind, while struggling with obstacles, which have depressed, and, for ever, sunk the loftiest

and the proudest minds; the stings of poverty,

That numbs the soul with icy hand,

the pangs of disease, and the horrors of hopeless melancholy.

"The genius of Johnson was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are, inevitably, condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, as dew-drops from a lion's mane." *

68. THE WANDERER. The best part of this work, which claims to be a collection of *original* tales and essays, consists of the Travels of Abdallah, a learned Mahometan; an amusing, and, apparently, an accurate account of the manners and customs of the east. The tales display considerable imagination, but the diction is insufferably bombastic and florid; and, what is infinitely worse, they include several scenes, the colouring of which is unchaste and licentious. The *Wanderer* was published in 1803, occupies two volumes 12mo. and is said to be written by Charles Fothergill, Esq.

69. THE MAN IN THE MOON. Mediocrity is the character of this paper; the intentions of

* Vol. iii, p. 358, 359, 360, 361.

the author are excellent, and the morality which he inculcates is pure and patriotic; but his execution is by no means equal to his design; and he fails to exhibit the power of mind and fertility of resource necessary to render an undertaking of this kind at once fascinating and instructive. The first number of the *Man in the Moon* was printed on November 12th, 1803; and it was continued twice a week for nearly a quarter of a year; N°. 24, the closing paper, being dated February 11th, 1804. In its collected state, the *Man in the Moon* occupies a thin octavo.*

70. THE PIC NIC. The opening of the first number of this miscellany gives the following explanation of its title. "The Title of *Pic Nic*, given to this paper, is used in the sense applied to it by a neighbouring nation, signifying a repast supplied by contribution." The *Pic Nic* consists but of fourteen weekly numbers; the first bearing the date of January 8th, 1803, and the last of April 9th, 1803. Each paper is thrown into several divisions, such as *Politics*, the

* If this paper be, as I understand it is, the production of Mr. George Brewer, the author of "Hours of Leisure," published in 1806, I can only say that he has greatly improved, both in style and manner, during the short lapse of two years.

Theatre, Poetry, French Literature, Fashionable Intelligence, &c. &c.; and it likewise contains a few essays under the titles of the *Essayist* and the *Innovator*. It would appear, that several numbers of the *Essayist* were contributed by Mr. Cumberland; since they contain the commencing pages of his lately published Novel, entitled John De Lancaster, as far as the pathetic lines of David Williams on the birth of an heir to the house of De Lancaster. These extracts, with a few beautiful pieces of poetry, form the best part of a work which contains a large portion of temporary matter. The *Pic Nic* was published in two volumes 12mo. in 1803, and reached a second edition in 1806.

71. THE CENSOR. To expose the prevalent follies of the day, to mend the heart, and to improve the manners of the age, are the laudable objects of the Censor; but, though he has occasionally imparted some useful hints, and some striking observations, his general mode of composition is not calculated to support his intentions; nor is his style either pleasing or correct. His essays form a duodecimo volume, which was printed in 1804.

72. THE INTRUDER. A periodical paper

published at Aberdeen in 1804; and which, notwithstanding the local nature of part of its contents, possesses sufficient merit, both in style and matter, to instruct the general reader. The *Intruders* fill a small duodecimo, and are worthy of republication.

73. THE GALVANIST. The lucubrations of *Hydra Polycephalus, Esq.* the fictitious author of the *Galvanist*, extend but to eleven numbers; and the greater part of these are employed in ridiculing and correcting the follies and vices of academical life. They were written during the year 1804, and, in a moral point of view, deserve praise; but their literary execution seldom rises above mediocrity. The metrical paraphrase of Ossian, however, in N° 8, is beautiful.

74. THE MINIATURE. The essays under this title, the joint production, it is said, of four very young men, the sons of the Marquis Wellesley, of Dr. Rennell, of Mr. Knight, and Mr. Canning, form the second periodical paper which was issued from the College of Eton. The first number of the *Miniature* appeared on Monday, April 23d, 1804, and was continued weekly on that day, with occasional interruptions, until thirty-four numbers had been completed; they were

then thrown into an octavo volume, which was dedicated to Dr. Joseph Goodall, the Head Master of Eton College, and published in 1805. A second edition, in two vols. 12mo. including forty numbers, the last dated May 6th, 1805, was printed in 1806, and is the copy to which I have referred.

The Miniature, though inferior, both in literary merit and in knowledge of life and manners, to its predecessor, the Microcosm, is, if we consider the youth of its authors, entitled to commendation; its morals are pure and correct, its attachment to literature warm, and its piety apparently sincere. That our juvenile essayists should be found wanting in an intimacy with the workings of the human heart, ought not to surprise; but that they should be defective in vivacity, and in the display of imagination, will not be so easily pardoned. In fact, they are, for the most part, unnaturally grave; and their choice of subject is trite and hackneyed. They have exhibited talent, however, sufficiently powerful to authorise the expectation that, at a more mature period, they will permanently add to the literature of their country. Of the style of the *Miniature* it may be observed, that though occasionally negligent and loose, it is, in general, clear and chastised.

75. THE SAUNTERER. To the various instances which we have lately recorded of very young persons attempting the composition of periodical essays, we have now to add the name of Mr. Hewson Clarke, who had written some of his *Saunterers* before he had completed his fourteenth year; and, in the preface to the first edition of his work, which is dated Gateshead, September 1st, 1805, he is desirous the reader should remember, "whatever may be the imperfections of his pages, that they were composed by a youth, who, when he first commenced their publication, had only just completed his seventeenth year; who owed all he knew to his own enquiries and exertions; who was neither encouraged by friendship to display his literary talents, nor submitted his writings to its correction."

That Mr. Clarke, notwithstanding these repressing circumstances, has produced a work of merit, no unprejudiced person will deny; the style of the *Saunterer* is spirited and nervous; and, together with a general attention to the interests of virtue, he has exhibited humour, invention, and ingenuity; but he has, likewise, exhibited numerous instances of juvenile temerity and inexperience, and too great a fondness for personal satire, and dictatorial criticism. We may venture to predict, that before he has

finished his education at Cambridge he will see the necessity of retracting many of his literary censures; and more especially of conciliating the injured spirit of Addison, of whom, in his 25th number, he has not hesitated to say, that "he cannot be considered as entitled to the applause of genius;" and that "whether he endeavours to elevate us by sublimity, or to please us by wit, his style is equally without animation"!!

The *Saunterer* was originally published at Newcastle, in a weekly newspaper, called the Tyne Mercury, during the years 1804 and 1805; and having reached forty-four numbers, was printed in a duodecimo form early in 1806. A second edition, in two volumes 12mo. including fifty numbers, with the second volume inscribed to the Master and Fellows of Emanuel College, Cambridge, reached the press before the close of the same year.

76. MELANCHOLY HOURS. These essays, twelve in number, are the composition of *Henry Kirke White;* a young man of extraordinary talents, and of extraordinary virtues; and whose premature death, at the age of twenty-one, must be considered both by the literary and the moral world, by the disciples of genius and of piety, as

a heavy and irreparable loss. His Life and Remains, lately published by Mr. Southey, form one of the most affecting and interesting productions which has, for many years, been given to the public. They present us with a picture the most lovely and engaging; where virtue pure and firm, devotion warm and sincere, are united with feelings exquisitely keen, and with poetic talent of the highest order: while to the whole an impression the most pathetic is imparted; as we perceive all these steadily existing under the pressure of perpetual bodily suffering.

The following address to, and personification of, the disease under which he died, cannot be read without the most poignant regret and admiration.

To Consumption.

Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand!—Let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the aërial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good bye,
Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
And smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.*

* Vol. ii. p. 110.

The *Melancholy Hours* of this lamented youth were, I believe, first published in the Monthly Mirror during the year 1805. They exhibit much feeling, taste, and judgment, and are written with correctness and purity of style.

77. THE ANTIQUARY. Of the intentions of the author of this paper, the best developement will be an extract or two from the first number, which was printed in the Monthly Magazine for February, 1805. "Periodical Essays," remarks the Antiquary, "have been usually confined to subjects, which, like those of Lord Verulam, come home to men's business and bosoms; their chief end has been to promote the regularity of social life; and, though criticism and the arts of elegance have now and then received a momentary mark of their attention, the writers of them have seldom even ventured to trace the slowness and mediocrity of the inventive genius of man. The comparative state of public morals, or domestic history, never formed with them a topic of enquiry; and while the caprices of modern life were taken as abstracted subjects for temporary satire, the progressive improvement or retrogradation of our national manners was entirely forgotten.—If, in the series of papers here intended, this defect should be occasionally supplied,

(though interwoven with more solid discussions in the illustration of ancient manners, arts, and history,) the intention of the writer will be fully answered."—

"The researches which the Antiquary is intended to contain, though chiefly limited to Britain, will occasionally deviate. Classical remains, both political and monumental, will be frequently considered; the narratives of historians compared with the very scenes of action they commemorate (as Polybius scaled the summits of the Alps to trace the march of Hannibal); and some pages will undoubtedly be devoted to the history and illustrious remains of Ancient Egypt. The comparative characters and progress of Architecture, Sculpture, Poetry, and Painting, in our own country, will be given in a systematic form, separated into æras; one or two of our most choice remains of Gothic art will probably occupy whole papers to themselves; and the uniformity of the work be sometimes varied with sketches of antiquarian biography."

Sixteen numbers of the *Antiquary* have already been published in the Monthly Magazine, and these certainly contain a considerable fund of curious and entertaining information.

78. Hours of Leisure. Many of these

papers, which are the production of Mr. George Brewer, were first published in the European Magazine, and entitled "Essays after the manner of Goldsmith." They were reprinted, with numerous additions, under the present title, in 1806, forming a duodecimo volume, and including thirty-four essays, and five sketches, termed Characteristics.

The lucubrations of Mr. Brewer are written with much vivacity, and abound in the delineation of character and the description of incident. His attempts at wit are not unfrequently flippant and trite; but the general tendency of his book may be pronounced useful.

79. THE INSPECTOR. The first number of this paper, written under the assumed appellation of Simon Peep, Esq. was published in June, 1807 Not having been able to procure a copy, I cannot, of course, say any thing either of its merits or demerits; but, I believe, it soon ceased to exist.

80. THE DIRECTOR. A weekly literary journal which was commenced in the year 1807, and has now reached two volumes. Each number is divided into four parts; the first containing *Essays* on the legitimate periodical plan, illus-

trative of literature, arts, and manners; the second is entitled *Bibliographiana;* the third is employed on the *Royal Institution* and its Lectures; and the fourth is descriptive of the *British Gallery* of Pictures.

The *Director* modestly observes, that he considers himself "as a mere guide-post to *direct* the course of others to moral and intellectual excellence;" and we must do him the justice to declare that he has brought forward a work of merit. The Essays, our object in introducing the work into this catalogue, convey, in a neat and perspicuous style, no small share of pleasing matter.

81. THE RUMINATOR. For this highly interesting series of moral and sentimental essays, we are indebted to *Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq.** the editor of *Censura Literaria*, in which miscellany, for February, 1807, the first number of the *Ruminator* appeared, and has since been continued monthly.

To the man of letters, to the liberal and generous-minded critic, to the genuine poet, and the enlightened antiquary, the Ruminations of our author will be truly acceptable. They breathe a lofty tone of feeling, a noble enthusiasm in behalf of literature and genius; and though, occa-

* Now Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges.

sionally, too indignantly querulous, they impress the reader with a high, and, I am confident, a just, opinion of the talents and virtues of their author. Very sorry am I to perceive, that the next number of the *Censura Literaria* will put a final period to the labours of the *Ruminator*, who, with the best wishes of every disciple of the Muses, has reached his seventy-second paper. I must add, that I am acquainted with no essays which display a more exquisite taste, and excite a higher relish for the productions of genius, than many of the numbers of the *Ruminator*.

82. THE REASONER. The first number of this paper was published in January, 1808; and in November of the same year, the lucubrations of the *Reasoner* attained the dignity of a volume. They form a work of some merit; but which, in general, does not rise much above mediocrity.

83. THE MODERATOR. It is only from the first two numbers of the *Moderator* that I am enabled to judge of its tendency and merits: these have the dates of March 15th, and March 18th, 1809, and are merely introductory; detailing an account of a Disputation on Politics, in a coffee-house, near Whitehall.

Political Moderation, an attempt to subdue

the acrimony and effervescence of party zeal, and to support the characters of public men in the eyes of the people, appear to be the objects of this production; which, as far as I can form an opinion, from the few pages before me, is written with elegance and candour.*

84. THE SPY. In the title-page these essays are announced to be written "in the Manner of the Spectator," and that they "will be chiefly directed to the Exposure of *Folly;* the Satirising of *Absurdity;* the Detection of *Duplicity;* and the Chastisement of *Villany;* by holding them up to universal Contempt and Execration. Polemics and Politics are equally excluded."

I have seen but six numbers of the *Spy;* the first dated April 4th, 1808; and the sixth, May 9th, 1808. It is, perhaps, premature to form an estimate of talent from so imperfect a specimen; but, I apprehend, at present it may be said, that the execution is not adequate to the intentions of the writer.

* A few periodical papers, the objects of which were too confined and professional for general readers, I have designedly omitted; such as the *Templar* of 1796, the *Medical Spectator,* &c. &c.

PART V.

ESSAY.

ONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE WORK. TABLE OF PERIODICAL PAPERS, FROM THE YEAR 1709, TO THE YEAR 1809; BEING THE COMPLETION OF A CENTURY FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE TATLER.

IT has been my endeavour, that, in conformity to the motto of this concluding volume, the entire work should possess "one harmonious whole;" such a relation and mutual connexion between its various parts, as might be productive of an uniform and well-compacted result.

With this object steadily in view, have the different portions of these Essays been constructed; as, I trust, to afford a clear, and distinctly arranged, retrospect of *Periodical Literature* for the last hundred years.

To the due execution of the plan, which was intended to blend Biography, Criticism, and Historical Enquiry, it became necessary, amid pro-

ductions so numerous and varied, and occupying such a lapse of time, to distribute the work into two divisions; and, in doing this, not only to connect these divisions by a general similarity of design, and by bringing forward an uninterrupted series of periodical essays; but to select also from each division such prominent objects, as, by being placed on the fore-ground, might relieve, and form a centre of union to, the surrounding groupes.

In the *first* division, therefore, of these Essays, it will be found that the biography of STEELE and ADDISON has been given at full length; and, as they are the undisputed fathers of periodical composition, this biography has been accompanied with a large body of critical matter; whilst to the other numerous contributors to the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, attention has been given, in proportion to the bulk and importance of their assistance. Thus the keeping of the picture is, I flatter myself, sufficiently preserved.

In the *second* division, which continues the history, and is indissolubly connected with the *first*, by an unbroken chain of periodical literature, the figure of JOHNSON stands pre-eminently conspicuous; and imparts, by his towering superiority, and by the due disposition of his coadjutors and

followers, the requisite unity and simplicity of design.

The Addisonian and Johnsonian papers, therefore, the Biographies of Steele, and Addison, and Johnson, have been fixed upon as the primary objects of illustration. Upon these, the fullest light, which I have been able to collect, has been thrown; while the residue of this extensive subject has been finished, and brought forward, with a stronger or a fainter outline, with a force and prominency of shade or illumination, corresponding, I hope, with the value which, in the opinion of the best judges, should be attached to its component parts.

Whatever shall be thought of the structure and arrangement of these volumes, I trust that neither industry, nor purity of motive, will be found wanting. I shall only add, that, with the exception of a few political productions, almost every paper which could be procured, has been read through; and that, in commencing, carrying on, and finishing the work, the chief inducements have been a love of literary occupation, and an ardent wish to promote the interests of useful learning and practical morality.

I close this undertaking with a Table of Periodical Papers, from the year 1709 to the year

1809; in the construction of which, the day or month of the commencement of each paper, whenever it could be satisfactorily ascertained, has been given. There will be found also in this Table *three* periodical works not previously noticed; namely, a TATLER, published at Edinburgh in 1711; and THE WANDERER, and THE ENTERTAINER: the Tatler I have not been able to procure; but the other two have lately fallen into my possession. The *Wanderer* is the production of a Mr. John Fox, and consists of twenty-six essays, which were published weekly; the first dated February 9th, 1717, and the last August 1st, 1717; they were collected the year following in an octavo volume, with the addition of an Heroic Poem, entitled, Public Spirit. The *Wanderer* is employed on miscellaneous topics, avowedly excluding politics; but the style is bad, and the matter trifling.

The *Entertainer* extends to forty-three weekly numbers, 12mo. commencing on November 6th, 1717, and terminating on August 27th, 1718. It is a violent Tory and High-church paper, written with great vulgarity and abusive warmth; and is, indeed, in every respect, below mediocrity.

The few papers, in the following Table, to which an asterisk * is prefixed, I have not been

sufficiently fortunate to obtain; those distinguished by capitals, are the essays which have usually been considered as standard works in periodical literature; and those marked by Italics, are the productions of Steele and Addison, independent of their three great efforts in this line of composition.

TABLE

OF

PERIODICAL PAPERS,

From the Year 1709, *to the Year* 1809.

1 The TATLER, April 12th, ... 1709
2.....Re-Tatler .....
3.....Condoler .....
4.....Female Tatler .....
5.....Tory Tatler .....
6.....Tell Tale .....
7.....Gazette A-La-Mode, May 12th, ..
8.....Tatling Harlot, August 22d, ...
9.....Whisperer .....
10.....General Postscript.....
11.....Monthly Amusement, by Ozell....
12.....Monthly Amusement, by Hughes ..
13.....Tatler, Vol. the Fifth, January 13th 1710
14.....Tit for Tat, March 2d, ...
15.....Tatler, by Baker .....

16 The Tatler, Anonymous 1710
17 Annotations on the Tatler .....
18 The Visions of Sir Heister Ryley, August 21st, ...
19.....Growler .....
20.....Examiner, August 3d, ...
21.....*Whig Examiner*, September 14th,..
22.....Medley, October 5th, ...
23.....Observator 1711
24.....SPECTATOR, March 1st, ...
25.....Tatler, published at Edinburgh ...
26.....Rambler..... 1712
27.....GUARDIAN, March 12th, ...1713
28.....*Englishman*, October 6th, ...
29.....Lay Monastery, November 16th,..
30 Mercator .....
31 The British Merchant, August 8th, ...
32.....Rhapsody .....
33.....Historian .....
34.....*Lover*, February 14th, ...1714
35.....*Reader*, April 22d, ...
36.....High German Doctor, May 4th, ..
37.....Spectator, Vol. Ninth, January 3d, 1715
38.....Censor, April 11th, ...
39.....*Town Talk*, December 17th, ...
40.....*Freeholder*, December 23d, ...
41.....*Miscellany .....
42.....*Hermit .....

43 The *Surprize 1715
44.....*Silent Monitor .....
45.....*Inquisitor .....
46.....*Pilgrim.....
47.....*Restorer .....
48.....*Instructor .....
49.....*Grumbler .....
50.....*Tea Table*, February 6th, ...1716
51 *Chit-Chat*, March 6th, ...
52 The Wanderer, February 9th, ...1717
53.....Entertainer, November 6th, ...
54.....Freethinker, March 24th,.....1718
55.....*Plebeian*, March 14th, ...1719
56.....*Old Whig*, March 19th, ...
57.....Patrician, March 21st, ...
58.....Moderator, April 4th, ...
59.....Manufacturer, October 30th, ...
60.....British Merchant, November 10th,
61.....Weaver, November 23d, ...
62.....*Spinster*, December 19th,.....
63.....*Theatre*, January 2d, ... 1720
64.....British Harlequin, January 5th, ..
65.....Independent Whig, January 20th,
66.....Anti-Theatre, February 15th, ...
67.....Muses Gazette, March 12th, ...
68 Cato's Letters, November, ...
69 Terræ Filius, January 11th,.....1721
70 Mist's Journal, Selection from 1722

71 Pasquin, January, ...1723
72 The True Briton, June 3d, ...
73.....Humourist 1724
74.....Plain Dealer, March 23d, ...
75.....London Journal 1726
76 Essays on the Vices and Follies of the Times .....
77 The Craftsman, December 5th, ...
78.....Intelligencer 1728
79.....Weekly Medley .....
80.....Literary Journal .....
81.....Touch-Stone .....
82.....Universal Spectator, October 12th
83.....Free Briton 1729
84 Memoirs of the Society of Grub Street, January 8th, ...1730
85 The Speculatist .....
86.....British Journal 1731
87.....Weekly Register .....
88.....Hyp-Doctor .....
89.....Templar .....
90.....Correspondent .....
91 Fog's Journal, Selection from 1732
92 The Comedian .....
93.....Bee 1733
94.....Prompter 1734
95.....Old Whig, March 13th 1735
96.....Weekly Miscellany 1736

97 Common Sense, February, ...1737
98 The Champion, November 15th, ...1739
99 Old England, February, ...1743
100 The Female Spectator, April,.....1744
101.....Remembrancer 1745
102.....True Patriot, November 5th, ...
103.....Jacobite Journal 1746
104.....Fool, July 10th, ...
105.....Parrot, August 2d, ...
106.....Tatler Revived 1750
107.....Student, January 31st, ...
108.....RAMBLER, March 20th,.....
109.....Inspector, March 7th,.....1751
110.....Covent Garden Journal, January, 1752
111.....Gray's Inn Journal, October 21st,
112.....ADVENTURER, November 7th, ..
113.....Protester 1753
114.....WORLD, January 4th,.....
115.....CONNOISSEUR, January 31st, ...1754
116.....Dreamer .....
117 Man, January 1st, ...1755
118 The Monitor, August 9th, ...
119.....Old Maid, November 15th,.....
120.....Universal Visitor 1756
121.....Test .....
122.....Prater, March 23d,.....
123.....*Prattler .....
124.....IDLER, April 15th,.....1758

125 The Herald 1758
126.....Bee, October 6th, ...1759
127.....Citizen of the World 1760
128.....Gentleman's Journal .....
129.....Visitor .....
130.....Schemer, May 13th, ...
131.....Genius, June 11th,.....1761
132.....Auditor 1762
133.....Briton, May 29th, ...
134.....NorthBriton, June,.....
135.....Investigator .....
136.....*Patriot .....
137.....*Englishman .....
138.....*Moderator.....
139.....*Adviser .....
140.....*Contrast .....
141.....*Free Enquirer .....
142.....Terræ Filius.....1763
143 The Medley.....1766
144.....Babler 1767
145.....Whisperer, February 17th,.....1770
146.....Scotchman, January 21st, ...1772
147.....Freeholder, ...
148.....Batchelor.....1773
149.....Templar .....
150.....Gentleman, July 10th, ...1775
151 Essays, Moral and Literary.....1777
152 The Mirror, January 23d, ...1779

153 The Detector 1780
154.....Whig .....
155.....Englishman 1783
156.....New Spectator, February 3d,....1784
157.....Lounger, February 5th, ...1785
158.....Observer .....
159.....Microcosm, November 6th, ...1786
160.....Pharos, November 7th,.....
161.....Busy Body, January 2d,.....1787
162.....Olla Podrida, March 17th,.....
163.....Trifler, May 31st, ...1788
164 Variety .....
165 The Reflector. .....
166 Winter Evenings .....
167 The Loiterer, January 31st, ...1789
168.....Speculator, March 27th, ...1790
169.....Bee, December 22d, ...
170.....Grumbler 1791
171.....Patriot, Dublin .....
172.....Patriot, London 1792
173.....Crisis .....
174 Farrago .....
175 The Looker-On, March 10th,.....
176.....Country Spectator, October 9th,
177.....Indian Observer, September 9th, 1793
178.....Ranger, January 1st, ...1794
179.....Cabinet, October, ...
180.....Sylph, September 22d, ...1795

181 The Reaper, January 7th, ...1796
182.....Enquirer, February, ...
183.....Peeper .....
184.....Lynx .....
185.....Watchman, March, ...
186.....Quiz, November, ...
187.....Philanthrope, April, ...1797
188.....Medley, April, ...
189.....Reporter, October, ...
190.....Friend .....
191.....Investigator .....
192.....Four Ages 1798
193 Literary Hours .....
194 Literary Leisure, September 26th,....1799
195 The Port Folio, January 3d, ...1801
196.....Projector, January, ...1802
197.....Adviser, November, ...
198.....Wanderer 1803
199.....Man In The Moon, November 12th,
200.....Pic Nic, January 8th, ...
201.....Censor 1804
202.....Intruder .....
203.....Galvanist .....
204.....Miniature, April 23d, ...
205.....Saunterer, September, ...1805
206 Melancholy Hours .....
207 The Antiquary .....
208 Hours of Leisure.....1806

209 The Inspector.....1807
210.....Director .....
211.....Ruminator, February,.....
212.....Reasoner, January,.....1808
213.....Moderator, March 15th, ...1809
214.....Spy, April 4th, ...

From the above Table it appears that, between the *Tatler* and the *Rambler*, a period of forty-one years, one hundred and six periodical papers were printed; and that, between the *Rambler* and *April* 1809, a period of fifty-nine years, exactly a like number has been published; consequently, however prolific we may conceive the present age to be in works of this description, it must evidently yield, in point of rapidity and fertility of production, to the prior half of the last century.

Hadleigh, Suffolk,
May, 1809.

APPENDIX

TO

VOL. II.

SINCE the preceding volume has been sent to the press, I have been solicitous to discover, what, in a work of such extent, must almost necessarily occur, the papers which previous research had failed to detect. The result has been an addition of seven to the catalogue; and of these I shall now proceed to give a brief account.

215. PEREGRINATIONS OF THE MIND. Of the author of this small collection of essays, I believe the only record extant is to be found in the Biographical Dictionary of Mr. Stephen Jones: a little work of great value, for the accuracy of its dates, and for the neatness and precision of

its style. "William Baker," relates Mr. Jones, "a learned printer in Fenchurch-street, born at Reading, 1744, was the son of an eminent schoolmaster in that town. From his youth he was greatly addicted to study, and his friends favoured his inclinations by making him a printer. His modesty was equal to his learning, and he was truly Gray's "flower born to blush unseen." His diffidence prevented his appearing much before the public as a writer; and his only publications are, "Peregrinations of the Mind," a series of essays in the manner of the Rambler; and "Theses Græce et Latinæ Selectæ." He died in London, Sept. 29, 1785, in the 44th year of his age; and an elegant Latin epitaph to his memory is placed on the tomb of his family, in the church-yard of St. Mary, Reading."

The *Peregrinations* consist of twenty-three essays; which, as the title-page asserts, are on subjects that are "usually agitated in Life." They are written with considerable ingenuity, and occasionally with much force of argument.

216. PERIODICAL ESSAYS. These papers are, with the exception of N° 10, the production of the Rev. Robert Nares, Archdeacon of Stafford. They were published weekly, on a Saturday, for

ten weeks; the first number being dated December 2, 1780; and the tenth, and last, February 3, 1781. It was the intention of the author to have indulged himself in "greater excursions into the regions of pure Philosophy and Religion," than have usually been practised by periodical writers; and from the few specimens with which he has favoured us, it is to be regretted that the plan was so prematurely resigned. The style of Mr. Nares is, as might be expected, elegant and chaste; and were I to particularize any one of his effusions as pre-eminently pleasing, I should fix upon N° 7, on the true cause of the delight so generally experienced from the representation of Tragedy, and which concludes with a highly poetical Ode to the Tragic Muse. These essays have just been republished with other Occasional Compositions of the author, in two volumes octavo.

217. THE FEMALE MENTOR. This work consists of forty-four numbers; which, though under the adjunctive title of "Select Conversations," partake of nearly all the requisites necessary to the formation of the periodical essay. The first appearance of the *Female Mentor* was in 1793; it reached a second edition in two volumes 12mo,

in 1798; and may be characterized as a work of considerable merit; highly instructive in its tendency, interesting from choice of subject, and conveyed in language generally easy, flowing, and correct.

218. THE GHOST. A paper published twice a week at Edinburgh, in the year 1796, under the assumed name of *Felix Phantom*. Each paper is dated from Fairyland; and my copy, a thin folio, contains forty-six numbers; the first appeared on April 25, 1796, and the last on November 16, 1796. Neither in manner nor matter is the *Ghost* entitled to much attention.

219. THE TRIFLER. That a periodical essay, under this title, was published at Edinburgh, in the year 1796, we learn from the pages of the *Ghost*, who, in Nos. 11 and 15, has condescended, and apparently not without reason, to ridicule the style of his brother essayist. From the same source we are likewise informed, that another ephemeral work, in this fertile branch of literature, had started up, during the above period, in Glasgow; namely,

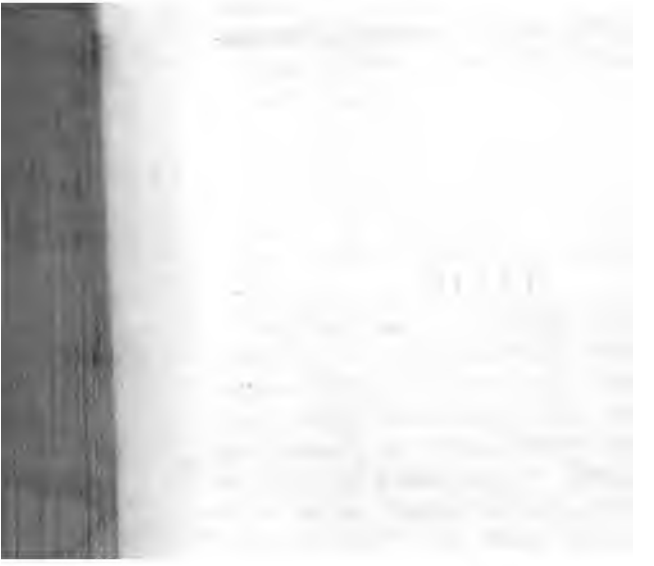
220. THE SYBIL; which Mr. Phantom, in

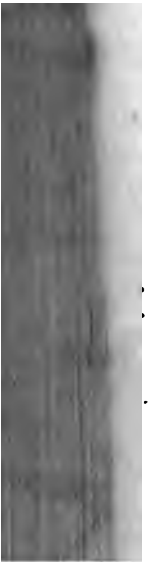
N° 25 of the Ghost, has branded with the appellation of the *short-lived Sybil.*

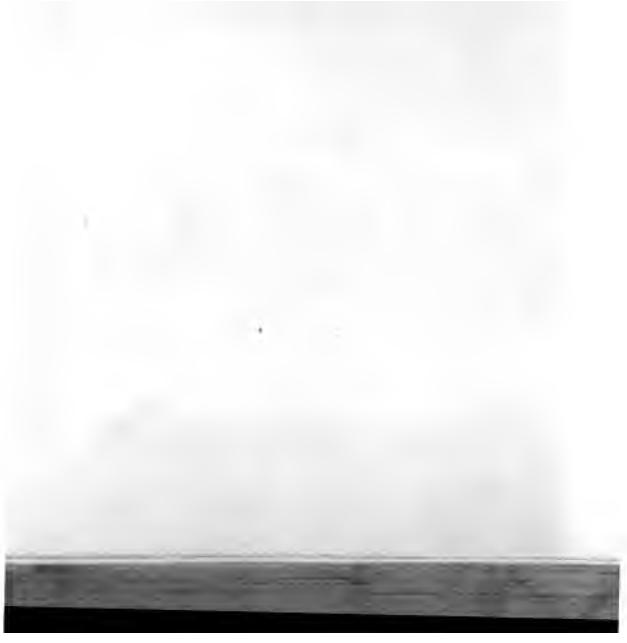
221. THE BURNISHER. The first number of this paper, which was advertised to be continued weekly, was published by Bagster, in December, 1801. To what extent it was carried, I am ignorant; but, I believe, it soon ceased to exist.

FINIS.

Printed by J. Seeley, Buckingham.







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